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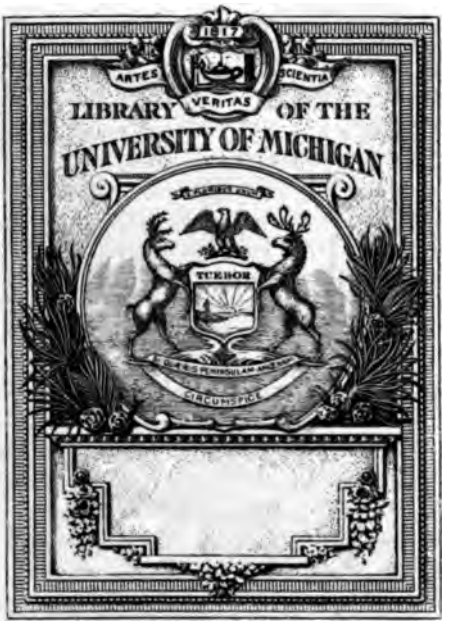
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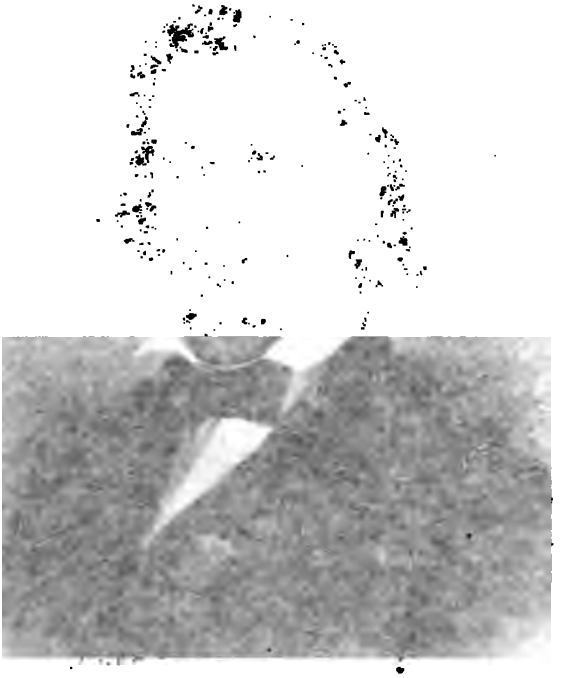

PATRIOTIC ADDRESSES

IN

AMERICA AND ENGLAND, FROM 1850 TO 1885, ON SLAVERY, THE CIVIL WAR, AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF CIVIL LIBERTY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER

EDITED, WITH A REVIEW OF MR. BEECHER'S PERSONALITY AND INFLUENCE IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS,

BY

JOHN R. HOWARD

NEW YORK
FORDS, HOWARD, & HULBERT
1891

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PREFACE.

THE "Addresses" gathered in this volume come from various sources.

Some are reprinted from the files of *The Independent*, in whose columns they originally appeared. The sermons delivered just before the war and during its first two years are taken from a volume of Mr. Beecher's discourses, entitled "Freedom and War," issued under the careful editorship of Mr. Frederic Beecher Perkins in 1863. The speeches in England are from the reports published by the Union and Emancipation Society, Manchester, England, in 1864. Of that edition — the only authorized one ever before published — the editor of the present work, at Mr. Beecher's request and with his coöperation, in 1872 began a revision, for the making of some such volume as is here gathered; but other matters intervened and the project lay in abeyance, until the sad event of Mr. Beecher's death suggested a more complete collection of his political contributions than that earlier day could have furnished. The discourses since the war are reprinted from the reports in "Plymouth Pulpit," and some of the addresses have been gathered from contemporary newspaper reports. The one before the Society of the Army of the Potomac is from the published minutes of that body.

In all cases effort has been made to secure the best reports of his spoken addresses. Those delivered in America were nearly all taken down by Mr. T. J. Ellinwood, who from about the year 1858 was Mr. Beecher's authorized stenographer, not only in all church meetings but on public occasions when there was especial desire for a full record; and to his fidelity and trained accuracy we owe very much of the great legacy to be found in Mr. Beecher's words.

The article by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes descriptive of the English episode—"The Minister Plenipotentiary"—is reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1864, by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The "Review of Mr. Beecher's Personality and Political Influence" which prefaces the "Addresses" was originally intended to cover only his political career; but it grew, almost by necessity, to a somewhat larger form by reason of the desire to show the pure, unselfish springs of his action and the steady consistency of his course.

It is proper to say that this volume has been prepared under the authorization of Mr. Beecher's family representatives. The undersigned alone, however, is responsible for the opinions expressed in the "Review."

JOHN R. HOWARD.

NEW YORK, October, 1887.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I.

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES.

JOHN RUSKIN, in the preface to his book entitled, "The Two Paths," on the importance of organic form in architectural decorative design, has this strong passage:—

"We are all of us willing enough to accept dead truths, or blunt ones: which can be fitted harmoniously into spare niches, or shrouded and coffined at once out of the way, we holding complacently the cemetery keys and supposing we have learned something. But a sapling truth, with earth at its root and blossom on its branches; or a trenchant truth, that can cut its way through bars and sods; most men, it seems to me, dislike the sight or entertainment of, if by any means such guest or vision may be avoided. And indeed this is no wonder; for one such truth, thoroughly accepted, connects itself strangely with others, and there is no saying what it may lead to."

The central element of Henry Ward Beecher's character was his sensitiveness to truth. From his youth he eagerly desired it, earnestly sought it, welcomed it with delight, and then poured out his whole soul in using it for the good of man,—which he always believed to be the cause of God. To a remarkable extent, for one who worked in the midst of men and along the lines of social forces, he laid his course in obedience to principle, holding a sturdy loyalty to it amid all the swaying passions and policies by which he was surrounded. In one sense this was no credit to him, since it was his natural temperament. As he said in reference to facing the stormy English meetings: "I have expressed my views in any audience, and it never cost me a struggle. I never could help doing it." However, now that he is gone, our

inquiry does not so much take the attitude of praise or blame: we are concerned only to know what the man was; what were the relative points of strength and of weakness in his make-up; and how these combined with the movements and events around him, to bring about the unquestionable resultant of a personal influence, wider and more potent than that of any other American of his time. If that seems a strong statement, it must be considered that his influence—whatever it was—at no time owed anything to the accidents of inherited station, or the great leverage of public office, by which individuals may wield the powers of a people, but was the immediate effect of his own personality.

The special intent of this volume is to present a general view of Mr. Beecher's career with reference to the great political revolution which took place in the United States while he was in public life. But to separate his political activity from the rest of his life—domestic, social, and religious—is impossible, if one would get at the real sources of his conduct, the genuine secrets of his power. The natural endowments of the man; the influences under which he grew; the successive fields of his labor, with their opportunities and limitations; the unfolding of his character and capabilities; his modes of working, accumulation of knowledges, general and special preparations, tenses and moods of utterance; the gradual enlargement of his influence; the social and ecclesiastical and political entanglements which at times hampered his course; the steady outflow of energy, of thought, of stimulating impulse, in harmony with the humanitarian movement of the age, which distinguished him to the very end of his long life,—these considerations are all inseparable and essential in understanding any phase of his career.

His public utterances were all the outgrowth of the one grand theme of his thought and faith: *The fatherhood of God and the worth of man as God's child,*—not only the core but the very sum and substance of his teaching, from beginning to end. Whatever the special topic, that underlying principle was sure to be found at the bottom.

However variant the visible pattern—and surely few minds since Shakespeare's have laid hold on such a wondrous number and diversity of matters for treatment—the warp and backing was that maxim of his life. Whether upon his own platform in Plymouth pulpit, or lecturing on art or literature or economics, making an after-dinner speech, or writing a novel or a trifling paper or a letter of travel, thundering through times of war and commotion, or discussing policies and parties in the piping times of peace, —his work was all surrounded and permeated with an atmosphere of the brooding love of God and the duty of man to man.

An amusing instance of this characteristic is related.* At the lecture he delivered in Dublin, on "The Wastes and Burdens of Society," where the local magnates, although desirous of hearing the celebrated American orator, were in great trepidation lest he should say something about religion to the distaste of Irish Catholics, or about British politics, to the disturbance of civil order and governmental discipline in that turbulent town, the chairman introduced him as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce to you a distinguished orator from Yankeeland. Mr. Beecher is not on this platform in his clerical character, so we are not to be treated to any exposition of his theological sentiments. Mr. Beecher is not here as a politician, and therefore we will not hear from him any exposition of his political principles. [*Hear, hear, and applause.*] But Mr. Beecher is here to deliver an address of more than ordinary social importance. As a well-known philanthropist, from his long experience, from the wonderful abilities the Great Master has gifted him with, and from his well known character as one of the most distinguished orators, we may anticipate, I think, an address—a lecture—that shall not only be instructive but delightful. I have great pleasure in introducing Mr. Beecher to your notice this evening."

Mr. Beecher, on coming forward, said:—

"I have been very kindly introduced by the distinguished and

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*"A Summer in England (1886) with Henry Ward Beecher." Edited by James B. Pond. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.

honorable gentleman who has accompanied me, and therefore I accept the position assigned. I have not come to speak on theology; and you shall never know how much you have missed. [*Laughter.*] I have not come to speak on politics. I have enough of that in my own country [*laughter*], and even if I knew about your politics, I should think it very inexpedient, as one born abroad, to meddle with local affairs and local questions. I know that it is not necessary for one to know much about politics in order to make a good speaker; but, nevertheless, I accept the delimitation, and there is nothing left of me but this—that I am a man. That's enough. 'A man's a man for a' that.' And as to the other things, I give them a go-by, in the hope that some twenty or thirty years hence I may revisit you, and that you then will be very glad to hear my opinions about those other subjects."

Mr. Beecher gave the lecture in one of his own peculiar moods, caused by the attempt to confine him within certain bounds. Mr. Pond in telling the story says: "The audience soon had reason to believe that he had in some way, *perhaps unconsciously*, woven a great deal of religion and politics into the lecture; at least the chairman told me after the lecture that *he could see and feel it all through.*"

And so it was, at all times. His religion was not a matter for Sunday performance; it was that which filled his life and thought, for which and by which—as at once an aim and an inspiration—he did that which he found to do.

In a brief sketch, such as this must be, it is evident that the elements of the character, training, and general career of so large and effective a man must be but lightly touched upon rather than thoroughly studied; yet the present writer holds a consideration of them necessary to a proper comprehension of Mr. Beecher's course in connection with civil affairs. That it will be adequate or complete is not to be expected; such is a labor for broader powers and later years: but that it should be of interest, and of use in understanding the essential qualities of Henry Ward Beecher's great mind and greater heart, is the design and hope of the writer.

II.

HEREDITY, TRAINING, AND EDUCATION.

THE familiar thought that great men, however loftily they may tower above their contemporaries, are yet the product of their own times, has been recently applied to Mr. Beecher by the London *Globe*, a conservative Tory paper, having little sympathy with anything that he represented. It says:—

"He may be taken as a conspicuous illustration of the view that there is such a thing as greatness of personality, as distinguished from greatness in any particular capacity. * * * * * Henry Ward Beecher was the leading type of his own people in his own day; and as such he will doubtless be remembered."

Indeed, it is as one peculiarly representing the highest ideal of American theories and practical citizenship that the man must be considered.

Henry Ward Beecher was a type of the best Americanism, by his ancestry and birthright. A widow, Mrs. Hannah Beecher, his earliest ancestor in this country, and her son John, came here from Kent, England, in 1638 with Master John Davenport's company at the time of the settlement of New Haven, Connecticut; and Andrew Ward, another of the same company, was his ancestor on his mother's side. He himself mentions, in one of his speeches in England during the war, the fact that his great-great-grandmother, Mary Roberts, was a full-blooded Welsh woman; and he felt that he owed no inconsiderable part of himself to the Welsh blood in his veins.

John Beecher, the immigrant, and his descendants, Joseph, Nathaniel, and David the father of Lyman, were

mighty men in stature and strength, Nathaniel and David being blacksmiths. Henry Ward was the eighth child of Lyman Beecher and Roxanna Foote, the latter of whom was a descendant of Andrew Ward, already mentioned. They were married in 1799; and Lyman Beecher, who brought the combative and somewhat disputatious temperament of his father, the blacksmith, into the profession of the ministry, settled first at East Hampton, Long Island, and twelve years later moved to Litchfield, Connecticut. Here, on the 24th of June, 1813, Henry Ward was born.

Thus we find him, at the outset, an offshoot of the sturdy English stock, infused with the highly sensitive and poetic Welsh temperament, planted on a stony, breezy, sunshiny hill of New England. His early years were to be spent amid that characteristically Puritan people, and subject to all the bracing atmospheric conditions of that time and region.

The training of children in these days, in respect to both their social, mental, and moral development, is so rich and full of interest on every side, that it is almost impossible to conceive what it was in Henry Ward Beecher's childhood. It is pitiful to look back at such a picture as Mr. Beecher has drawn of his own early school-days. From our point of view, it is hard to believe that children were so neglected; and, on the other hand, looking forward from that, it is hard to see how such a starved childhood could have grown to such a glorious manhood:—

"It was our misfortune, in boyhood, to go to a district school. A little, square, pine building, blazing in the sun, stood upon the highway, without a tree for shade or shadow near it; without bush, yard, fence, or circumstance to take off its bare, cold, hard, hateful look. Before the door, in winter, was the pile of wood for fuel; and there, in summer, were all the chips of the winter's wood.

"In winter we were squeezed into the recess of the furthest corner, among little boys, who seemed to be sent to school merely to fill up the chinks between the bigger boys. Certainly we were never sent for any such absurd purpose as an education. There were the great scholars; the school in winter was for them, not for us pickaninnies. We read and spelled twice a day,—unless something

happened to prevent, which did happen about every other day. For the rest of the time we were busy in keeping still. And a time we had of it, indeed! Our shoes always would be scraping on the floor, or knocking the shins of urchins who were also being 'educated.' All of our little legs together (poor, tired, nervous, restless legs, with nothing to do!) would fill up the corner with such a noise, that every ten or fifteen minutes the master would bring down his hickory ferule on the desk with a clap that sent shivers through our hearts to think how it would have felt if it had fallen somewhere else; and then, with a look that swept us all into utter extremity of stillness, he would cry, 'Silence, in that corner!' Stillness would last for a few minutes; but little boys' memories are not capacious. Moreover, some of the boys had great gifts of mischief, and some of mirthfulness, and some had both together. The consequence was that, just when we were the most afraid to laugh, we saw the most comical things to laugh at. Temptations which we could have vanquished with a smile out in the free air, were irresistible in our little corner where a laugh and a stinging slap were very apt to woo each other. So, we would hold on, and fill up; and others would hold on and fill up too; till, by and by the weakest would let go a mere whiffet of a laugh, and, then, down went all the precautions, and one went off, and another, another, touching off the others like a pack of fire-crackers! It was in vain to deny it. But, as the process of snapping our heads and pulling our ears went on with primitive sobriety, we each in turn, with tearful eyes and blubbering lips, declared 'we didn't mean to,' and that was true; and that we 'wouldn't do so any more,' and that was a fib, however unintentional; for we never failed to do just so again, and that about once an hour all day long.

"A woman kept the summer school, sharp, precise, unsympathetic, keen, and untiring. Of all ingenious ways of fretting little boys, doubtless her ways were the most expert. Not a tree was there to shelter the house. The sun beat down on the shingles and clapboards till the pine knots shed pitchy tears, and the air was redolent of warm pine-wood smell. The benches were slabs with legs in them. The desks were slabs at an angle, cut, hacked, scratched, each year's edition of jack-knife literature overlaying its predecessor, until in our day it already wore cuttings and carvings two or three inches deep. But if we cut a morsel, or stuck in pins, or pinched off splinters, the little sharp-eyed mistress was on hand, and one look from her eye was worse than a sliver in our foot, and one nip of her fingers was equal to a jab of a pin; —for we had tried both.

"We envied the flies—merry fellows, bouncing about, tasting of that apple-skin, patting away at this crumb of bread; now out of the window, then in again; on your nose, on your neighbor's cheek, off to the very schoolma'am's lips, dodging her slap, and then letting off a little real round and round buzz, up, down, this way, that way, and every way. O, we envied the flies more than anything, except the birds! The windows were so high that we could not see the grassy meadows; but we could see the tops of distant trees, and the far, deep, bounteous blue sky. There flew the robins; there went the blue-birds, and there went we. We followed that old Polyglott, the skunk-blackbird, and heard him describe the way they talked at the winding up of the Tower of Babel. We thanked every meadow-lark that sung on, rejoicing as it flew. Now and then a 'chipping-bird' would flutter on the very window-sill, turn its little head sidewise and peer on the medley of boys and girls. Long before we knew that it was in Scripture, we sighed—O, that we had the wings of a bird—we would fly away and be out of this hateful school. As for learning, the sum of all that we ever got at a district school would scarcely cover the first ten letters of the alphabet. One good, kind, story-telling, Bible-rehearsing aunt at home, with apples and ginger-bread premiums, is worth all the schoolma'ams that ever stood to see poor little fellows roast in those boy-traps called district schools."

Perhaps it would be hard to find anywhere a more apt and complete summing up of the characteristics with which this boy started life: physically strong, full of life, with keenly sensitive nerves, quick to see and to feel the influences of nature, especially in its aspects of poetry and freedom from constraint, with a heart swiftly responsive to sympathetic treatment, combustible with merriment and with tears, and a soul that instinctively reached out toward the beautiful and the good. That which does not appear at this time, and which must have been very slow in making its appearance, was the remarkable mental capacity of which the man was a notable example throughout his entire life, but which the boy seems to have shown no hint of.

What he received from his father and mother by direct inheritance certainly cannot be overlooked; and it is worth more than a passing glance to consider what was the domestic atmosphere in which he grew through boyhood and

youth to early manhood,—if only to show the shallowness of the small critics of our day, who because this great original thinker grew out luxuriantly in all directions beyond the limits of the trellises on which their own slender vines were trained, are fain to say, "He is a great talker; but he knows nothing of theology;" the fact being that in Henry Ward Beecher's youth, in old Connecticut, theology was the food he ate, and the milk he drank, and the air he breathed, and the ground he trod, from his very earliest years. Theology was the only thing that he got a surfeit of, and doubtless it was out of his own familiarity with it, and his final perception of its barrenness for good in practical labor upon the souls of men, that he so impatiently went beyond it.

Dr. Lyman Beecher was a born belligerent. He was a man of thorough theological training himself, under Dr. Dwight of New Haven, and in the controversies and feuds of the Congregational and Presbyterian and Unitarian churches of his day he took no uncertain part. He was a revivalist, an ardent laborer in the Temperance cause, and in every direction one of the foremost clergymen of his time. A sermon preached in 1810 on the killing of Alexander Hamilton by Aaron Burr attracted special attention; and his famous Six Sermons on Intemperance (1814) were powerful factors in the reform then moving throughout New England. His family was large; his income of three hundred dollars, after five years increased to four hundred, gave even in those times a narrow margin. He was eccentric and peculiar, and absent-minded; in everything except the personal influencing of men to right living, the discussion of theoretical questions in theology and practical problems in morals, an eminently unpractical man. He carefully thought out his sermons, but usually preached them without notes, pouring them forth with great vehemence, and also with great effect upon his hearers. Keenly alive to the influences of music, and thoroughly unconventional, so far as outward appearances were concerned, he was accustomed to relieve the tension of his mind and nerves after preaching by violin-playing or, as like as not, by going to the

wood-pile and sawing wood. He was a man of tremendous impulses, and lightning-like changes of mood; a recognized thinker, a powerful orator, a genius of many sides. Though by no means a symmetrical character, he was an eminent force for good in his day.

In spite of Dr. Beecher's musical sensibility, he was curiously lacking in any perception of beauty in art, and his son Henry Ward's love for all such matters in later years was one of the things that he could not understand.

If the sources of impulsive power, the broad sense of morality, the mental alertness, the ardent earnestness for man, the lofty aspiration for Heavenly things, the rich humor, the quick wit, the careless freedom from conventionality, the subtle nerve-sensitiveness to music, and the magnificent physical frame, elasticity of muscle, and perfection of organic health, came from the father, the mother of Henry Ward Beecher contributed some elements without which he would not have been the man he was.

The great men have usually risen from families unknown before their advent; yet, whenever a man's career has made it worth while to seek out his progenitors, it is usually found that he had a mother of remarkable qualities.

Roxanna Foote was a woman of rare nature. Miss Catharine Beecher, the eldest of Dr. Beecher's thirteen children, in her "Educational Reminiscences" speaks of certain traits in the characters of both the mother and father which are worth notice. The mother, she says, had "a high ideal of excellence in whatever she attempted, a habit of regarding all knowledge with reference to its practical usefulness, and remarkable perseverance." She gives illustrations of Mrs. Beecher's esthetic taste and positive artistic talent, in making and painting a carpet from a useless bale of cotton that Dr. Beecher had bought for its cheapness, and in painting and decorating a set of old wooden chairs, in her beautiful needlework, her remarkable paintings of fruits, flowers, and birds, and her miniatures on ivory, all accomplished when the young mother of four or five children, a housekeeper, and a teacher of a boarding school.

The father passionately loved children, but the mother, though benevolent and tender, was not demonstrative. The father was imaginative, impulsive, and averse to study; while the mother calmly enjoyed both studying and teaching. The father, although profuse and poetical, was a trained dialectician; and yet the mother, untrained, he regarded as fully his equal in argument. She had a refined and shrinking nature, but in emergencies showed a native strength and power of command.

Mrs. Beecher's spiritual traits impressed themselves upon her children, but she gave them also their characteristic physiognomy; for the "Beecher look," so familiar to the public in the faces of Dr. Edward, Miss Catharine, Henry Ward, Mrs. Stowe, and others of the elder group, is not at all *Beecher*, but distinctively *Foote*, and may be seen—especially the fine nose, the full eye, the mobile, sensitive mouth, and the general contour of the mask—in many members of the old Connecticut family of that name. It was the Beecher power infusing the Foote refinement that found its consummate products in Harriet and Henry.

Mr. Beecher once told the present writer that his father was very irascible. "One day," said he, "being much annoyed by some hogs that kept getting into his garden, he seized his gun and rushed to the door. My mother anxiously followed, and cried, 'Oh Father, don't shoot the poor things!' He flashed back at her, 'Woman, go into the house!' and when he was telling me of it years afterward he said: 'Without a word or look she turned, quietly, majestically, and went in—but she didn't get in before I did. I threw my arms around her in an agony of self-reproach, and cried, "Forgive me—Oh forgive me!" She uttered no word, but she looked at me like a queen—and smiled—and kissed my face: my passion was gone and my offense forgiven.' Up to the last of his life he never spoke of her but with intensest admiration and loving remembrance. She must have been a noble woman."

This lovely mother died when little Henry was but three years old. His remembrances of her were vague, but full of tender and beautiful imaginings. He seems to

have cherished his slight memories and what he could learn of her, as a beautiful ideal which, throughout his life, appears in many exquisite passages of writing or of speech.

In one of his sermons occurs the following: "I can never say enough for women for my mother's sake, for my sisters' sake, for the sake of others that gathered in the days of my infancy about me, in return for what they have interpreted to me of the beauty of holiness, of the fullness of love, and of the heavenliness of those elements from which we are to interpret Heaven itself."

So much, then, for what Mr. Beecher inherited from his parents. Upon the death of his mother there came into his family another person of whom the man was never tired of saying beautiful things, as, for instance, this allusion to her in his "Fruits, Flowers, and Farming,"—"My dear Aunt Esther, who brought me up,—a woman so good and modest that she will spend ages in Heaven wondering how it happened that she ever got there, while the angels will always be wondering why she was not there from all eternity."

This excellent and beloved woman, a sister of Dr. Beecher, came to take charge of the family after Mrs. Beecher's death. A close economist, an accomplished cook, systematical and neat in all family arrangements, but gentle, loving, and a very soul of brooding motherly kindness, her well-ordered household moved along with Dr. Beecher's impulsive nature in perfect harmony. At the end of the year a second mother was brought to the home, of whom Miss Catharine says that she

"Introduced a more complete and refined style of housekeeping, which she had acquired or observed in the families of her two uncles, Gov. King, of Maine, and Rufus King, a former ambassador of the United States to England. Under her quiet and lady-like rule, I again was trained to habits of system, order, and neatness, entirely foreign to my natural inherited traits, as it respects personal habits, while in the most unfavorable circumstances, she was a model of propriety and good taste. . . . She had a most sweet and gentle speech, which, even in the most trying circumstances, never became loud or harsh."

Mrs. Beecher, in writing to her former home about this family into which she had come, says:—

"It seems the highest happiness of the children (the elder ones especially) to have a reading circle, and they have all, I think, fine capacities for learning. Edward probably will be a great scholar. Catharine is a fine looking girl, and in her mind I find all that I expected. Mary will make a fine woman; will be rather handsome than otherwise. The four youngest are very pretty. George comes next to Mary. Harriet and Henry come next, and they are always hand in hand. They are as lovely children as I ever saw,—amiable, affectionate, and very bright."

Now, to add to the foregoing pictures of the family, take this sentence from Miss Catharine again. Speaking of her first experience in school teaching she says: "The only pleasant recollection is that of my own careful and exact training under my most accurate and faithful brother Edward, and my reproduction of it to my sister Harriet and two others of my brightest pupils."

Thus, though it would appear that the early schooling of little Henry was less than nothing, the qualities that he inherited from his parents, and the advantages of mutual training, of intelligent conversation, of varied reading in the midst of a family circle of unusual aptitude and varied acquirements, gave him advantages of no mean quality; while it is not at all unlikely that the early neglect of his little mind gave him a chance to solidify and develop that splendid physique which after all was the source of much of his power.

The society in Litchfield at the time of his youth was of a rather high intellectual grade, there being in the town a well known law school and several other institutions of learning; it was an era of what Emerson calls "plain living and high thinking." This was in one respect unfavorable to the development of the boy, inasmuch as it tended to separate the father's intellectual sympathies from his children, leaving them largely to shift for themselves. It was, however, but according to the temper of the time; and the conditions of their Litchfield home resulted in an atmosphere highly favorable to the growth of character, the honorable

examples of life about him exerting an influence upon his whole future life. He has several times expressed his gratitude to God that his early life was passed without knowledge of impurity or vice of any kind. He was singularly favored by his surroundings in that regard; and his knowledge of such things, utilized in later years with great dramatic power, in his "Lectures to Young Men," not only, but in all his course of preaching, resulted from a careful gathering of information in conversation with those who knew. For instance, his apparent familiarity with the modes and influences of gambling, in his Indianapolis lectures to young men, came from a series of talks which he had with a gambler in that city, with whom he sought an acquaintance for the express purpose of learning something about the facts, the bearings of which he was going to discuss. So that, although he had never been inside of a gambling house, and did not even know one card from another, his own intuitions of human nature, his quick sympathy with others and power to put himself by imagination in their places, enabled him to clothe the bare bones of fact with such living power that the pictures were recognized as truthful and vivid to the last degree.

He says in one place: "I thank God for two things—first that I was born and bred in the country, of parents that gave me a sound constitution and a noble example. I never can pay back what I owe to my parents. . . . . And I am thankful that I was brought up in circumstances where I never became acquainted with wickedness." And again: "I never was sullied in act, nor in thought, nor in feeling, when I was young. I grew up as pure as a woman. And I cannot express to God the thanks which I owe my mother, and to my father, and to the great household of sisters and brothers among whom I lived. And the secondary knowledge of those wicked things which I have gained in later years in a professional way, I gained under such guards that it was not harmful to me."

Combative as Dr. Beecher was, there must have been in him much of the power of sweetness and self-control which the son so markedly exhibited during his own season of

greatest tribulation. In a sermon on "The Moral Teaching of Suffering," Mr. Beecher says: —

"I recollect distinctly, on one occasion, when I was not more than six years old, that a man of great violence of temper came to see my father, and rated him with such a scolding as I had never heard. I looked at my father with amazement, as he sat perfectly still and tranquil. When the man had done, and felt relieved, father began, in the gentlest manner, to say to him, 'Well, if all you say is true, I think you are right in the severity of your remarks; but I suppose that if in any regard you are not correct, you are willing to be set right.' 'Yes,' said the man with a growl, 'of course I am.' 'Well, will you allow me to make one statement?' said father, humbling himself before the man. 'Yes.' So father began with a little matter, and stated it; and then he went a little further; and then a little further; until, by and by, the man began to lose color, and at last broke out, 'I have been all wrong in this matter; I do not understand it.' After he had gone away, father said to me, in a sort of casual manner, 'Give up, and beat 'em.' I got an idea of self-restraint under provocation, which I never could have got by all the instruction in the world which came to me merely in the form of ideas, and in picture-forms and fables; I had before me the sight of my father suffering—for his pride was naturally touched (though you might not think it from his posterity, yet there *was* pride in my father to some extent); he felt it keenly; and under the keenness of the feeling he still maintained perfect calmness and perfect sweetness. He overcame the man by suffering. He suffered reproach and abuse, and maintained himself under them."

It will not do in this connection to omit mention of Charles Smith, an old negro who used to saw wood for Dr. Beecher, and do odd "chores" about the place, and to whom Mr. Beecher has frequently alluded in terms of profound affection and gratitude. Little Henry occupied the same room with him, and records the undying impression made upon him by the man's genuine piety, lovely character, and profound enjoyment of his religion. Mr. Beecher says: "Every night he would set the candle at the head of his bed and pray, and sing, and laugh, and I bear record that his praying made a profound impression upon my mind. I never thought whether it was right or wrong, I only thought, 'How that man does enjoy it!

What enjoyment there must be in such prayer as his.' I gained more from that man of the idea of the desirableness of prayer, than I ever did from my father or mother. My father was never an ascetic, he had no sympathy with anything of a monkish tendency; and yet this poor man, more than he, led me to see that there should be real overflowing gladness and thanksgiving in prayer."

He was a shy and diffident boy; his natural articulation was thick and indistinct; his memory was poor, and to all influences except those of nature without and the affectionate appeals of domestic love within the home circle, he seems to have been rather dull than bright. When he was ten years old he was put in the young ladies' school, kept by his sister Catharine, in Hartford, where among forty girls he was the only boy. One who knew his early days writes:—

"Here his mirthfulness began to develop very rapidly. He kept the little company of thirty or forty girls in continuous roars of laughter. His store of fun was exhaustless. The school was divided into two divisions in grammar, with leaders on either side, and at certain periods public examinations were held, when the successful competitors were suitably rewarded. On such occasions Henry was not wanted by either division, as he would invariably throw the whole division into convulsive merriment. One day his sister took him aside to a private apartment to drill him in the rules and definitions, which he found almost impossible to commit to memory. 'Now, Henry,' said the teacher, 'A is the indefinite article, you see, and must be used only with a singular noun. You can say *a man*, but you can't *a men*, can you?' 'Yes, I can say *Amen* too,' said the mischievous little rogue. 'Father always says it at the end of his prayers.' 'Come, Henry, don't be always joking; now decline *he*. Nominative *he*, possessive *his*, objective *him*. You see *his* is possessive. Now, you can say *his* book, but you can't say *him* book.' 'Yes, I do say hymn-book too,' said the incipient scholar, with a cunning, quizzical little smile. At this point the teacher, failing to contain herself any longer, burst into laughter, which pleased him immensely. 'But now, Henry, seriously, do attend to the active and passive voice. Now, *I strike* is active, you see, because if you strike you do something. But *I am struck* is passive, because if you are struck you don't do anything, do you?' 'Yes I do; I strike back again.'"

After a year of Hartford he was sent to the little town of Bethlehem, not far from Litchfield, to attend a school kept by the Rev. Mr. Langdon, where he gained but little except the further development of his love of outdoor study and familiarity with the life of nature.

At twelve, he was plunged into an entirely new environment, by the removal of his father to Boston, to take the pastorate of the Park Street Congregational Church. Here he was confined among streets and house-walls, not only, but also still further imprisoned by being placed in the Boston Latin School, which, although it did give him the rudiments of Latin grammar, gave him but little else, except a sense of restraint and an irrepressible desire of outbreaking rebellion.

Boston days, however, did really give him an uplift.

"A green, healthy, country lad, with a round, full, red-cheeked face, at about thirteen years of age we entered this city of marvels. How fast our heart beat, on Sunday morning, to hear so many bells clamoring all together and filling the heavens with calls to worship. One solitary bell had we been used to hear; one sweet bell, that rolled out its tones for a mile around and more, rising and falling as the wind blew or lulled, and having the whole air to itself, to make its own music in. This jangle and sweet dissonance of Boston bells was among the first things that touched the secret spring of fancy, and sent us up into dreams and imaginings. . . . Next to Boston bells were Boston ships. We shall not again see anything that will so profoundly affect our imagination. We stood and gazed upon the ship, and smelt the sea-air, and looked far out along the water to the horizon, and all that we had ever read of buccaneers, of naval battles, of fleets of merchantmen, of explorations into strange seas, among rare and curious things, rose up in a cloud of mixed and changing fancies, until we scarcely knew whether we were in the body or out."

He mentions also the Charlestown Navy Yard, with long rows of unmounted cannon; the mounted sea-batteries; clambering all over the men-of-war building in the ship-house, and the dismantled ships that lay against the pier head. The result of all this was not only the unconscious filling of his imagination with material for future use, but

the arousing in him of an intense desire and firm determination to go to sea.

Here the father showed his tact in management by his skillful dealing with the boy. He granted cheerfully the lad's wish to go to sea, but said, "Of course you do not want to be a common sailor?" "No, sir, I want to be a midshipman, and after that a commodore." "Yes, yes," answered the father, "well, to do that you must study mathematics and navigation, and all that."

And thus the young fellow went with cordial zest to Amherst, Mass., where at the Mount Pleasant academy, under the tuition of Mr. Fitzgerald, a West Point graduate whose manly ways captivated him, he worked hard and really made excellent progress in mathematics; and this, not mechanically, but as the West Point fashion is, thoroughly, and with understanding. "You must not only know, but you must know that you know," was Mr. Fitzgerald's dictum; and the boy's knowledge was frequently tested controversially by his instructor, to whom, as Mr. Beecher has said in later years, he felt that he owed his habit of becoming well-grounded in facts for the formation of his opinions, and his power to freely and good-naturedly sustain his positions in the face of storm and argument.

At this same school, also, he received a training of incalculable benefit at the hands of Professor John E. Lovell, the elocutionist. In his "Yale Lectures on Preaching" Mr. Beecher says:—

"No knowledge is real knowledge unless you can use it without knowing it. You do not understand the truth of anything, until it has so far sunk into you that you have almost forgotten where you got it. . . . . If you desire to have your voice at its best and to make the best use of it, you must go into a drill which will become so familiar that it ceases to be a matter of thought, and the voice takes care of itself. . . . . It was my good fortune in early academical life to fall into the hands of your estimable fellow-citizen, Professor Lovell, now of New Haven, and for a period of three years I was drilled incessantly (you might not suspect it, but I was) in posturing, gesture, and voice-culture. . . . . It was the skill of that gentleman, that he never left a man-

ner with anybody. He simply gave his pupils the knowledge of what they had in themselves."

In continuing the same subject with reference to his later studies at the theological seminary, Mr. Beecher says: —

"There was a large grove lying between the Seminary and my father's house, and it was the habit of my brother Charles and myself and one or two others to make the night, and even the day, hideous with our voices as we passed backward and forward through the wood, exploding all the vowels from the bottom to the very top of our voices. The drill that I underwent first and last produced, not an oratorical manner, but a physical instrument, that accommodated itself readily to every kind of thought and every shape of feeling, and obeyed the inward will in the outward realization of the results of rules and regulations."

Now, for the first time in his life, were the young man's true powers and sensibilities laid hold on by the wholesome stimulus of ambition, the real aspiration of accomplishing a purpose. True, his naval fancy soon faded out in the substantial enjoyment of developing his newly-awakened powers; moreover, his rescue from the distracting excitements of the city (for simple as they were, they were wild dissipation to him) and his return to the more wholesome influences of country life had a most favorable effect upon him, physically and spiritually; for at the end of the first year, in the midst of a general revival of interest in religion, his whole heart turned God-ward, and he united with his father's church in Boston, and delighted his father's heart by announcing his determination to take up the ministry, as a profession. He spent two years more at Mount Pleasant preparing for college, and entered Amherst at the end of that time.

It is interesting to see how apparently slight occurrences at that time entered deep into his soul, and produced effects that were visible during the very plenitude of his power in later days; for instance, in his sermon entitled "The Background of Mystery," preached some forty-four years after the event, he gives the following incident:—

"Once, when a boy, I stood on Mount Pleasant, at Amherst, and saw a summer thunder-storm enter the valley of the Con-

necticut from the North. Before it was all bright; centerwise it was black as midnight, and I could see the fiery streaks of lightning striking down through it; but behind the cloud—for I could see the rear—it was bright again. In front of me was that mighty storm hurtling through the sky; and before it I saw the sunlight, and behind it I saw the sunlight; but to those that were under the center of it there was no brightness before or behind it. They saw the thunder-gust, and felt the pelting rain, and they were enveloped in darkness and heard the rush of mighty winds; while I, that stood afar off, could see that God was watering the earth and washing the leaves, and preparing the birds for a new outcome of jubilee, and giving to men refreshment and health. So I conceive that our human life here, with its sorrows and tears, as compared with the eternity that we are going into, is no more than the breath of a summer thunder-storm; and if God sees that our experience in this world is to work out an exceeding great reward in the world to come, there is no mystery in it —to Him." *

The fact that he was the son of the foremost preacher of New England and indeed of the whole country, distinguished young Beecher for notice among his classmates at college; but he did not rest on his father's reputation, for, as is learned from the reports of his classmates, he made himself felt immediately and continuously among them in all matters of earnest moral and religious influence, of physical and athletic sports, and of general literary and rhetorical effort.

Dr. Holmes, in his eloquent paper concerning Mr. Beecher's English war speeches, entitled the "Minister Plenipotentiary," calls him "the same lusty, warm-hearted, strong-fibered, brave-hearted, bright-souled, clear-eyed creature, as he was when the college boys at Amherst acknowledged him as the chiefest among their foot-ball kickers." He was interested in matters of reform, having decided anti-slavery views and being a total abstainer from ardent spirits; made himself a power in the class prayer-meetings; and always attracted the attention of his fellows by the ability and originality of his essay-writing and his fluency and eloquence in debate and extempore speaking.

* Printed in Mr. Beecher's volume entitled, "Evolution and Religion."

His fount of humor flowed constantly, and irrepressibly. It was a frequent sight to see a throng about him and to hear from it roars of laughter. Already he was showing a peculiar combination of native powers that furnished the tools for his future work.

His interest in phrenology began at this time. He says: "I suppose I inherited from my father a tendency or intuition to read man. The very aptitude that I recognize in myself would indicate a pre-existing tendency. In my Junior college year, I became, during the visit of Spurzheim, enamored of phrenology, which has been for many years [this was in 1872] the foundation on which I have worked, although I have not made it a special study. Admit, if you please, it is not exactly the true thing; and admit, if you will, that there is little form or system in it; yet I have worked with it much as the botanist worked with the Linnæan system of botany, the classification of which is very convenient, although an artificial one. There is no natural system that seems to correspond to human nature so nearly as phrenology does."

Mr. Beecher's use of phrenology was rather as a convenient classification and intelligible nomenclature of the faculties of the mind, than as a full acceptance of the phrenological theory of the physical, cerebral organs of those faculties. Former writers on mind considered the mental acts of attention, perception, conception, memory, etc., as faculties; while the phrenologists regarded these acts as merely the *modes of action* of the faculties, which they otherwise named and classified. Mr. Beecher thus stood between the two; and, as he so often did, took for his own practical purposes whatever of good he found in both, without committing himself fully in theory to either.

With him was interested in phrenology the late O. S. Fowler, his classmate, a man who probably did more than any other to spread the practical knowledge and utilization of the system among the American people. It was in connection with phrenology, also, that young Beecher first began his experience as a public lecturer.

In Mr. Beecher's Statement of Belief before the Congre-

gational Association of New York and Brooklyn, Oct. 13, 1882, he speaks of this matter and of other interesting points in his college course:—

"I never undertook to preach by any system of philosophy based on phrenology, but the whole nomenclature of mental phenomena [in prevalent metaphysical philosophies] was so vague it had no individuality in it, no power of individualizing; it generalized all the way through; while phrenology brought into view as distinct qualities, *combativeness*, *self-esteem*, *pride*, the *love of approbation*, the *love of praise*, *conscience*, *hope*, *reason*—that is, causal and analogical reason. It gave definite names, so that one could read a man; just as you can by taking type spell out a word, so by taking the different faculties you get to know the man. This working apparatus of phrenology I embraced. I analyzed men's actions by it. I could say to myself what sprang from this or that organ: here *conscience* is at work, here *self-esteem*, and so on. I do not undertake to say it was the most accurate system; but I do say it gave definiteness, it gave a man an insight into his fellow-man. It told him just where to strike and just what to strike with, and it was altogether a more practical, personal, and usable system than any of the metaphysical systems that had been in vogue.

"Then, besides that, I early studied science with enthusiasm. I was a pupil of Professor Hitchcock at Amherst College. I was the first two years a dull scholar [in science] because I was studying literature, history, and *belles lettres*, but when I came to my junior and senior years I bent myself to mental philosophy and scientific studies, and I have kept along the line of the front of scientific investigation ever since, and these two elements have underlain and been very potent to form my theological statements. When, therefore, I am judged I ask to be judged by my philosophy, and not by a very different one which my critic may hold.

"The result has been unfavorable in many cases,—that is to say, unfavorable to my reputation in the community. It set good men a great many times apart, by misunderstanding. It has caused grief to some men that were closely connected with me. I know I have their confidence as to my personal piety and as to my general conduct, but they fear I am straying so far from "the good old sound way" that it is a matter of mourning. I do not think so; I think I am coming nearer and nearer to the good old sound way. I think my views conform to Scripture a great deal more than those in which I was originally educated. In regard

to scientific investigation, I see the day coming when one of the most powerful arguments for the inspiration of the Bible will be that it laid itself right along on the assumption of truths that were unknown at the time they were written and by the person by whom they were written. It is a remedial book. It lays itself along the line of human development and human want in a manner that no man can account for except by superintending Providence. My scientific and philosophical views lead me to a deeper and a deeper faith in the word of God."

During his last two years in college, he was very active, —teaching in district schools, lecturing and zealously working in Christian enterprises, and taking finally the regular care of Sunday services held in a school-house near Amherst. During this period, he says, "growing constantly and warmly in sympathy with my father, in taking sides with orthodoxy that was in battle in Boston with Unitarianism, I learned of him all the theology that was current at that time. In the quarrels also between Andover and East Windsor and New Haven and Princeton—I was at home in all these distinctions. I got the doctrines just like a row of pins on a paper of pins. I knew them as a soldier knows his weapons. I could get them in battle array." He was graduated from the college in 1834, and immediately went to Cincinnati, whither his father had been called, from the Park Street Church in Boston, to the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary, while at the same time he held the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church. Here, of course, Mr. Beecher received the customary theological training which every student in a Presbyterian theological seminary is supposed to receive, but, moreover, he was drawn actively into the controversy between Dr. Wilson, representing the old-school doctrines of what has been called "The Scotch-Irish Presbyterian Calvinistic Fatalism of God's Sovereignty" on the one hand, and on the other his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, an ardent partisan of the then "New School Theology" of New England, pivoting on "man's free agency."

The violent opposition of Dr. Wilson to Dr. Beecher culminated in the trial of the latter for heresy before the

Presbytery. This issuing in a vindication of Dr. Beecher, Dr. Wilson appealed to the Synod, where the cause was tried again and with the same result. Before this came about, however, the contending forces had already clashed in various ways. Dr. Wilson seems to have been the aggressor in every instance.

In the autobiography of Lyman Beecher* there is an amusing and characteristic description written by Miss Harriet E. Beecher, later known as Mrs. H. B. Stowe, of the examination of her brother George before Presbytery with the view to his ordination as a Presbyterian minister. Dr. Beecher's elder sons William and Edward were already in the ministry. A paragraph written by Dr. Beecher in one of the circular letters which they were accustomed to send around to every branch of the family, —each one adding a few lines and passing the document on by mail to the nearest family station for further additions,—gives a glimpse at the early family life in the matter of theology; which, be it remembered, is one of our objective points of inquiry. Miss Beecher's lively description may be aptly prefaced by the paragraph here quoted:—

"William, why do you not write to your father? Are you not my first-born son? Did I not carry you over bogs a-fishing, a-straddle of my neck, on my shoulders, and, besides clothing and feeding, whipping you often to make a man of you, as you are, and would not have been without? Don't you remember studying theology with your father, sawing and splitting wood in that wood-house in Green street, Boston, near by where you found your wife? Little do those know who have rented that tenement since, how much orthodoxy was developed and imbodied there; and now why should all this fruit of my labors be kept to yourself?"

Besides William and Edward, George was now about to be examined for the ministry; Henry Ward had just come from Amherst College, and had entered Lane Seminary; while Charles and Thomas and James were, in spite of temporary aberrations of fancy, destined to the same high calling.

* "Autobiography, Correspondence, Etc., of Lyman Beecher, D. D." Edited by Charles Beecher. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.

But to return to Miss Beecher and her Presbytery:—

"At last the moderator calls the meeting to order. They proceed to business. They are to examine a candidate. The candidate is Mr. George Beecher, a *New School man;* but that is not the worst—a Taylorite!!

"Do you see, in the front pew, a tall, grave-looking man, of strong and rather harsh features, very pale, with a severe seriousness of face, and with great formality and precision in every turn and motion? Well, if you see him, that man is Dr. Wilson. His great ivory-headed cane leans on the side of the pew by him, and in his hand he holds the Confession of Faith.

"The candidate sits on the pulpit stairs, so that he may face the Presbytery, and the examining committee are called on: 'Dr. Wilson, in Philosophy.' Here follows, 'Mr. Beecher, what is matter and what is mind, and what is the difference 'twixt and 'tween, and what is Mechanics, and Optics, and Hydrostatics, and what is Mental Philosophy, and what is Moral Philosophy, and what is right and wrong, and what is truth, and what is virtue, and what are the powers of the mind, and what is intellect, susceptibilities, and will, and conscience.'—and everything else, world without end, amen! After this the doctor's grave face gradually relaxes into a smile, which seems like the melting of a snow-drift as he says that he has 'pursued this branch of the examination as far as might be deemed expedient.'

"'Mr. Moderator,' says one, 'I move that the examination be sustained.' 'I second it,' says another.

"The moderator then says, 'Those who sustain this examination say Ay.'

"Now hark—'Ay! ay! ay!'

"'Those of contrary mind, No.' No answer. So this is over.

"Next topic is now announced: 'Theology!' Now you may see the brethren bending forward, and shuffling, and looking wise. Over in the pew opposite to us are the students of the Lane Seminary, with attentive eyes. There is Theodore Weld, all awake, nodding from side to side, and scarce keeping still a minute.

"'The examiner in Theology, Brother Gallagher.' This is the tall son of Anak whom I have written of aforetime—the great Goliath, whose awful brows and camp-meeting hymns used so to awe and edify me. He rises very leisurely, and gives a lunge forward, precipitating his unwieldy size into a chair without much regard to graceful disposition, and with a deep, deliberate voice, begins.

"The beauty of it all is that Gallagher is a warm friend to

George, and of similar sentiments. The appointing him to examine was a friendly motion of the moderator. . . He confined his examination merely to the broad and obvious truths of Christianity, and then sat down.

"But now comes the fiery trial. The moderator announces, 'Any of the brethren have a right to question the candidate.' You must have seen before now some of them fidgeting on their seats, and waiting their turn. Then such a storm of questions rains in:—

"'Mr. Beecher, do you believe in the doctrine of election? Will you please to state your views on that subject?' 'Mr. Beecher, do you believe in the imputation of Adam's sin?' 'Mr. Beecher, do you believe infants are sinners as soon as they are born?' 'Do you believe that infants have unholy natures?' 'Do you believe that men are able of themselves to obey the commandments of God?' 'Mr. Beecher, do you believe men are active or passive in regeneration?' 'Mr. Beecher, do you make any distinction between regeneration and conversion?' 'Mr. Beecher, do you think that men are punished for the guilt of Adam's first sin?' 'Do you believe in imputed righteousness?'

"There was George—eyes flashing and hands going, turning first to right and then to left. 'If I understand your question, sir,'—'I do not understand your terms, sir.' 'Do you mean by nature thus and so? or so?' 'In what sense do you use the word imputation?' 'I don't exactly understand you, sir.' 'Yes, sir' (to right). 'No, sir' (to left). 'I should think so, sir' (in front).

"So far I wrote when I heard George, and father, and Edward coming in from meeting; for Edward is with us—poked in like a ghost upon us one day just after George's examination. The first that father knew of the matter was seeing him going by the window, and exclaiming, 'There 's a man looks like Edward!' and the next minute we were all electrified by seeing him standing among us.

"To-night Edward and Professor Sturtevant, father and George, have been holding a long chat. At last father and Edward went down cellar to saw wood. Don't that seem natural? I heard the word 'foreordination' through the parlor floor, so I knew what they were talking about.* I have come up and left them. . . .

"Now to finish the account of Presbytery. The examination lasted nearly two hours and a half, after which the farther con-

*This little touch reveals the theologic atmosphere in which the whole Beecher family was reared as perfectly as volumes of description could do. —ED.

sideration of that subject was postponed till examination had taken place in other branches. The next day the Presbytery were called upon to see if they had any remarks to make upon the examination thus far. Then such a war of words!

"The way of proceeding is to call over the names of the whole Presbytery in order, and each one, when his name is called, has the liberty of rising and speaking as long as he will. The whole day was taken up in this way. I went only in the afternoon, and what I heard was (apart from moral considerations) sufficiently diverting.

"There are men—one or two, I mean,—whose minds have been brought up in a catechetical treadmill—who will never say 'Confession of Faith' without taking off their hats, and who have altogether the appearance of thinking that the Bible is the *next best book* to the Catechism. These men are, of course, mortally afraid of heresy—or 'hear say,' as an old woman very pertinently pronounced it—and their remarks on this subject were truly lucid. . . .

"The discussion, as I have said, lasted all day. In the evening we came, and they went at it again. There was quite an audience in the house, as preaching had been expected. All the Presbytery had finished their remarks except father and Dr. Wilson, who, as the oldest, came last on the list. Father, as first called on, rose, and went through a regular statement of what he conceived to be the views expressed by the candidate, and a regular argument to show that they were in agreement with the Confession of Faith. He spoke well, clearly and persuasively, and was occasionally a little humorous. He began by saying that it was his belief that, however they might differ in points of opinion, they were all honest, well-intentioned men. 'We are honest!' (bringing down his fist). But then he said that there were some dangers in this meeting together in Presbytery; that ministers were so much accustomed to command the *whole ship* at home that they did not always feel exactly tractable in a Presbytery; 'and I hope,' said he, 'that, for the future, our elders will take better care of us' (here a general smile went round among the elders).

"Toward the close of the speech he said that, if the case should be carried up to the Synod, he should be prepared to prove even more fully many points; 'and in that case,' said he, bringing down his forefinger, 'I shall think myself *happy*, King Agrippa, to speak more fully of this matter.' He also insinuated that if Presbyteries, and Synods, and all the legislative bodies

should turn out and reject all who held those sentiments, yet they could not stop their progress. 'No,' said he, 'we shall still live; we shall stand on God's earth, and breathe his air, and preach his Gospel as *we* believe it.'

"When father sat down Dr. Wilson rose up, and made a speech of about half an hour, in which he stated that he believed that the candidate was not a Christian, and knew nothing experimentally about Christianity, and that he firmly believed that he and all those who held the same sentiments with him, 'would never see the gates of eternal bliss.'

"This was abundantly courteous for Dr. Wilson, since he merely shut us out of heaven this time, without pronouncing sentence any more definitely. Many people say that it is altogether the mildest and most temperate speech they ever heard him make. After this speech the question was taken, though with much difficulty and opposition; and on calling the roll, the examination was sustained by a majority of twenty-three. About twelve o'clock at night we found ourselves once more at home and in a state of high excitement, and sat up about half an hour longer to fight over the battle to Catharine, who had not been able to go out."

Of course, years of such surroundings as this, followed, as were the events just related, by increasing bitterness on the side of the attacking party (who, to the credit of the Presbyteries concerned, seem to have got the worst of every judicial combat); the studies of the course itself; the ensuing trials of his father for heresy, together with the lively correspondence among friends and foes, and the family discussions of all these controverted points and persons, kept young Beecher's mind alert in study of all the close theological distinctions, and familiarized him with the whole ground as no mere seminary curriculum could have done.

The result of this theological warfare, however, was very depressing to Henry Ward, who found less and less promise of fruitfulness in such a long continued course of dialectics, in which each combatant strongly held to his own views, and no result was ever reached. Indeed, he became convinced at that early day that men are most positive in theology about things of which they know the least; they are most dogmatical on what they call "funda-

mentals" for which they find least solid foundations in the Holy Scriptures or in nature. He felt, already, after a childhood and youth, and a young manhood, spent in the atmosphere of disputatious theology, that (as he says in his sermon entitled "The Golden Net") "the question is not to be with the plow and the harrow, but with the harvest. The farmer that raises the best wheat in the best quantity, and in the best manner, and constantly, is the best farmer, no matter what his tools are."

In one of the family circular letters already alluded to, written shortly after young Beecher had got at his pastoral work, occurs the following passage addressed by him to this same brother George, who seems to have tended toward the belief in the possibility of Christian "perfection:"—

"As to perfectionism, I am not greatly troubled with the fact of it in myself, or the doctrine of it in you; for I feel sure that if you give yourself time and prayer, you will settle down right, whatever the right may be; and I rejoice, on this account, that your judgment has led you to forbear publishing, because, after we have *published*, if we do not hit exactly right, there is a vehement temptation *not* to advance but rather to nurse and defend our published views. The treatises which have had influence in this world from generation to generation are those which have been matured, re-thought, re-cast, delayed. Apples that ripen early are apt to be worm-eaten, and decay early at any rate; late fruit keeps best."

His early experiences however, while they taught him how easily men may be mistaken in their philosophizings even while most confident that they are correct, thus made him feel free all his life long to let his humor play pleasantly about the heads of those who dogmatize; and yet, in the necessity of some systematic mode of regarding the truths of religion he was a firm believer, and not only can there be found in his works no passages inconsistent with this view but those are numerous which testify to his high estimate of reason in the philosophy of spiritual matters.

In his "Yale Lectures" he says:—

"It is very desirable, I think, that every preacher should have not merely gone through *a* system, but that he should have studied comparative theology. He ought to study that system

on which he expects to base his ministry; and it is also desirable that he should take cross-views of differing systems of theology—for a variety of reasons, You may think that you are going to preach some particular system,—but most of you will not, even if you try. You may take your teachers' views of theology and preach them for a while, but they will not suit you long. Every man who is fit to preach will, before many years, begin to have an outline of his own theology very distinctly marked out. But it is always necessary to know what other men have thought, to practice close thinking, to be drilled in sharp and nice discrimination, and to have a mind that is not slatternly and loose, but which knows how to work philosophically. . . . . You must acquire the habit of thinking, of looking at truth, not in isolated and fragmentary forms, but in all its relations; and of using it constantly as an instrument for producing good. You see I do believe in the science of theology, though I may not give my faith to any particular school of it in all points. But no school can dispense with a habit of thinking according to the laws of cause and effect.

"Theology is osteology, and a skeleton is a poor thing to live with. But that which makes a man handsome is not being without bones. Some people say, because I occasionally hit theology a slap, that I do not believe in it. Indeed, I do believe in it; but I believe in something else besides. Theology ought to be inside; it is the frame on which you build everything. I believe in the succulency and the elasticity of the nerve, and the bloom and beauty of the skin that overlies it all; but what would all these things be if there were not any bones there to lay them upon, and by which they could stand up and be operated? Men would all be gelatinous; no better than so many jelly-fish. So theology has its own sphere and function."

Thus, while he had from the first a clear estimate of the importance of theologic training,—of which he was getting a larger share than falls to the lot of the average student,—yet his soul was impatient for action. This youthful David felt oppressed and encumbered by the Saul's armor and weapons which he had been testing long enough to feel that his preparation for the fight was to come in another way.

In a letter written to Dr. John H. Raymond,* about a

* "Life and Letters of John H. Raymond, First President of Vassar College." New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert, 1881.

year after his going East (1848), Mr. Beecher mentions a theological dispute then raging over Dr. Bushnell's teachings:—

"I see no benefit in a controversy. It will be a fierce technical dispute about propositions, at the expense in the churches of vital godliness. . . . Others may blow the bellows and turn the doctrines in the fire and lay them on the anvil of controversy, and beat them with all sorts of hammers into all sorts of shapes; but I shall busy myself with *using* the sword of the Lord, not in *forging* it."

This was the lesson which he learned very early. He well knew the processes by which the doctrines were fused and forged and changed from age to age, but he felt in himself the ability for a higher craft than the smith's; and how effectively he wielded his powers for fifty years the world knows.

But there was another part of his course in the seminary which was of incalculable value. He says:—

"I had the good fortune to be under Professor Stowe in my theological training. Those who have gone through a course with him need not be told how much knowledge he has, nor his keen and crystalline way of putting that knowledge. The advantages which I derived from his teaching, his way of taking hold of Scripture, the knowledge I got of the Bible as a whole, are inestimable to me. In looking over my old note-books, which I filled independently of my course there, but which were partly in consequence of it and partly from teaching in the Bible class, I found I had gone then very nearly through the New Testament with close and careful study, and had formed an intimate acquaintance with it, before I began to preach regularly. In the early years of my ministry, I engaged in a great amount of exegetical study and interpretation of the word of God, having one service a week which was mainly devoted to that work. The preliminary acquisition of the power to do that will abbreviate your after-work more than you can tell. Do not believe that your enthusiasm will be a light always burning. You must have oil in your lamps. Study and patient labor are indispensable even to genius."

This study of the Bible, under Professor Stowe and by himself, and especially during his last term at the Seminary while he was in charge of the Bible class, was really

his salvation from the depression and condition of doubt into which he had been thrown by the theological combats just alluded to. For one of his brothers, surcharged with doubts, had thrown up the ministry (although he afterward returned to it again), and Henry Ward himself during the hot rage of pro-slavery rioting in Cincinnati and the great anti-slavery excitement in the seminary itself, had for some months been actively engaged in editing the *Cincinnati Journal*, by means of which his ideas and feelings were drawn to the possibility of his escaping the ministerial life and adopting journalism as his profession. That he would have been one of the country's great editors, no one can doubt; yet how much would have been lost to journalism itself, as well as to the cause of God and the up-building of man in the multitudinous avenues through which this man's influence has been felt, had he not been drawn as he was, by the inspiration imparted to him in the study of the Scriptures, to the founding of his whole professional life upon the broad basis of God's work in the world!

From this close and loving study he received two luminous thoughts. He speaks of the time,

"When it pleased God to reveal to my wandering soul the idea that it was *His nature to love a man in his sins for the sake of helping him out of them;* that he did not do it out of compliment to Christ, or to a 'law' or a 'plan of salvation,' but from the fullness of His great heart. . . . Time went on, and next came the disclosure of a *Christ ever present with me*—a Christ that never was far from me, but was always near me, as a companion and friend, to uphold and sustain me. This was the last and the best revelation of God's Spirit to my soul."

Of course it is not to be supposed that the inspiration of these great ideas had now been for the first time presented to young Beecher's mind, but simply this: his whole training and education thus far had been along the line of the Calvinistic theology, involving chiefly the idea of God's sovereignty and power. Aided by the controversies of the time, then beginning to break away from under the mighty shadow of that truth, controversies aiming to establish the theory of man's free agency and consequent responsibility,

and giving to human individuality a dignity which the older theology did not allow to it,—he was yet hampered and obstructed by the sense of argumentation; his heart, that tremendous engine of moral and spiritual power, was not satisfied. But, from the time when his soul was lifted up by these two great truths—*God's nature* as manifested by Jesus the Christ *to love man in his sins* for the sake of helping him out of them, and *the sustaining Christ ever present with individual men* ("a real presence" of perennial spiritual influence),—he sprang to his work with an ardor that was unquenched to the end of his life.

God's love because of his fatherhood; man's worth and mutual brotherhood because of his sonship to God: these were the two halves of the one great theme which from that time to the day of his final silence, underlay his life, his words, his works.

Indeed his own playful way of putting this is as apt as any could be: "I was like the man in the story, to whom the fairy gave a purse with a single piece of money in it, which he found always came again as soon as he had spent it. I thought I had found at least one thing to preach; I found it included everything."

With the close of his theological studies in 1837, young Beecher married Miss Eunice White Bullard, a sister of one of his classmates and a daughter of Dr. Bullard of Worcester, Mass. Their betrothal had lasted faithfully for seven years, and their faithful companionship in married life lasted for fifty years, his death in 1887 rounding the half century.

Here, then, concludes the first period of Henry Ward Beecher's life. We have tried to sketch—or rather to have him sketch—the inherited traits, the early influences, that combined to give him his outfit. He was not one whose education was finished when he left the theological seminary. To the day of his death he learned, he grew, he increased the talent committed to his charge; but on leaving the seminary he was armed and equipped, and inspired with the best thought of his life.

III.

TEN YEARS OF MISSIONARY WORK.

It is neither possible nor desirable in this place to give a biography of Mr. Beecher. The object sought is simply to gather some memoirs going to show the main sources of his power as an instructor of public thought and a stimulator of public feeling, the principles from which he drew his own inspiration, and the consistency with which he maintained them under whatever variations of the influences about him,—whether social, religious, ecclesiastical, or political.

He preached for a brief time in the Presbyterian Church in Covington, Kentucky, but soon received a call from Lawrenceburg, Indiana, a small town about twenty miles west of Cincinnati, where for two years he labored in his little low wooden building, which would seat one hundred and fifty people, the church membership consisting of twenty members,—as he puts it, "nineteen of them were women, and the other was nothing,"—he and his young wife living in two rooms over a provision store, with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars guaranteed by the Home Missionary Society, and a possible one hundred and fifty more from the parish, paid if at all in provisions. Less than $1.10 a day, if all was paid! When we read such figures as these and think of the self-denying labors and privations of those who labor for God and man in our frontier settlements, it seems clear that when, many years afterwards, Mr. Beecher was trying to arouse the manliness of the working-men to meet the rigors of hard times, and said that if all they could get was a dollar a day they

should make that suffice, he well knew what he was talking about.

Mr. Beecher's own pictures of these days of destitution are very graphic, but we cannot stop to consider them in detail; and yet these two years were among the most valuable of his training-time, bringing him face-to-face and hand-to-hand with the ills and miseries of actual privation and poverty as well as the hard pastoral work of a Home Missionary in a malarial district among a scattered people. He was blessed with health, vigor, perseverance, and already an intuitive way of getting at people's hearts.

He says:—

"There lived over on the other side of the street in Lawrenceburg, where first I had my settlement, a very profane man, who was counted ugly. I understood that he had said some very bitter things of me. I went right over to his store, and sat down on the counter to talk with him. I happened in often,—day in and day out. My errand was to make him like me. I did make him like me,—and all the children too; and when I left, two or three years later, it was his house that was opened to me and all my family for the week after I gave up my room. And to the day of his death I do not believe the old man could mention my name without crying."

Thus it was that he learned early in his career the secret of winning the sympathies of the men whom he desired to influence. He relates in one place his visit to the manufacture of *papier maché* in Birmingham, England. He was noticing the various processes from room to room, until, coming to where they give the final polish, he was told that they had tried everything in the world for polishing and at last had been convinced that there was no leather or other substance that had such power to polish to the very finest smoothness, as the living leather in its vital state,—the human hand. "It is very much so," says he, "with people. You can teach them from the pulpit in certain large ways, but there are some things you cannot do except by putting your very hand upon them."

During these two years young Beecher made his mark not only in the little community where he was working

but also in Cincinnati, where he occasionally preached in his father's pulpit, at the Second Presbyterian Church. In 1839 he was called to Indianapolis, then a place of about four thousand inhabitants, the capital of the State. The "new school" and "old school" theological discussions were still disturbing the churches (as when indeed are they not!) and he was called to a new congregation which had swarmed off from their more conservative brethren. He had now a larger salary ($600—say $1.65 per diem) but also larger expenses, and was compelled still, although not suffering from positive poverty, to exercise rigid economy and live in great simplicity.

As to preaching, he had, as we have seen, had considerable experience. He had practiced public speaking from the time of his Sophomore year at college,—making temperance speeches, holding conference meetings, and in various ways learning to overcome his natural diffidence and acquiring power to face people and to think on his feet. In the little Lawrenceburg church he had preached the best sermons that he knew how to get up, but was constantly discouraged with his own efforts. He says: "I remember distinctly that every Sunday night I had a headache. I went to bed every Sunday night with a vow registered that I would buy a farm and quit the ministry."

But while thus slowly feeling his way toward the power of setting forth truth in a way to lay hold on the minds of men, he was diligently filling up his own mind. He says:—

"I read Robert South, through and through; I saturated myself with South. I formed much of my style and my handling of texts on his methods. I obtained a vast amount of instruction and assistance from others of those old sermonizers, who were as familiar to me as my own name. I read Barrow, Howe, Sherlock, Butler, and Edwards particularly. I preached a great many sermons while reading these old men, and upon their discourses I often founded the framework of my own. After I had preached them I said to myself, 'That will never do; I wouldn't preach that again for the world;' but I was learning, and nobody ever tripped me up."

In fact he learned slowly, in spite of his father's power as a preacher and an effective mover of men, and of his own facility and popularity as a speaker. He himself tells us, "For the first three years of my ministry I did not make a single sinner wink." He was gaining in reputation, but that was not what he was aiming at; and it was not until the beginning of a period of intense religious excitement, which indeed grew largely out of his own efforts, that at last he seems to have come to something of the power which so largely abode with him from that time forward. More and more constantly did he study the life and the teachings of Him who spoke as never man spake, earnestly seeking the secret by means of which it was that the common people heard Him gladly. He also gave zealous study to the doings and sayings of those first Christian missionaries, the apostles, and both while at Lawrenceburg and in the first portion of his Indianapolis pastorate, he did much to furnish himself with the best of material and the best of models for his work. He says:—

"I owe more to the Book of Acts and the writings of the Apostle Paul than to all other books put together. I was sent into the wilderness of Indiana to preach among the poor and ignorant, and I lived in my saddle. My library was in my saddle-bags; I went from camp-meeting to camp-meeting, and from log hut to log hut. I took my New Testament, and from it I got that which has been the very secret of any success that I have had in the Christian ministry."

And again:—

"When I had lived at Indianapolis the first year, I said, 'There was a reason why when the apostles preached they succeeded, and I will find it out if it is to be found out.' I took every single instance in the record where I could find one of their sermons, and analyzed it, and asked myself, 'What were their circumstances? Who were the people? What did he do?' And I studied the sermons until I got this idea: that the apostles were accustomed first to feel for a ground on which the people and they stood together; a common ground where they could meet. Then they stored up a large number of the particulars of knowledge that belonged to everybody; and when they had got that knowledge which everybody would admit placed in a proper form be-

fore the minds of the people, then they brought it to bear upon them with all their excited heart and feeling. That was the first definite idea of *taking aim* that I had in my mind. 'Now,' said I, 'I will make a sermon so.' I remember it just as well as if it were yesterday. First, I sketched out the things we all know, . . . and in that way I went on with my 'you all knows,' until I had about forty of them. When I had got through that, I turned round and brought it to bear upon them with all my might; and there were seventeen men awakened under that sermon. I never felt so triumphant in my life. I cried all the way home. I said to myself, 'Now I know how to preach.' I could not make another sermon for a month that was good for anything. I had used all my powder and shot on that one. But, for the first time in my life, I had got the idea of *taking aim*. I soon added to it the idea of analyzing the people I was preaching to, and so taking aim for specialties. Of course that came gradually and later, with growing knowledge and experience."

And again:—

"It is easier to study law and become a successful practitioner, it is easier to study medicine and become a successful practitioner, than it is to study the human soul all through—to know its living forms, and to know the way of talking to it and coming into sympathy with it."

We have seen (p. 24) how he had learned the lesson of thoroughness, in the preparation for his "Lectures to Young Men." At the time of his Indianapolis pastorate, the assembling in that city of the State Legislature brought together a great many people of all kinds, and as the chief city of the State it was naturally alive not only with good influences, but also with bad, and at one time vice seemed to fairly riot there. Gambling and drinking and all forms of evil flourished rankly. Seeing here an opportunity, young Beecher prepared himself by a careful study of facts, and then delivered that series of lectures which when gathered and published (as most of his early books were, for the pecuniary benefit of other people), formed his first book. The venerable Dr. Leonard Bacon, contemporary and friend of the older Beecher, wrote:—

"I remember admiring its force of thought and inspiration, its wealth of illustration, its insight into human nature under the various phases of individual character, its boldness of assault and

denunciation, its earnestness in warning young men against moral dangers, and the electric force of its incitements to manly aspirations and manly living. In every lecture I seemed to see sparks as from the red-hot iron on the old anvil, and to hear the old Boanerges thundering with a youthful voice."

These lectures produced an intense excitement in the community. Many men of high social and political standing felt themselves aimed at, and were wrathful; but the city thronged to hear them, consciences were aroused, perceptions enlightened, hearts touched, and the result was a revival of religion that shook the community. This plain presentation of simple truth with a bold hand, set forth in dramatic forms, followed up by moral instruction and spiritual incitement, really struck the key-note of the man's life and labor.

But it was not only boldness that he learned, but deftness also was coming to his modes of management.

When he was at Indianapolis, he says:—

"Nobody was allowed to say a word on the subject of slavery. They were all red-hot out there then; and one of my elders said, 'If an Abolitionist comes here I will head a mob to put him down.' I was a young preacher. I had some pluck; I felt, and it grew in me, that that was a subject that ought to be preached upon. . . . . The question was, how shall I do it? I recollect one of the earliest efforts I made in that direction was in a sermon on some general topic. It was necessary to illustrate a point, and I did it by picturing a father ransoming his son from captivity among the Algerines, and glorying in his love of liberty and his fight against bondage. They all thought I was going to apply it to slavery; but I did not, I applied it to my subject and it passed off: and they all drew a long breath. It was not long before I had another illustration from that quarter, and so, before I had been there a year, I had gone all over the sore spots of slavery, in illustrating the subject of Christian experience and doctrine. It broke the ice."

The above passage occurs in his instructions to young preachers on the subject of Illustrations, and it seems worth while to include another paragraph pursuing the same topic:—

"You may go down to the brook under the willows and angle for the trout that everybody has been trying to catch, but in vain.

You go splashing and tearing along, throwing in your line, pole and all. Do you think you can catch them that way? No, indeed; you must begin afar off and quietly, if need be drawing yourself along on the grass and perhaps even on your belly, until you come where through the quivering leaves you see the flash of the sun; and then slowly and gently you throw your line so that the fly on its end falls as light as a gossamer upon the placid surface of the brook. The trout will think 'That is not a bait thrown to catch me: there is nobody there,' and rises to the fly, takes it,—and you take him."

He earnestly strove both in spirit of life and in method of labor to follow Jesus, that he might be made a *fisher of men.*

Perhaps one of the most fruitful fields of the infinite variety of illustrations used by Mr. Beecher throughout his life was his love for nature, his profound and extensive knowledge of its processes and productions, his appreciation of its myriad forms and sounds of beauty, the sentiments which it is capable of arousing in the human soul, and the multiform similitudes which it offers to the conditions and development of human life. His facile control of this vast field of course did not come by accident. He always loved and sympathized with the life of the natural world from his earliest childhood, and much of his boyhood and youth was spent in the meadows and along the brooks and among the woods. The cultivation of flowers and shrubs and of all manner of vegetables had been his delight in youth and his necessity when life-work began. During his two years at Mount Pleasant Academy, while preparing for college, he had found a sympathetic instructor in an old gardener, who taught him much, and he had never been without a vital and practical interest in those matters. In his preface to the first edition of "Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming," a collection of his articles from the *Western Farmer and Gardener*, which he edited while he was in Indianapolis (by way of resting from his pulpit labors), he says:—

"It may be of some service to the young as showing how valuable the fragments of time may become, if mention is made of the way in which we became prepared to edit this journal. The

continued taxation of daily preaching, extending through months, and once through eighteen consecutive months without the exception of a single day, began to wear upon our nerves, and made it necessary for us to seek some relaxation. Accordingly we used, after each week-night's preaching, to drive the sermon out of our heads by some alterative reading.

"In the State Library were Loudon's works—his encyclopedias of Horticulture, of Agriculture, and of Architecture. We fell upon them, and, for years, almost monopolized them. In our little one-story cottage, after the day's work was done, we pored over these monuments of an almost incredible industry, and read, we suppose, not only every line, but much of it many times over. . . . . In this way, through several years, we gradually accumulated materials and became familiar with facts and principles, which paved the way for our editorial labors. 'Lindley's Horticulture' and 'Gray's Structural Botany' came in as constant companions. And when, at length, through a friend's liberality we became the recipients of the London *Gardener's Chronicle*, edited by Professor Lindley, our treasures were inestimable. Many hundred times have we lain awake for hours, unable to throw off the excitement of preaching, beguiling the time with imaginary visits to the Chiswick Garden, and to the more than Oriental magnificence of the Duke of Devonshire's grounds at Chatsworth. We have had long discussions, in that little bedroom at Indianapolis, with Van Mons about pears, with Vibert about roses, with Thompson and Knight about everything under the heavens in the horticultural world.

"This employment of waste hours not only answered a purpose of soothing excited nerves then, but brought us into such relations to the material world, that we speak with entire moderation when we say that all the estates of the richest duke in England could not have given us half the pleasure which we derived from pastures, waysides, and unoccupied prairies."

There was probably no one feature of Mr. Beecher's writing or speaking upon any topic whatsoever, so noticeable as his accurate and apparently intuitive knowledge of the natural world. But his knowledge was worked for; the wonder was his power of assimilation. "Natural genius," he says, "is but the soil, which, let alone runs to weeds. If it is to bear fruit and harvest worth the reaping, it must be plowed and tilled with incessant care." And again: "Though a man be born to genius, a natural

reader and a natural reasoner, these endowments give him but the outlines of himself, and filling up means incessant, painstaking study and work. . . . It may be impassioned, facile, and fruitful, remunerating him as it goes on; nevertheless, there must be incessant work. Work may be light, unburdensome, as full of song as the merry brook that turns the miller's wheel; but no wheel is ever turned without the rush and weight of the stream upon it."

And yet again: "No man can preach well except out of an abundance of well-wrought material. Some sermons seem to start up suddenly, soul and body; but no, they are the product of years of experience. . . . It is only the form, like the occasion, that is extemporaneous. No man preaches except out of the stores that have been gathered in him."

And now, by way of rounding up the period of his Western ministry,—the two years at Lawrenceburg and the eight at Indianapolis,—let us make one more quotation illustrative of his power of adapting truth to circumstances; showing his growth in the art of maintaining principles which should be consistent in themselves, while presenting different fronts to different winds:—

"When my ministry was in the West, what did I find? A loose and heterogeneous mass of men who had come from everywhere, —the detritus from the stream of immigration. As at the delta of the Mississippi is gathered refuse which floats down from the region above, so in the West were gathered human beings from almost every nation on the globe; and there the principle of individualism was the predominant one. I insisted upon the sanctity of the Sabbath day; I insisted upon the absolute necessity of churches and church forms; and I insisted upon the indispensableness of authority and of obedience to that authority. I preached every Sunday against individualism, and in favor of association. By and by I was transferred to the East; and there I found society hard-ribbed, vigorous. Men were lopped off on every side to make them fit into crowded populations. Society was tyrannical. And ever since I came East I have fought society, and tried to get individual men to be free, independent, and large. I was right both times. I did not care for abstract theories. My object was to get *men*. . . . Now if I had to study the propor-

tions of a philosophy, I should probably study in such a way that I would save my philosophy but lose my men. . . . Who cries for symmetry in *medicine?* Symmetry in *health* is what we want."

Mr. Beecher's Western life was full of distresses and discomforts, but glowing with conscious advancement in inner life and in outward success in his calling. He said during a visit to Indianapolis in 1876: "I went to Indianapolis in the fall of 1839 with a little sick babe in my arms which showed the first symptons of recovery after eating blackberries which I gathered by the way. The city had then a population of four thousand [now, in 1887, one hundred and fifty thousand]. With the exception of two or three streets there were no ways along which could not be seen the original stumps of the forest; I have bumped against them in a buggy too often not to be well assured of the fact. Here I preached my first *real* sermon; here, for the first time I strove against death in behalf of a child, and was defeated; here I built a house and painted it with my own hands; here I had my first garden, and became the bishop of flowers for this diocese; here I first joined the editorial fraternity, and edited the *Farmer and Gardener;* here I had my first taste of chills and fever; here for the first time, I waded to church ankle-deep in mud and preached with pantaloons tucked into my boot-tops. . . . It is now a mighty city, full of foundries, manufactories, wholesale stores, and with a magnificent court-house, beautiful dwellings, noble churches, wide and fine streets, and railroads more than I could mention, radiating to every point of the compass." He alludes in another passage to "the days of sickness, chills and fever, the gardening days, my first editorial experience, my luck in horses and pigs, my house-building, and not a few scrapes; being stalled in the mud, half drowned in crossing rivers, long, lonely forest rides, camp meetings, preachings in camps, sleepings in the open air."

If the physical aspects of these days were dark to the sturdy, vigorous, elastic preacher, to his young wife,—nurtured in the serenity of a New England town, accustomed to the conveniences and pleasant industries of a

New England home,—this being plunged into the rudenesses of an almost frontier life and the drain both physical and mental of a rapidly increasing family of little children, was darkness almost unrelieved. Her health failed, her spirits were depressed, and her condition was a source of the keenest anxiety to the loving husband. The spring of 1847, therefore, found young Beecher in a very uncertain state of mind. Vital and springy in bodily condition; mentally active, intense, out-reaching, greedily acquiring and prodigally pouring forth the treasures accessible to him; encouraged, stimulated, conscious of growing power, and having a heart aflame with zeal for Christ and love for man,—he was, on the other hand, weighted with wearing anxiety for his dear wife, worrying about his children and home, and—even in intellectual matters—while craving books and art and music and the means of a wider and finer culture, he was cabined, cribbed, confined, by his own poverty and the scanty resources of the community in which he lived. So that all causes combined to make it a glad thing for him to receive, as he did at that time, an invitation to go East with his wife to attend what was then known as "Anniversary Week," in New York City, and to deliver one of the addresses before the Home Missionary Society.

As it seemed then, it was in itself the great event of his life; as we see it now, it was in itself a very small affair, except as being the initiative step of his real career.

IV.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH: PERSONAL TRAITS.

CONGREGATIONALISM, as a denomination, had down to 1840 made but small progress outside of New England. A movement for its extension began very actively about that time. One of the very earliest efforts of that activity was the founding of the Church of the Pilgrims in the city of Brooklyn in 1844. Shortly after its successful inauguration, some of its members determined to start another Congregational church and proceeded actively to accomplish that, by purchasing the building of the Old First Presbyterian Church, then just vacated for a new one. The first services were held on Sunday, May 16, 1847.

Mr. Beecher, who had met with a welcome at the Anniversary meetings in New York largely on account of his father and elder brothers, had made a marked impression there by his own addresses. Mr. William P. Cutter, of New York, who had known and admired him in the West, had already mentioned him to the gentlemen who had initiated the new church project; and the young preacher was invited to be present at the opening services of the church and preach the first sermons, which he did with marked acceptability, morning and evening. The church was organized on Sunday, June 13, with twenty-one members. The wife of one of the promoters had suggested "Plymouth Brethren" as a name, and "Plymouth Church" was the title adopted. Young Beecher, who had gone on to Boston after his first preaching, returned a few weeks later and preached again, for two successive Sundays; the consequence being that on June 14, 1847, he was

unanimously invited by the church and society to become their pastor. With many misgivings as to the wisdom of leaving his Presbyterian associations and his well-loved parish in the West, Mr. Beecher was influenced primarily by the evident improvement in his wife's health and also by the marked heartiness and earnestness and activity of the people who had called him to work with them, and decided to accept the invitation; preferring it to a position offered him with the old Park Street Church in Boston (where his father and his brother Edward had preceded him), because in Plymouth he should be able to begin the work in his own way. From that day, during the forty years which intervened until his death, his history and that of Plymouth Church are one and the same. They are known to all men in America, and throughout the English-speaking world more widely than those of any other man or church in Christendom. It will not therefore be necessary to do more than touch upon a few salient points; and those, as bearing upon his personality and methods of working.

When in October, 1847, Henry Ward Beecher assumed the pastorate of Plymouth Church, he was thirty-four years and four months old. His compact, vigorous figure, five feet nine inches in height; his long dark hair; broad brow; large blue eyes,—now luminous with intensity, now twinkling with merriment; rather large, straight nose; peculiarly well formed mouth, mobile with feeling; ruddy complexion; and a garb decidedly unclerical, presented an unusual appearance.

The first thing he did was to have the pulpit cut away, and upon the broad platform was set a rather low mahogany desk, open beneath. He had the natural instinct of the orator, and felt that for him to get at his listeners the listeners must be able to see the speaker. Throughout his whole career it is rather remarkable that one so apparently careless of appearances should have been, as this man was, uniformly successful in doing the right thing so far as concerned all physical carriage in his public appearances. His instincts were those of a gentleman, and whenever he shocked the sense of propriety of church-

goers (as he occasionally did), it was never by any ungainliness or impropriety of action, but always by some sudden and unexpected turn of thought, of a kind to which people were unaccustomed in Sunday services. Yet, even so, those little shocks to their conventional nerves invariably resulted in arousing attention and fixing the listeners' mind upon the thought to be presented. They were sometimes the unconscious results of his original way of looking at things, and sometimes the intentional arts of the orator, who sought not to exhibit himself as a model clergyman but to "catch men."

To show the underlying reason why he took his stand upon a platform rather than in the pulpit, read this little passage from his "Lectures on Preaching:"—

"It is not necessary that a man, because he may not be able to stand like the statue of Apollo, should stand ungracefully. He loses, unconsciously, a certain power; for, although he does not need a very fine physical figure (which is rather a hindrance, I think), yet he should be pleasing in his bearing and gestures. A man who is very beautiful and superlatively graceful sets people to admiring him; they make a kind of monkey god of him, and it stands in the way of his usefulness. From this temptation most of us have been mercifully delivered. On the other hand, what we call naturalness, fitness, good taste, and propriety are to be sought. You like to see a man come into your parlor with, at least, ordinary good manners and some sense of propriety, and what you require in your parlor you certainly have a right to expect in church. One of the reasons why I condemn these churns called pulpits is that they teach a man bad habits; he is heedless of his posture and learns bad tricks behind these bulwarks. He thinks that people will not see them. So with gestures. There are certain people who will never make many gestures, but they should see to it that what they do make shall be graceful and appropriate. There are others who are impulsive, and so full of feeling that they throw it out in every direction, and it is, therefore, all the more important that their action shall be shorn of awkwardness and constrained mannerism. Now and then a man is absolutely dramatic, as, for instance, John B. Gough, who could not speak otherwise. It is unconscious with him. It is inherent in all natural orators; they put themselves at once, unconsciously, in sympathy with the things they are describing."

We shall return to this matter again when considering Mr. Beecher's oratory, but meanwhile, it is significant of what his life and work among the people had done for him during the ten years of missionary labor in the West, that his first act when he found himself raised to an Eastern pulpit was to get out of it nearer to his hearers.

He had accepted the responsibility of a position in the city already called the "City of Churches," itself well furnished with clergymen of ability and repute, and practically a part of that greater city, its near neighbor across the East River. As to comparing himself with others or worrying about his new and untried field, these unnecessary girdings were entirely foreign to his nature. He worked for the love of working; the grinding sense of responsibility he felt to be uncongenial to the faith and trust of a Christian life. He refused to entertain anxieties, but put in all the forces he possessed as a farmer puts in his labor and his seed; and he left the germination, like the sunshine and the rain, to the providence of God. He says in one place: "In general I have never performed my work but once; whereas many others perform theirs three times,—first by anticipation; then in realization; and afterward by rumination."

He began as he afterward continued, and his own description of it will be the best. He says:—

"I have often been asked by what secret I retain health and vigor under labors multiform and continuous. I owe much to a good constitution inherited from my parents, not spoiled by youthful excesses or weakened by over-study; much also to an early-acquired knowledge of how to take care of myself, to secure invariably a full measure of sleep, to regard food as an engineer does fuel (to be employed economically, and entirely with reference to the work to be done by the machine); much to the habit of economizing social forces, and not wasting in needless conversation and pleasurable hilarities the spirit that would carry me through many days of necessary work; but, above all, to the possession of a hopeful disposition and natural courage, to sympathy with men, and to an unfailing trust in God; so that I have always worked for the love of working."

With these interior impulses, and wise powers of guidance and restraint; with a mind well stored by years of studious reading and thinking; with ten years' growth in the experience of working directly upon the souls of men, and an original aptitude in the "art of putting things" by which he had already grown facile and expert, it is not to be wondered at that this man found himself instantly at home in the turmoil of the great cities where thronged the very game he was after—*men.* Lovers of the conventional complained that he was not smooth, he lacked polish; which perhaps was not without a certain amount of truth, for he took hold like a new file. Not only individual men, but the community at large, very soon felt that there was a fresh and unusual kind of force at work.

The old church building was cramped and packed with the throngs, and when after a few months it took fire and was badly damaged, the people of the church saw that it was their opportunity not to rebuild the old, but to build anew; and they reared the great broad-shouldered amplitude of Plymouth Church as it stands to-day.

True to his intention of getting at the people, Mr. Beecher had the organ, with space for a large volunteer choir, set at the back of the platform, in front of the audience, thus thrusting the speaker well forward into the midst of the throng. He did away with the broad middle aisle, and filled that cold, blank space with people. The pews were arranged, so far as possible, in circling fashion about the platform. The galleries were about twice the ordinary depth, and the seating capacity of the house about twenty-seven hundred, although with the hinged aisle-seats which they were soon compelled to add, the congregation usually numbered about three thousand. Not a dollar was spent upon unnecessary ornament, but everything was plain and simple, the main object being to have a well-lighted, well-ventilated, commodious audience-room, of good acoustic properties, arranged to seat the people with their faces convergent toward the platform, and, with the great choir before them, forming a natural social circle

in which it would be easy to focalize thought and feeling, whether for instruction, prayer, or praise.

Mr. Beecher recognized the danger of bareness and leanness which always hangs over the non-liturgical churches. The Roman service, and to a great extent the Episcopal service, touch the devout imagination, reaching toward if not actually inspiring veneration and awe, and seeking for chords whose response is worship; and he felt that the characteristic fault of the plainer church services was their preponderance of instruction and lack of provision for the element of worship. This he proposed to supply, and with a very grand success did supply, by means of music, and especially by means of so interesting the entire audience that it should not only listen and be played upon, but should also take part. He was, in fact, together with that noble old organist, John Zundel, the pioneer of congregational singing in America.

It was not until 1855 that he succeeded in getting his "Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes" published, and the people all furnished with words and music so as to make Plymouth congregational singing the fine art that it became shortly after that; and yet, from the very beginning, with a large voluntary choir and a persistent urging upon the congregation that they should take hold, and the use of tunes that everybody knew, he did succeed in bringing in that powerful aid,—that "provision for the esthetic feeling, the fancy and the imagination and the more facile emotions, which is not provided for by any framework furnished to the preacher, and which, according to his various abilities and endowments or moods, circumstances may or may not have partially provided for in him."

In his instructions ("Yale Lectures on Preaching") on the relations of music to worship, he goes very carefully and suggestively into the function of the organ both in opening voluntaries and interludes and in hymn accompaniments and closing voluntaries.

And speaking of John Zundel, he says: "To make music to him means worship and the organ means religion. . . . . So long had he been trained, that what words

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

AT THE AGE OF FORTY-ONE (1853).

From a contemporary newspaper cut.

are to us, notes were to him; and he expressed every thought and feeling that he had, upon the instrument. In his inspired moments upon the organ, it has brought tears to my eyes a hundred times; I have gone in jaded and unheartened, and have been caught up by him and lifted so that I saw the flash of the gates. I have been comforted, I have been helped, and if I have preached to him and helped him,—and I know I have,—he has preached to me and helped me; and he knows not and never will know how much."

Mr. Beecher then gives his ideas of the choir and of congregational singing and of the choice of hymns on the principle of co-operation with the mood of thought or feeling into which he wishes to bring his auditors; which show the keenest susceptibility to the power of music in himself and the quickest sympathy and intuitive knowledge of its effect upon a gathering of persons brought together for a purpose, and a remarkable capacity for philosophizing upon the facts thus gained from experience and observation, with a facility for reducing them to a systematic practice for subserving his own aims. Nor does he make any cast-iron system, but in accordance with what more and more appears to have been the plan of his whole life, he deduces vital principles which must receive varied application according to varying circumstances.

It was a common remark in those days that, whereas the average church congregation was made up in the proportion of five women to one man, in Plymouth Church the proportion ran the other way. Men sought him because he was strong and helped them, but women and little children no less were attracted by his winning qualities. The church flourished; it grew strong; it multiplied rapidly; its Sunday-school was thronged; it began mission work in the city, and in all practical ways offered prompt evidence of the genuine value of the Christian inspiration it received, by giving as bountifully as it had received. Strangers quickly learned to seek it out; and in its proper work as a Christian church, it soon entered upon a vigorous activity.

Basing his philosophy and his practical methods of

attracting men to a higher life rather upon the facts of human nature, the teachings of Jesus, and the working methods of the Apostles, than upon the skillfully devised theological systems of the schools (not because he was unfamiliar with the latter, but, because, knowing them so well, he thought them less likely to be useful than the methods of the earlier day) he naturally gained friends faster among the common people who heard him gladly, than he did among the professional members of the priesthood and conservators of the traditions of the elders.

And yet, even among those he found many firm and constant friends. The broad foundation on which he stood made him broadly liberal toward all beliefs which accepted Christ and successfully labored to make men Christ-like. Indomitable in the assertion of his own beliefs, he was no less vigorous in maintaining the rights of others to theirs. One of his most characteristic sermons is entitled "Other Men's Consciences." His church received into its communion members from all the Christian sects, who found there a common ground on which to stand and to work. This commingling of elements gave him a body of men and women knit together by the profoundest sympathy in a simple faith and by an ardent love for the man who had released them from the bonds of petty sectarianism, and opened to them the larger liberty of Christian manhood.

Among the most potent influences which Mr. Beecher immediately developed in his new and peculiar church-membership, was the social element. The strength of associated hearts and wills and minds upon a common object, the play of mutual sympathy, the possibility of consentaneous purpose, was an element of human nature upon which he counted much and with which he accomplished much. With the profoundest belief in the immanence of God throughout all nature, including the spirit of man,—indeed, in the direct influence of the Spirit of God upon the souls of men, he was yet a sturdy believer in the necessity of bringing about all effects through natural causes.

"The gifts of the Divine Spirit," he says, "are not exceptional, or capricious, without rule, without definite purpose; but they are to be just as definitely expected as the results which the farmer seeks when he sows his seed. . . . In regard to the whole department of spiritual experiences, I say they are in analogy with mental experiences; not that they are on the same level, but that the administration of God over the human soul is in analogy with his administration over the lower or physical elements in man, and the intermediate emotions of the social and the intellectual processes. Spiritual developments are, all of them, under law, administered by law, as much as any other part of nature, and to be studied therefore as we study every other part of human life. And in regard to the moral elements, all the graces of the Spirit, and all the fruits of the Spirit are to be developed by education just as much as any other part of the mind. . . . That we perfect man's physical and intellectual nature by education, every one knows. . . . but when we come to religion, men fly the track. They seem to think, 'Here is vagueness; here is a realm too sacred to suppose that law operates in it.' And it is just there that I say, in respect emphatically to revivals of religion, that they are conformable to law, and that that conformableness to law lies in the foundation of knowledge and education, in the production of emotion, and in the production and conduct of all spiritual processes. . . . It is such statements that many feel to be an upheaval of the foundations and a departure from the faith of the fathers. 'Does not such a view as this confound Nature and Grace? Is it not bringing all gracious operations down to the level of nature?' What is nature, then? . . . Everything that God ever organized into being or maintained is nature. . . . Wherever, along the lines of space, the word of God has thrilled and something has happened, there is nature; and nothing is or can be, that does not circle into that. To reduce things 'to the level of nature,' then, is to reduce them to the level of God,—which ought not to be a very great degradation!"

In this very same lecture, in which Mr. Beecher was insisting upon the necessity of using proper means for the bringing about of spiritual, as well as physical, intellectual, and moral effects, he was asked by one of the students:—

"Would it not be consistent with your view to hold that prayer is more essential to the production of a revival than it is essential to the product of effects in farming?"

Answer:—

"Certainly. That is to say, prayer is more nearly related to the result you want to produce. Guano is better for farming than prayer, but prayer is the guano of spiritual life. Pray always. The praying always means that the thought, the feeling, the taste, the sense of pleasure, the social gladness, all the while effervesce, so that they take the upward tendency, they report themselves continually through the higher feelings towards God; and that I suppose to be prayer,—communion, God with us."

With these rather uncommonly sensible views, which on the one hand may be called scientific, but which on the other hand were inspired by the profoundest trust in God's fatherly interest, and in the uniformity of the operations of the Divine Power so that its laws are discoverable, Mr. Beecher made much of the prayer-meetings.

The sense of God's fatherhood and of the naturalness of approach to him, was most characteristic of his entire life and work.

And this same atmosphere of the *naturalness of the spiritual life* permeated and enveloped his every activity in private and in public. It was what made his prayer-meetings unique in all Christendom. The simple, hearty, effective singing of the throng of seven or eight hundred people, led compactly and yet sympathetically by a piano played with a clear, firm touch; the informal, cordial, friendly, joyous way in which he taught his people to come into these meetings—at once the cause and the effect of the sense of *fellowship;* the singularly intelligible, natural, effective way in which Mr. Beecher always read the Bible—utterly avoiding the professional "holy tone" but developing the spirit and meaning of the passage (whether simply narrative, or dramatic, or devotional, or instructive, or hortative) precisely as he would have done a passage from any other book, led people into an interest before they knew it. Then, the frank, familiar style in which he would state the generic truth to be found in the Scriptural passage,—sitting meanwhile pleasantly in his chair, as rather in social converse than in formal discourse,—bringing the generic into the specific and multitudinous with ready

illustration; the way in which he developed the gifts of the different members by calling them out on some personal point of explanation, or making rapid and familiar interplay of question and answer; the patience and tact he showed with the inevitable bores; the variety he managed to infuse from week to week,—all these things made his prayer-meeting a power in the church itself, and a constant attraction to outsiders.

In getting at the influences brought to bear upon Plymouth Church, which made it what it was, it is necessary to mention the frequent revivals of religion which took place during the early years. Mr. Beecher's philosophy of these occasional impulses, as already stated, was that they were dependent upon regular laws, and yet that there are favoring circumstances which determine times and seasons. All methods are not alike wise, neither are all seasons alike propitious.

"Among hundreds of revivals," he says, "I have known only one that occurred in the midst of harvest; because men cannot spare the time from the harvest field. . . . Business has much to do with times and seasons. For instance, sometimes men are hot with speculation, and the whole air is full of it. That is not a favorable time for any processes leading toward this production of common moral feeling. . . . As you adapt all the economies of industry to the varying seasons, so you are to adapt your moral culture of men to those peculiarities of God's providence, which, with a little care and observation, every one may discern. . . . It is not every man that plows well and sows well, who gets his harvest; but still, that is the average course of things, and the probability is such as to encourage everybody."

And again:—

"We have occasion to bless God for these outpourings of the Spirit, that come as the wind comes, we know not always whence, and that go as the wind goes, we know not always whither, but which, like the wind in the mariner's sail, may be so studied and so used that there shall be over it a substantial control."

Mr. Beecher entered with zeal upon all these modes of fertilizing his church, of calling into action its latent forces, and of utilizing the forces so developed not only for the

purpose of enlarging the numerical strength of the new organization, but also of making it active in work, of making it felt as a force for good in the community at large. His wisely directed power was astonishingly successful in effects.

Between 1847 and 1856 was a period when men's minds were seething and fermenting. The excitement ran largely along the lines of temperance agitation, and the growth of the anti-slavery sentiment as a moral political force.

None felt more profoundly than he the working of that reform-leaven. He knew intuitively that he was set at a focal point. Finding himself in the midst of the intensest commercial activities of the country, being essentially a part of New York, although not within its civic boundaries; seeing that the throngs who came week after week to his Sunday preachings, and Wednesday evening lectures, and Friday evening prayer-meetings, were very largely composed of active business men, a great proportion of whom were between twenty-five and forty years of age, and recognizing that as his church grew and consolidated it was made up of much of this same element, he seems to have laid out for himself then the general course that he consistently pursued to the end. Not that he was gifted with preternatural foresight of what the years were to bring forth, but that he had the sensitive temperament which brings subtle knowledge of atmospheric disturbance. And in this case it was a disturbance which aroused his whole nature to preparations for the coming storm. In every aspect of the reform questions of the day, which on all sides were dividing men's sympathies and opinions, splitting organizations, overturning established forms, he saw not so much the superficial effects, as the underlying causes. To him, political parties, Bible and Tract Societies, Missionary Boards, Christian sects and churches, were always means and not ends. Just as he turned away in disgust from theological quarrels which in the name of God and things holy he had frequently seen to degenerate into the most scandalous personal enmities, so too, he looked at all the organized instrumentalities of moral and religious instruc-

tion among men, valuing them not for what they were called, but for what they could do, and turned away from them as valueless when they became the subjects of violent controversy and bitter dissension instead of being instruments for good. He judged men and institutions according to that simple but searching test given by Jesus, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

"When they said to me, 'You are not orthodox,' I replied, 'Very well, be it so; I am out on other business: I understand that call that has been sounding down through two thousand years, and I will obey it: Follow me and I will make you fishers of men.'

"What about 'original sin'? There has been so much actual transgression that I have not had time to go back on to that."

It was thus his practical manner of applying broad generic principles to every present condition of human life that made his genius effective.

And the first thing that he did to prepare for the great conflict that had already begun and that was more and more extending itself amid the various organizations of the country, was to collect and to inspire with enthusiasm for the fatherly God and the brotherly Saviour and the needy human brotherhood, a body of men and women who became a great center of power along those essential practical lines. And as in regard to all other organizations, so in regard to Plymouth Church: while it was the thing he loved best, yet it was always with him but a means to the one great aim of his life. He did not set himself to the purpose of making a "prominent church," but, recognizing the great opportunity for effective work, he leaped eagerly into the field and gathered his forces together.

There can be little doubt that his main and indeed only thought in all his wise and earnest labors in Plymouth Church in those early days, was his strong desire to "catch men," yet every fiber of his being was a-tingle with the electric conditions of the time. He says:—*

*Address before the London Congregational Board, Sept. 28, 1886; from "A Summer in England with H. W. Beecher" (1887).

"I came insensibly into connection with public questions; I was sucked into the political controversies and the moral reformations of the age; and, just at that time, that question was coming up which involved every principle of rectitude, of morality, of humanity, and of religion. My father was too old; the controversy came on when he was failing; he was cautious in his way; he was afraid that his son Henry would get himself into difficulties. But I took no counsel with man. When I came to Brooklyn, some dear men who are now at rest said, with the best intention, 'You have a blessed chance, and you can come to very good influence if you do not throw yourself away;' and then warned me not to preach on slavery and on some other topics which at that time were up in the public mind. I do not know what it is in me—whether it is my father or my mother or both of them—but the moment you tell me that a thing that should be done is unpopular, I am right there, every time. I fed on the privilege of making men hear things, because I was a public speaker. I glorified in my gifts, not because they brought praise, for they brought the other thing continually; but men would come, and would hear, and I rejoiced in it. . . . Jesus knows that for his sake I smote with the sword and with the spear, not because I loved controversy, but because I loved truth and humanity; and because I saw weak men flinch, and because I saw base men truckle and bargain, and because I saw that the cause of Christ was likely to suffer: and I will fight to the end."

It will not be expected that this sketch can enter upon the details of Mr. Beecher's active life. His teachings were vital, and as he laid more stress upon the Christian art of right living than the theologic science of right dying, they penetrated with power into many a circle, and aroused torpidity to life. The elderly were startled and shocked; the young were electrified and stimulated; the mercantile community were stirred with both interest and anger at his bold expositions of commercial temptation and dishonest practice; respectable politicians were angered to find themselves openly coupled with those whom they despised but with whom they were yoked in practical politics.

Gifted with all his father's quick insight and genial humor and forceful aptitude in exposition, but freed from the theological partisanship which had been at once the

strength and the limitation of the elder man's career, Mr. Beecher had a fresh and original way of putting things, even when the underlying thought was a familiar one, which instantly arrested the attention of hearers or readers; for he very soon began to write as well as to speak to the public. It is not at all improbable that his singular lack of verbal memory, making it impossible down to the end of his life for him to quote anything except the briefest and most familiar passages of the Bible (and hardly those with accuracy) made many of his statements seem questionable simply because they were not arrayed in the phraseology to which the orthodox religious minds were accustomed. Looking at matters from the natural and reasonable, rather than from the ecclesiastical and theological side, he constantly availed himself of such truth as he thought he found in the old doctrines without putting them into the old language, and many earnest and excellent men and women who were drawn into his church and felt the stimulating power of his preaching, were yet in their hearts troubled, because they missed the old familiar and hackneyed phrases.

One of his earliest Brooklyn friends one day asked him: "Mr. Beecher, *do* you believe in the divinity of Christ?" With surprise he answered, "I know no other God." "Do you believe in the influence of the Holy Spirit?" "I believe," said he, "in the direct impact of God upon the human heart. Is it possible that you do not yet know a doctrine without its old-fashioned label tied to it?"

Such misunderstandings in his very flock make it less to be wondered at that his fellow-clergymen, who were soaked and steeped in theologic terms, often failed to catch the inner meaning of his talk because they missed the ancient shibboleth. Moreover, it was not long before those keen-sighted purveyors for the public taste and need—the journalists—lit upon the fact that the people were interested in Beecher, and they began to report him in the daily press. His own statement of the general result of this, as made in his address before the New York and Brooklyn Association of ministers and churches, in October, 1884,

while based upon the experience of many years, is yet an apt putting of the case as it was from the first:—

"You must bear in mind that great as is their usefulness—and I bear willing testimony to the great usefulness of the ubiquitous body of reporters—they are not all apostolic in theology, they are not Platos in philosophy, they are not all the most eminent disciples of the school of metaphysics, and they are set to do that which not one man of genius even in ten thousand can do—the rarest thing in the world—to put a discourse of one whole hour into a reading-space of five minutes. To do that is one of the supremest works of intellectual genius. But they are sent to the churches as well as to other meetings, and are expected to make a report that folks will read; so they catch here and they catch there shining passages, grotesque ones, or some that raise a little laughter. They go over to the office and the night editor says: 'I want a quarter of a column of Beecher.' 'Well, but I have got a whole column.' 'Cut it down, cut it down.' And they cut it here and they cut it there, and keep in things that they think will attract attention,—and that is the report of my sermon! Well, I do not blame them; but I tell you what I do blame. I blame the want of honor in ministers and editors who live within an hour's walk or an hour's postage of my house, and who could write to me and say, 'I see in the papers this morning such and such things are reported as having been said by you. I wish to know whether that is a correct representation of your views.' Not they! They sit down and write a long critique and send it to the *Congregationalist* or the *Advance* or somewhere else, based on my 'views.' If it is worth my while, and I turn around and say, 'I was misrepresented; I didn't say so;' they will cry, 'Oh, he is backing down as usual!' So then, for more than twenty-five years, there is not a man on the globe that has been reported so much as I have been—in my private meetings, in my street conversations, on the platforms of public meetings, and steadily in the pulpit; a great many times admirably, many times less admirably, and sometimes abominably. This has been going on week after week, and year after year. Do you suppose I could follow up all misstatements and rectify them? . . . A man might run around like a kitten after its tail, all his life, if he were going around explaining all reports of his expressions and all the things he had written. Let them go. They will correct themselves. The average and general influence of a man's teaching will be more mighty than any single misconception, or misapprehension through misconception."

Thus it was that while he was constantly misapprehended, both in speech, in sentiment, and in general effect, by means of these fragmentary reportings of tongue and pen, nevertheless his influence constantly enlarged among those who had the opportunity or the sense to apprehend his meaning and follow the general trend of his teaching.

Many attempted analyses of Mr. Beecher's powers as orator and preacher have been made. Perhaps the best was that made by Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs in his Address at the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration ("Silver Wedding") of Plymouth Church, in 1872. The following selected passages (italics being ours) give somewhat of his ideas:—

"The sources of that power in him, in which, during the last twenty-five years, you have been all the while rejoicing, are very deep and manifold. It used to amuse and provoke me, years ago, when men would speak as if his strength lay in some one thing; in his voice, perhaps, or in his gesture, or his power of illustration, or something else. Some single element, it was now and then thought, was the hair of this Samson, in which his strength resided; and if he were shorn of that he would become like other men. Nonsense! You know, as well as I do, that his power comes from many sources. It is like a rushing, royal river, which has its birthplace in a thousand springs. It is like a magnificent oak, which has its grand uplift of trunk and stem, and its vast sweep of branches, by reason of the multitudinous roots which strike down deep, and spread through the soil in every direction. These supply the mighty timbers of the battle-ship and the building!

"Now, if I were to go, as I shall not, into a thorough analysis of his power as a preacher, I should occupy your time for a great while; but there are certain elements of that power which are familiar to you, and which redound, not to his praise or yours, but to the praise of Him who made him what he is, and sent him thither.

"First among these elements, I should put a *thoroughly vitalized mind;* a mind so vitalized that its very process becomes as vital as himself; so that there is no reproduction of past processes; no memorizing of what has previously been in the mind. His creative faculties are in play all the time. . . . .

"I think I should put second, *immense common sense;* a wonderfully self-rectifying judgment, which gives sobriety and sound-

ness to all his main processes of thought. I don't know but I have been more impressed by that in Mr. Beecher than by any other one element of strength in him. A man who has not common sense, this sound, self-rectifying judgment, on which the machinery of his mind is to work, flashes out very soon. . . .

"I should put next to this, I think, his quick and deep *sympathy with men;* his wonderful intuitive perception of moods of mind, which makes these stand out before him like a procession passing in the street. You say, 'This is genius.' Of course it is; but it is the genius, you observe, not of the dramatist nor of the poet; it is the genius of the great Preacher, who catches his suggestion, his inspirations even, from the eyes or the faces, shining or tearful, of the people before him.

"Then, still further, comes that *mental sensibility*, that emotional responsiveness, which has made him apt and ready for every occasion, that responsiveness which is called for in every minister, but which has been called upon in him more than any other man, perhaps, in the whole American pulpit, during the last twenty-five years. He has never been found wanting in readiness for the occasion, no matter what the subject may have been, or what the scene. His mind has been full of vigor, and has kindled spontaneously, by collision with persons, or with themes, or with circumstances, whenever the occasion has been presented.

"This intimate and immediate responsiveness to, and sympathy with, subjects and occasions, is an immense gift—charming not only, but always fertilizing, and always refreshing.

"Then put beyond that (for certainly it properly goes beyond and farther off) his wonderful *animal vigor*, his fullness of bodily power; his *voice*, which can thunder and whisper alike; his *sympathy with Nature*, which is so intimate and confidential that she tells him all her secrets, and supplies him with continual images; and, above all, put as the crown upon the whole that *enthusiasm for Christ* to which he has himself referred this evening, and which has certainly been the animating power in his ministry—the impression upon his soul that he, having seen the glory of the Son of God, has been set here to reflect that glory upon others; to inspire their minds with it; to touch their hearts with it; to kindle their souls with it, and so to prepare them for the heavenly realm—put all these together, and you have some of the elements of power in this great Preacher—not all of them, but some, snatched hurriedly from the great treasure-house. There you have a few, at any rate, of the traits and forces of him whose

power has chained you, and quickened and blessed you, during all these years."

The abounding physical vigor of the man, his sunny good nature, the loving spirit with which he regarded his God and every work of his Father's hands down through all sorts and conditions of men, and animals, and plants, to the face of inanimate nature; his quick sense of humor, of the incongruities not only, but of the aptitudes of life; and the fresh impulse by which his mouth uttered the abundance of the heart, all these elements were a part of his power; but also offered one of the most frequent objections made to him. Very frequently the ripple of a laugh would run over the face of the congregation, and when after the service the new-come listener, shocked to find that he had laughed in church, stopped to analyze the matter, he found that it was not mere fun or a joke at which he had laughed, but that he had been startled by some unlooked-for, unaccustomed simile, and that it was quite as much the novelty of the idea and the surprising deftness of the illustration which had provoked his risibles as any sense of jocosity. Still, while this was the frequent case, there was indeed no lack of humor in itself—though never for itself, in public ministrations. He says:—

"To preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, to have Christ so melted and dissolved in you that when you preach yourself you preach Him, as Paul did, to have every part of you living and luminous with Christ, and thus to make use of everything that is in you, your analogical reasoning, your logical reasoning, your imagination, your mirthfulness, your humor, your indignation, your wrath, to take everything that is in you, all steeped in Jesus Christ, and to throw yourself with all your power upon the congregation—that has been my theory of preaching the gospel. A good many folks have laughed at the idea of my being a fit preacher because I laughed, and because I made somebody else laugh. I never went out of my way to do it in my life; but, if some sudden turn of a sentence, like the crack of a whip, sets men off, I do not think worse of it for that—not a bit! I have felt that man should consecrate every gift that he has got in him that has any relation to the persuasion of men and to the melting of men—that he should put them all on the altar, kindle them all, and let them burn for Christ's sake."

There is another point in this regard that may as well be mentioned here. That is, that his humorous passages, although perfectly natural and frequently unconscious, were quite as often the result of intuition and intention. In his "Yale Lectures," in answer to the question of one of the students as to whether it was a proper thing to make an audience laugh by an illustration, he replied:—

"Never turn aside from a laugh any more than you would from a cry. Go ahead on your Master's business and do it well. And remember this, that every faculty in you was placed there by the dear Lord for his service's sake. Never try to raise a laugh for the laugh's sake, or to make men merry as a piece of sensationalism, when you are preaching on solemn things; that is allowable on a picnic, but not in the pulpit, where you are preaching of God and of man's destiny. But if a laugh comes up naturally do not stifle it. Strike that chord; and particularly if you want to make an audience weep. If I can make them laugh, I do not thank anybody for the next move; I will make them cry. Did you ever see a woman carrying a pan of milk quite full, and it slops over on one side, that it did not immediately slop over on the other also?

"If you quote stale jokes; if you make queer turns because they will make people laugh, and to show that you have power over the congregation, you will prove yourselves contemptible fellows. But if, when you are arguing any question, the thing comes upon you so that you see a point in a ludicrous light, you can sometimes flash it at your audience, and accomplish at a stroke what you are seeking to do by a long turn of argument; and that is entirely allowable. In such a case do not attempt to suppress laughter; it is a part of the nature God gave us, and which we can use in his service. When you are fighting the devil, shoot him with anything."

True to his instinct of keeping his sympathies alive toward the people and entering into the life-conditions of men whom he was trying to influence, he habituated himself to study men and seek them out. Saturday especially he always made a play-day in preparation for Sunday. A day of genial, pleasurable, social exhilaration, a day of seeing agreeable things, of looking at pictures, of standing on the street and watching the people and teams go by (he was very fond of horses), of crossing the ferry and going

up into the pilot-house, where he was on friendly and familiar terms with all the pilots, of going along the docks and on to the ships, into ship-yards, into foundries and locomotive works. He liked to go to Tiffany's, where he would ask, 'What are the men doing to-day?' And so, with some member of the house he would go down to the ateliers and watch the workmen silver-plating and engraving, and learn to understand what they were doing, and why, and not only that, but to get a sympathetic insight into their feelings and ideas. Thus he constantly fed his heart with the sympathies of humanity, refreshed his blood and nerves and brain, and stored his mind with a great amount of curious and interesting knowledge, which reappeared in figures and illustrations and apt arguments.

In regard to his gathering of knowledge, which he was diligently doing by incessant study of books and men, he never did it in the formal and methodical way of having each subject done up by itself, labeled and docketed and filed away in its own pigeon-hole, but his broad mind received facts and ideas much as the soil receives the seed, and showers, and sunshine. They disappeared and became a part of himself, to reappear in newer forms of vital strength and beauty.

He was, and to the end of his life continued to be, a great reader. He made close study of the constitutional history of the United States, and was diligent in mastering the ideas of great rulers. He found when he came to the East great stores of intellectual and artistic wealth, which opened to him new worlds. His pecuniary means were already enlarged. He received at first fifteen hundred dollars per annum, which was a large advance upon the four hundred, and six hundred, of his Western pastorates, and which, as the Plymouth society grew in wealth and strength, was properly enlarged from time to time. He made it a point to follow up in literature, as well as in practical research, every topic that especially interested him. Sometimes it was the general history of art, or the special development of architecture, of painting, of sculpture, of engraving, of etching; and his library showed illus-

trations of all those splendid lines of thought and achievement: and it was not upon his book-shelves and walls alone but in himself that could be found unusual stores of knowledge. Music and organ-building; soap and cosmetics: pottery and porcelains; large additions to his already extensive knowledge of flowers, trees, and methods of cultivation; general literature, history, theology, metaphysics, natural science, and especially the whole line of philosophic literature which tends towards the co-ordination of these great departments; physiology, anatomy, and medicine,—and in short a large array of books upon topics of interest to all humanity, and therefore not foreign to him, bore witness to the incessant labor with which he stored his growing mind.

These things of course began by slow degrees and enlarged and accumulated more and more rapidly as the years increased his pecuniary means and his power of assimilating the mental stores thus gathered. But the point here is to show his method, and to emphasize the idea which he has in many places laid stress upon, that genius is but the power of combustion, and needs fuel if it is to produce light and heat.

There is always a temptation, in considering events which have successively issued along a course of years, to read the beginnings in the light of later developments. From one point of view this is of course natural and necessary, for we can better understand the bearings of early matters when we have their consequences before us. For our present purpose, however, we do not need to impute undue wisdom to the mind of this young reformer, in the idea that he foresaw all the wonderful crisis of his first twenty-five years in Plymouth Church, but it is essential, as we believe, to a comprehension of his modes of action and the resulting influence which he exerted, that we insist from the first upon his disinterested, loyal, ardent devotion to *God as a power manifest in unselfish love rather than in autocratic force;* and the consistent application of that belief as a guiding principle in all the affairs of life. Out of this grew his intense devotion to the inter-

ests of man as God's child; his insistence upon the constant need of the elevating influences of unselfishness as personified in Christ and the constant importance of infusing this spirit into human institutions of every character,—the family, the church, society, the city, the state,—all the outgrowths of man's organic social tendency. If his life be followed by the indications of this cardinal principle, it will be seen to have been nobly persistent and earnestly steady. All those variations which men have been accustomed to call "inconsistency," "errors of judgment," "the great mistake of his life" (of which he committed a great many, each one being "the greatest" according to the point of view of the specific interests—personal, ecclesiastical, or political—which he at the time opposed) will be seen to have been impulses along the general line which he had laid down for himself from the first, and by the inspiration of which he builded the foundations and the superstructure of Plymouth Church, that strong fortress of human hearts, in which he abode and from which his power went forth during forty years.

V.

POLITICAL CAREER.

THE portion of Mr. Beecher's work covered by this volume grew directly out of his nature, training, convictions, and the enlargement of his powers as set forth in the foregoing chapters. It includes many of his appeals to the public intelligence and conscience with reference to slavery, freedom, war, and the general development of civil liberty in the United States. The simplest way of getting at the relations and the influence of these appeals will be to make a brief running account of the public affairs of the time, noting especially the points accented by the addresses selected for reprinting.

The time covered by these addresses has been divided into three periods: I. Freedom and Slavery, 1847-1861; II. Civil War, 1861-1865; III. Civil Liberty, 1865-1885;—thirty-eight years in all.

The pivot upon which the history of the United States turned during the entire fifty years of Mr. Beecher's public work, was unquestionably American Slavery, with its consequences. While his relations to it were the most noticeable feature of his own life, the subject itself is of course too large to be entered upon here except roughly; but the facts that in it was the storm-center of all those tumultuous times, and that—while thousands of other patriotic and sensible Christian men, as well as pious Christian ministers, were not able to see the dangers of it—this man's love for the Father-God, and his esteem and sympathy for his brother-man, were outraged by the existence and still more by the attempted extension of that great evil, give the key-note which must be accepted in order to resolve his whole life into harmony.

He conceived it to be his duty, not only, but his neces-

sity, to think, to speak, to instruct in all the higher views of their daily duty the people who were following him; their duty not only towards God but also towards their fellow-men,—whether in the family, or more broadly in society, or in the close interplay of commercial activities, or in the still higher organic relations of the city and of the state and of the country at large. And thus it was that, whatever line of private or public duty made demands upon individuals, the moral and spiritual side of it found Henry Ward Beecher promptly at work, endeavoring to throw light upon the practical path of right doing.

In a sermon entitled "The Sphere of the Christian Minister" (January 24, 1869) occurs the following passage:—

"There is a popular impression—and it seems to men like a philosophical truism—that every man understands his own business best; that he need not be meddled with, at least till he asks advice; and that even then no one can counsel him so wisely as one of the same craft. Complaint is often made on that ground, of ministers, that they meddle with things that they do not understand. I think they do, too, when they preach theology. There is an amazing deal of 'wisdom' that will be called 'rubbish' one of these days. But when ministers meddle with practical life, with ethical questions and relations, they are meddling with just what they do understand,—or ought to. If they do not understand these things, they have failed to prepare themselves for one of the most important functions to which they could address themselves, as ministers. . . .

"There is nothing, however, more untrue than that every man understands his own business best, if by that you mean that he understands it in its largest relations—in its results upon the general welfare; and more particularly if you mean that he understands his own business best in its moral influence upon himself, upon his fellows, and upon society. Usually, none understand the moral bearing of a business so little as the men who are embarked in it. . . . The baker knows more about kneading dough, about the time it should require to rise, and about how long it should be in baking; but when it is done, and I take the loaf and eat it, then I am as good a judge of bread as he is. And so it is with various kinds of business. They bring out results here and there, and the community is made to take the benefit or damage, as the case may be. And moral teachers who stand

and look on—who have discrimination, large reflection, clear intuition, and who, above all, judge from a moral stand-point—such men are competent to be critics of everything that there is in human society. . . . The moment a man so conducts his profession that it touches the question of right and wrong, he comes into my sphere. There I stand; and I put God's measure, the golden reed of the sanctuary, on him and his course; and I am his master, if I be a true seer and a true moral teacher; and I am not meddling. He has brought his business up to me the moment when it comes into the sphere of right and wrong. . .

"A man may preach politics too much. A man may do it foolishly. So a man may administer a bank foolishly, manufacture foolishly, or carry on any other business foolishly; but that is no reason why a bank should not be established, why a man may not engage in manufacturing, or why business of any sort should not be carried on. A minister may not be discreet in preaching upon secular topics, but that is no reason why they should not be preached upon. There have been indiscreet ministers from the days of the apostles, and it would be strange if in the future there should not be found here and there one that is not discreet. But the duty of introducing such topics is now generally acknowledged. I think that question is settled, for your life and mine at least."

So it is; and it was settled very largely by the courage and persistence, the intense moral earnestness, and the large conservative wisdom of Henry Ward Beecher. Whoever will read the contents of this volume—which offers examples of his newspaper writing, discourses in Plymouth pulpit, political speeches pure and simple, and popular addresses on themes of general interest—will be struck, from the point of view of the present time, with the breadth and steadiness of his position in the earlier days of excitement. His arguments are based on the law and the constitution of the land as well as those of humanity, and it is surprising to note his steadfast course, not only amid the turmoil about him but also under the pressure of his own interior impulsive forces. The strength of his position and the wholesomeness of his advice—temporarily enforced by his eloquence but generally justified by events—went far to make his theory of the clergyman's business practicable.

DIVISION I.—FREEDOM AND SLAVERY.

Just at the time when young Beecher came to Brooklyn (the autumn of 1847) the question of slavery had again arisen for discussion in Congress and throughout the country. The Mexican war, following on the heels of the annexation of Texas in the interests of the extension of slavery into new and unexhausted territory, had just closed, although peace was not formally declared until July 4, 1848. Florida, Iowa, and Wisconsin were shortly afterward admitted as States; Texas also; gold was discovered in California; and the admission of California as a State was complicated with the attempted extension of slavery into that territory as well as into Utah and New Mexico. The "Free-soil Party" was organized among the people in 1848, under the lead of ex-President Martin Van Buren; the "Wilmot Proviso" in Congress, excluding slavery from the new territories, was opposed by Mr. Calhoun's resolution limiting the right of Congress to interfere; agitation grew hotter and hotter. Webster and Calhoun in the Senate only typified the growing excitement throughout the country; for the seeds planted years before by Giddings and Garrison and other heroes of conscience, and wet with the tears and bloody sweat of social martyrdom, were slowly bearing their fruit, and from year to year extending their harvests in the Northern soil. But the time of triumph was a weary way off,—not yet to be descried even by the eye of faith; nay, the fight seems to have been carried on almost without hope, sustained only by a sturdy love for God and mankind.

The late Senator H. S. Foote of Mississippi, in his "War of the Rebellion, or Scylla and Charybdis,"* undertakes to show that the "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery "could not have arisen but for the most unskillful and blundering management of the men in power—the incessant agitation of sectional factionists, both in the North and in the South, and the unwise disregard of that august spirit of conciliation and compromise in which our

* New York: Harper & Brothers, 1866.

complex frame of government is known to have had its origin." But he miscalculates what were the necessities of slavery for more territory to grow in, and ignores the deep hold which the spirit of freedom, in spite of political and commercial interests, had upon the Northern people. Far clearer-eyed were the anti-slavery men of the North, on the one hand, and on the other men like Senator John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, who was doubtless what Mr. Foote describes him—"one of the most intellectual and pure-minded men that have ever lived," and who held the view that the free States and the slave States could not continue to live together harmoniously, but the latter would soon find it necessary to resort to separation.

"Early in the eventful year of 1850," says Mr. Foote, "he [Calhoun] avowed to me . . . his own painful and firmly riveted conviction on this subject, and declared, in language of extraordinary emphasis, that he regarded a *peaceful* withdrawal from the Union as altogether practicable, provided its execution should be attempted under the lead of Maryland and Virginia; making known at the same time that he had already drawn out a Constitution for the new republic which he contemplated, in which the slave-holding principle had been given a predominant influence."

When, in 1850, after much heated discussion both in Congress and throughout the country, Henry Clay, the author of the Missouri Compromise of 1821, proposed to consolidate all past compromises involving slavery,—covering the disputed subjects of Texas boundary, Utah and New Mexico territories, California, partial abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, rendition of fugitive slaves, and other matters—into one "Omnibus bill" of thirty-nine sections, the excitement grew more intense than ever. The essential element of the bill was the yielding on the part of the South of the admission of California as a free State, and on the part of the North the fugitive slave clause, which not only allowed Southerners to reclaim escaping slaves but made it the duty of Northerners to help them.

In 1849 the Congregationalists had established in New

York the weekly religious paper called *The Independent*, having as its editors, Dr. Leonard Bacon, Dr. Richard S. Storrs, Jr., and Dr. Joseph P. Thompson. To this paper Mr. Beecher was asked to contribute; and, as the growing conflict between slavery and freedom was at that time the motive of pretty much all political and much social and commercial activity, it was inevitable that that should be the line of discussion most attractive to him. His utterances were so bold and ringing that the editors, highly as they appreciated the value of his contributions, both as moral forces and as journalistic attractions, did not care to be held responsible for them, and so it came about that his articles were usually signed with a star, or large asterisk.

Many an article on all sorts and conditions of subjects went into these "Star Papers," and made its mark upon the sentiment and opinions of the times; but the paper which, it may be almost said, made Henry Ward Beecher a national rather than a local force was the one which stands first in the "Addresses" reprinted in this volume, in the division entitled "Freedom and Slavery," an article singling out from Mr. Clay's "Omnibus bill" its vital points, and asking the question, "Shall We Compromise?"

The Congressional agitation had been going on for months. The North was profoundly stirred by the contest, discussing all the ins and outs of the complicated legislative proposal. The *Independent* had several strong articles on the situation, but when on February 21, 1850, this article appeared, disregarding the artificial complications and setting forth in all plainness the issue—"Slavery is right; slavery is wrong. Slavery shall live; slavery shall die. Slavery shall extend; slavery shall not extend"—it struck the key-note towards which succeeding events toned up the North until Fort Sumter brought the great outburst, and the war, begun by the South, killed slavery and gave the South new life. The article was copied everywhere, and cleared the atmosphere. The eyes of many were opened. It penetrated to the South and arrested the earnest attention of the dying Calhoun. Mr. Beecher's position was that slavery must extend—or die;

that it was both constitutional and morally right for the North to refuse to consent to its extension, while it was a base betrayal of the right to yield extension for the sake of a temporary and fallacious peace.

But the conscience of the people grows slowly; and that of their "representative" politicians and statesmen slower yet. The fight in Congress went on, the Southern demands growing higher and haughtier, until the most trusted champion of the Northern views, Daniel Webster, on the 7th of March lowered his banner and made the famous plea for conciliation which, whatever its motive, was his own final disgrace and death-blow. Calhoun, who from his dying bed still sent his influence forth, had his last address read in the Senate by Mr. Mason, and died on the 31st of the same month.

After eight months of discussion, Mr. Clay's "Omnibus Compromise" failed, but the several elements of it, including the Fugitive Slave Law, passed singly, as separate bills, during the ensuing summer (1850).

Of course the passage of these bills, which instead of being merely a friendly arrangement of opposing policies were really a compromise of moral principle, did not bring peace. The year 1850 closed and 1851 opened in the midst of seething agitation. The "May Anniversaries" of the various reformatory and religious societies formed a great feature of those days in New York, and among the others the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was one whose meetings in the old Broadway Tabernacle were always densely thronged,—and not always with sympathizers in the cause which the Society had at heart.

Mr. Beecher was from his first coming a favorite speaker at those meetings, and in their turbulent audiences gained much of the training that served him so well in later days. In one of his speeches there, delivered May 9, 1850, he had been exhibiting the necessity of slavery to keep men brutal. "The slave," said he, "is made just good enough to be a slave, and no more. It is a penitentiary offense to teach him more." Here a person in the gallery who had been one of a group frequently interrupting the proceed-

ings, exclaimed, "It's a lie!" The audience was shocked into a kind of consternation, but Mr. Beecher promptly and smilingly said: "Well, whether it is a penitentiary offense or not, I will not argue with the gentleman. *Doubtless he has been there, and ought to know.*" Of course the tumultuous laughter and applause gave him the immediate control of the audience again, and he proceeded.

The second of the Addresses in this volume is one describing the nature of "American Slavery," which was delivered before the Society on May 6, 1851. This address, devoted to a discussion of American Slavery from the stand-point of a Christian minister, was at once a helpful impulse to all the anti-slavery workers, and a stinging rebuke to the men of his own profession, who with notably few exceptions systematically avoided mention of *the* sin of those times. In one of his speeches in England, in 1863, Mr. Beecher said:—

"You never can understand what emasculation has been caused by the indirect influence of slavery. I have mourned all my mature life to see men growing up who were obliged to suppress all true conviction and sentiment, because it was necessary to compromise between the great antagonisms of North and South. There were the few pronounced anti-slavery men of the North, and the few pronounced slavery men of the South, and the Union lovers (as they were called during the latter period) attempting to hold the two together, not by a mild and consistent adherence to truth plainly spoken, but by suppressing truth and conviction, and saying, 'Everything for the Union.' . . . They were attempting to lasso anti-slavery men by this word 'Union,' and to draw them over to pro-slavery sympathies and the party of the South, by saying, 'Slavery may be wrong and all that, but we must not give up the Union.' Not until the sirocco came, not until that great convulsion that threw men as with a backward movement of the arm of Omnipotence from the clutches of the South and from her sorceress-breath—not until then was it, that with their hundreds and thousands the men of the North stood on their feet and were men again."

In this Anti-Slavery Society address may be seen others of Mr. Beecher's felicitous dealings with interruptions and questions from hostile hearers, put with the intent to

embarrass the speaker, but always having the opposite effect of giving him a chance to turn the point against his attackers.

The third address is an article from the *Independent* concerning the notable Presidential contest of 1856, between James Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, and John C Frémont, the candidate of the newly formed Republican party, which had grown up, suddenly but solidly, within four years.

On the admission of California as a State, in 1850, Frémont had been sent to Washington as one of its Senators. In 1843-5, as captain of a government exploring party, he had located the passes of the Rocky Mountains, through which to-day's immense railway traffic is pouring; in 1846 he had raised the "Bear flag" and declared the independence of California, and, by prompt co-operation on land with Commodore Stockton by sea, had practically conquered and secured to the United States the possession of that magnificent territory. He had acted for some time as Military Governor, and had taken prominent part in forming the Constitution, being the man by whose influence the phrases that forever excluded slavery from the State were incorporated into that document. Events moved rapidly, both among the people and in Congress. In 1851 Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared, and thrilled the world with the dreadful possibilities of American slavery: the effect of that book cannot be overestimated. In 1852 died Clay and Webster, while Charles Sumner entered the Senate as Webster's successor from Massachusetts: the day of compromises was passing.

The administration of Pierce, 1853 to 1857, was signalized by the appearance of a new idea, put forth by Stephen A. Douglas, (Democratic) senator from Illinois, who, ambitious to reach the Presidency, proposed—as a measure that should please the Democrats of both sections, North and South—the Kansas-Nebraska bill, allowing the people of those Territories to decide for themselves as to the existence or non-existence of slavery,when they should apply for admission as States. This idea, popularly called "Squatter

Sovereignty," was an express abrogation of the Missouri Compromise of 1821, as both Kansas and Nebraska lay north of the line agreed upon and fixed as the permanent extreme northern limit of slave-holding States. The contest was long and bitter, but the bill passed, and was signed by the President in May, 1854. Then followed the horrors of "bleeding Kansas," the rush of immigration thither from North and from South, and the hideous turmoil of border warfare. The free-soil men were determined to save the territory from slavery, and the pro-slavery men equally determined to inoculate it with that cancerous disease. Throughout the North the free-soil ardor grew and intensified. Money, furniture, implements of industry, arms, and ammunition were contributed for the use of the immigrants, who were exhorted to defend their own lives and political rights, and to secure the territory for freedom. Mr. Beecher and Plymouth Church took active part in all this concentration of purpose and of force for the redemption of Kansas. The political tangle of the time is clearly outlined in Hay and Nicolay's elaborate "Life of Abraham Lincoln" (*Century Magazine*, 1887,) not only as to Mr. Lincoln's debates with Douglas in Illinois (which did so much to nationalize the name and just fame of the former), but also as to the struggle in Kansas, it is shown how the "border-ruffian" from Missouri was the convenient tool of Southern policy to outvote and even to destroy the *bona fide* settlers.

Mr. Beecher's activity at this time was marked and influential, but we have not found any single address which seemed to represent his customary way of setting forth the general principles of a particular crisis.

Out of the Kansas struggle came the beginning of the Republican Party. The Free-soil Party had organized at Buffalo under Van Buren, bolting from the Whigs, in 1848; this was the germ: in 1852 the Whigs had finally gone under, when Pierce was elected: in 1856 the Kansas troubles had permeated the entire North with discussion, and the expression of resentment at the perfidy of the Compromise repeal took on increasingly the form of a deter-

mination that *slavery should not be extended*, on any pretext, into new territories. This was the heart of the declarations of the new party; and John Charles Frémont, "the Pathfinder;" the conqueror of California; South Carolinian by birth, but anti-slavery in principle; son-in-law of Senator Benton of Missouri (a life-long Southern anti-slavery man, and the projector of trans-continental traffic); husband of the brilliant and fascinating Jessie Benton;—a man combining a remarkable number of qualities, achievements, and associations to surround his name with a halo of romance—was made the hero and the standard-bearer.

The great cry of the Republicans was "Non-extension of slavery!" of the Democrats, "Non-interference with Southern domestic institutions!" and of a third party (the "Americans," with Millard Fillmore as candidate), "Peace at any price; peace and union!" Mr. Beecher, with the full consent of his church, threw himself into this political contest with all the force of his nature. He preached and spoke and wrote, constantly and vehemently. He worked throughout the State of New York, speaking two and three times a week, for three hours at a time, to open-air audiences of from eight thousand to ten thousand, and was universally recognized as a very potent factor in the rapid growth of Republican sentiment. Besides this, Frémont's campaign headquarters were in the business office of one of Mr. Beecher's earliest friends and parishioners; so that Plymouth Church had a large share in the formation and early direction of the Republican party. A new growth out of an old stem, Republicanism was cut off from the decaying Whig stock, and, planted in justice and nourished with the love of freedom, it increased mightily in strength and bore glorious fruit.

Mr. Beecher's article (June 26, 1856) entitled "On Which Side is Peace?" (reproduced page 196), presents the main theme of the discussions of that campaign, and shows how unerringly he struck at the central element of every matter in question. There was great fear lest the South be angered by the election of a free-

soil President, and war ensue; but Mr. Beecher's prediction, that war was much more likely to grow out of further truckling to the slave-power, in four years became fact.

The success of James Buchanan (although Mr. Beecher and many other leading Republicans believed that Frémont was elected, but "counted out" in the returns from Pennsylvania, a State whose large number of electors determined that election) is well known. So also are the succeeding events of the next few years: Chief Justice Taney's Dred Scott decision; the passing of personal-liberty laws in several of the free States to counteract the Fugitive Slave Law; the continued outrages and massacres of free-soil settlers in Kansas; and finally the rash enterprise of old John Brown of Ossawatomie,—a man always fanatical and ill-balanced, and at last crazed by strife and the murder of several of his family in Kansas,—who, with seventeen companions, seized the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Va., with the hope of obtaining arms and establishing an insurrectionary center for the liberation of slaves.

It was on Sunday, October 30, 1859, while Brown and his little company lay in prison awaiting trial, that Mr. Beecher preached in Plymouth Church his sermon entitled "The Nation's Duty to Slavery" (page 203). Its faithful assertion of the principles of liberty and the abominations of slavery, combined with Christian kindness to the South and the duty of wise forbearance in action,—for the sake of the slave, of the master, and of the country, North and South,—shows the discretion, nobleness of thought, and sincerity of belief in God and the force of moral ideas, which go far to explain how it was that conservative people felt willing to submit themselves to the influence of Mr. Beecher's eloquence. No Southerner to-day would be able to dissent from his doctrine as expounded in that discourse, or could help a warming of heart toward a man who, in the midst of such a tempest of popular excitement along the line of principles which he himself had done so much to inspire, could yet so temperately and consider-

ately and Christianly stretch forth the restraining hand of wisdom.

Mr. Beecher's influence in the formative days of the Republican party was wider than appeared on the surface. He was in relations of friendly intercourse and interchange of counsel with men like Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond, the two journalists who were foremost in the shaping of principles and policies, and all the leaders in the reform-politics of the time looked to him not only for the eloquent enforcement of courses laid out but for wisdom in preliminary councils. The newspapers reported his every word,—in pulpit, lecture-room, prayer-meeting, public assembly, special interview or casual street remark. When we consider how constantly and mercilessly reports of Mr. Beecher's utterances were put into the public prints —sometimes correct, often erroneous, and even maliciously perverted—and how unreservedly he poured forth at any and all times his honest thought or feeling, it is amazing that so much wisdom should appear in his history, and so little foolishness. How many men could endure such a record,—not once or twice, or during four years of a presidential term, but for forty continuous years of public life at the metropolis of the nation? No other human being has ever been put to such a test. His influence, then, was in some sense atmospheric; it passed from him, consciously and unconsciously; it spread abroad, and permeated not only the great metropolitan community in which he lived but the country at large.

Those who insist on a division line between "sacred" and "secular" things can hardly understand how it should be that this man, to whom all lines of life and duty were sacred and infused with the conscious inspiration of divine and human love, could pass as he did with his church from the heats of the political struggle of 1856 into a period of intense spiritual and religious labor. His theories,—the healthfulness of enthusiasm, provided that a proper variation of its objects relieved the tension of one line of faculties by bringing others into play; the natural modes of

appropriation of the all-pervasive influences of the Divine Spirit; and the practical strengthening effect of such "seasons of refreshment" for work in the world,—seem to have received justification at this time. From 1857 to 1859, Plymouth Church enjoyed a very high state of religious activity and growth; at one time—in May, 1858—as large a number as three hundred and seventy-eight came into the church on the same Sunday: and the works of beneficence and charity were proportionally increased.

It was in October, 1859, that Abraham Lincoln was invited to deliver a lecture in Cooper Institute, New York, which he agreed to do if he might make it a discussion of political questions. On February 27, 1860, he made his speech, and the *Tribune* of the following day said: "No man ever before made such an impression on his first appeal to a New York audience." Mr. Lincoln "went with the multitude" to hear Beecher; and naturally was not only deeply interested in the preacher, but took pains to see him, and in their social intercourse began a mutual confidence and friendship that bore rich fruit for the nation. Mr. Beecher became an ardent advocate of Lincoln's nomination (which was made in Chicago, May 16, 1860), was a potent force in his election, and—in spite of his bombardments of the Administration on the emancipation question in the first two years of war—was one of the President's most helpful supporters during his four awful years of responsibility.

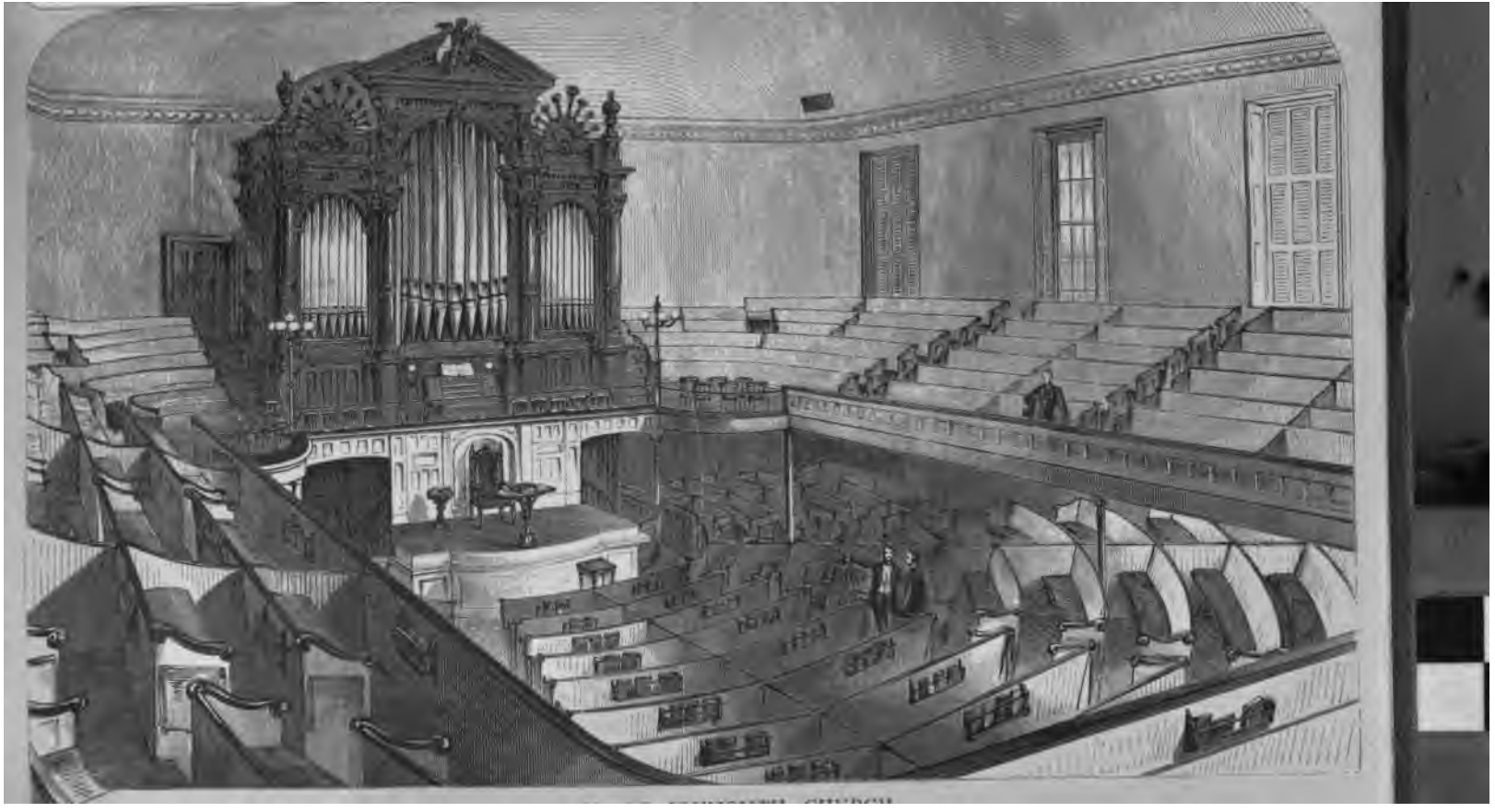
On Thanksgiving Day, November 29, 1860, Lincoln having been elected after a campaign of unparalleled intensity —in which, as before, Plymouth Church and its pastor were forward in active, every-day furtherance of the doctrines preached on Sundays—Mr. Beecher made a review of the situation in a discourse entitled "Against a Compromise of Principle" (page 224). In it, after glancing at the growth of Christ's kingdom all over the world, as measured by the initiatory declaration of Jesus that he came to teach, to heal, to deliver, the poor and the oppressed—the people—he rejoices at the practical national

verdict against the extension of slavery as declared in Lincoln's election, and then appeals for manhood in the maintenance of that position, not only in spite, but even because, of the threatening storms:—

"It is always safe to be right; and our business is not so much to seek peace as to seek the causes of peace. Expedients are for an hour, but principles are for the ages. Just because the rains descend and winds blow, we cannot afford to build on shifting sands. Nothing can be permanent and nothing safe in this exigency that does not sink deeper than politics or money. We must touch the rock, or we shall never have firm foundations."

About a month later, January 4, 1861, came a day which President Buchanan appointed for national fasting and humiliation and prayer, beseeching the Divine interference in behalf of peace. Of course the South and its Northern allies charged all the agitations to the fanatical opponents of slavery. Mr. Beecher preached a sermon entitled "Our Blameworthiness" (page 246), in which he showed that the troubles were upon the nation because *not too much but too little* had been done for liberty.

The winter passed; March came; Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated president. The Southern leaders had already found that Secession was easier to plan than to effect, for throughout the South were many conservative Whig communities, followers of the earlier teachings of Alexander Stephens and his like, who sturdily held to the traditional love for the old Union and distrust of their life-long political opponents, the Democrats. The South was not "solid," at that time. But whatever forces men into mutual association for common interest does very effectively solidify their action, and, by narrowing the channels of thought and feeling to a single line, unitizes their opinions, for all practical purposes. To "fire the Southern heart" and complete the severance which had been well advanced, Fort Moultrie and Fort Sumter were besieged, fired on, and the gallant Anderson with his little force of United States troops forced to lower the national flag and march out. The political contest between "Freedom and Slavery" was at an end.



DIVISION II.—CIVIL WAR.

On Sunday, April 14, during the siege of Sumter, Mr. Beecher preached from the text: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."—Exod. xiv. 15. The discourse has been entitled "The Battle Set in Array" (page 269), and introduces the second division of the Addresses, "Civil War."

The story of "the uprising of a great people" has been well and often told. Fort Sumter did a double work: it fired the Southern heart, but it also aroused the Northern soul. Men were white hot with indignation; yet Mr. Beecher's discourse of that day shows a calm, rational pursuit of the history of the conflict, a discriminating inquiry as to the duty of the North in this crisis, before coming to his solemn appeal for steady determination and his final trumpet-blast of inspiration to "go forward" in the cause of human liberty.

After this, the reader will find a succession of discourses as to men's duties during the war, the titles of which are largely self-explanatory. And any man who lived through the intensities of that time is to be pitied if to-day he can read, in cold type, these appeals to the highest and most unselfish feelings of the heart without wet eyes and a bounding pulse. The discourses are as follows: "The National Flag,"—on presentation of colors to two Companies of the "Brooklyn Fourteenth Regiment;" "The Camp, its Dangers and Duties,"—May, 1861; "Modes and Duties of Emancipation,"—November 26, 1861, setting forth the declarations of Confederate Vice-President Stephens as to Slavery being the "corner-stone" of the Confederacy, and considering the condition of the thousands of escaping slaves and the probable results of national emancipation; "The Success of American Democracy,"—April 13, 1862, the anniversary Sunday of the attack on Fort Sumter,—one of his felicitous tracings of the force of generic principles in the development of events; "National Injustice and Penalty,"—September 22, 1862, just after Lincoln's

preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation and Suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*,—in strong maintenance of the President's war-powers and gratulation that at last the Nation had officially repudiated the sin which had—by inevitable action of physical and moral law—evoked such terrible punishment; "The Ground and Forms of Government,"—November 22, 1862,—a philosophical consideration of the character of peoples as the soil out of which their national governments must and do grow, with especial reference to a maintenance of moral principle in the then pending election in the State of New York; and, finally, "Liberty under Laws,"—December 28, 1862, while the confirmatory Proclamation of Emancipation was expected from the President,—a discourse showing the necessity of obedience to the law of any principle, in order to make that principle effective, and the responsibilities of benevolent action for the freedom of other men, which are assumed by those who claim liberty for themselves.

These few sermons do not begin to indicate the continuity and intensity of Mr. Beecher's active exertions during the years mentioned. He was one of the focal points of heat and light, vitalizing the heart and clarifying the vision of the country. In the newspapers, on the platform, in his own pulpit and lecture-room, and in all manner of gatherings, he was always at work. To arouse and enlighten the public conscience, to drive up the government to Emancipation, and to sustain the authorities and the army in forwarding the war to that end, as the only permanent, because the only just, foundation for peace—this was his consuming desire. In many powerful articles he urged Emancipation on the President, whose apparent reluctance in that matter was not then understood. In the light of later events, we have learned, as Mr. Beecher did, that Mr. Lincoln was willing and glad to go just as fast and as far as he would be sustained in doing by public opinion,* but no more.

* Frémont's Proclamation, in August, 1861, emancipating the slaves of persistent rebels in the Department of the West, thrilled the North with the *idea* that made possible Lincoln's larger announcement in September, 1862,—the power inherent in "military necessity."

Doubtless he was right; and yet it was needful that there should be also such moral seers as Beecher to divine, and, like flaming beacons on the headlands, to throw light upon the course the people must take.

In the spring of 1863, Mr. Beecher was worn out with his labors, for he had spared nothing of himself, and his physician and his Plymouth people pushed him off to Europe for some months of recuperation. The narrative of this trip in the companionship of his friend, Dr. John H. Raymond, then president of Vassar College, has been told by both of them, and may be found—full of beauty and interest and refreshment—in Dr. Raymond's "Life and Letters" before referred to (page 40). It was said at the time that Mr. Beecher had been sent by the Government to try to influence English opinion; but that was of course untrue. He went simply for rest, and in passing through England refused to speak there at all, except at a complimentary "Breakfast" tendered him by Congregational clergymen and laymen in London.

His mind about it may be found in the following extract from a private letter written at Brussels, Sept. 9, 1863, just before the two friends started to leave the Continent:—

"John begins to feel homesick. His face is set toward the West. Mine would be also but that I know not what I shall have to do in England, and I do not wish to get up a fever of returning and then find myself obliged to remain several weeks longer. So I contrive *not to think*, except at intervals. How glad I shall be if when in London I find that I need not speak! In truth, my friend, I have no heart for it. England is selfish and cannot be made to recognize it. Her opinion of us has very little value. We do not need her, and she is in little danger of going into the fight. Why should we attempt to ameliorate her prejudices and to thrust unwelcome truth down her incredulous throat? I should not hesitate to pass on, refusing to speak, but for one circumstance. There is a struggling band of noble men who from the first have been true to us and are advocating, through good report and evil report, American ideas in England. Should they say to me, 'You owe it to true friends who have been faithful to you in the darkest hours, to strengthen their hands and give them whatever influence your presence may exert,'

I do not see how I could refuse to listen, and comply. But I long to get home. I am well, have escaped my catarrh, am rested, and now desire to go to work again."

On his return to England he did speak, however, and all the world knows how and with what effect. We have reproduced, as prefatory to his speeches in England, the article by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, which on Mr. Beecher's return was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1864. It is entitled "The Minister Plenipotentiary,"—a joke which, like most of Dr. Holmes's wit, is instinct with wisdom and truth. This article (page 422) is the best description of Mr. Beecher's extraordinary triumph in England that has ever been published, and it shows the profound effect which his unauthorized but splendidly authenticated mission had, both abroad and at home.

The public speeches at Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, London, and those at several farewell breakfasts, follow next in the volume; and it has seemed of especial interest to give also the essential portion of Mr. Beecher's own account of the speeches (page 640)—not a formal written document, but an off-hand talk to friends, one of whom had thoughtfully provided the presence of Mr. Ellinwood, for so many years, before and since, Mr. Beecher's regular stenographic reporter.

Following this is his address (page 654) delivered after his return at the enthusiastic home-reception by his fellow citizens of Brooklyn (November 19, 1863), in which he describes to them how it was that the upper classes of Great Britain were adverse to the Federal cause in the War and yet were restrained from unfriendly action by the great heart of the common people, who, although non-voting, exercised a strong influence upon the governing and commercial classes. It is—like portions of his speeches in England—a rational and affecting appeal to men to "Put yourself in his place" and look at things from other people's point of view; to see the other side; to make allowances for differing circumstances and consequent opinions and sentiments; and so—in consonance with his theological and religious teachings—a catholic plea for

liberty of opinion with harmony of feeling It produced almost as marked an effect on American resentment against England, as his efforts on the other side of the water did upon English misunderstanding and prejudice against the North, during the war.

The years 1864–5 entailed less exhausting work upon Mr. Beecher than had been laid on him in the foregoing years. The re-election of Abraham Lincoln in 1864 enlisted his ardent efforts; but the tide of war had turned, and moreover the entire enginery of the North had now become organized and was in regular operation—socially, commercially, fiscally, industrially, and in all lines of material and moral force—sustaining the Government as a matter of course. Side currents there were, eddies of discontent and reaction, turbulent passages caused by temporary obstructions, but the great flood of life in all the Northern States flowed full and strong in one direction. In March, 1864, Congress revived the grade of Lieutenant-General in order to confer it on Grant, whose continued Western successes had drawn all eyes upon him, and he was brought to the East and put in command of all the armies, with especial control of the Army of the Potomac, which, down to this time, had done magnificent fighting but under generals who allowed their victories to remain indecisive and fruitless.

This now was changed, and the battles of The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Five Forks, Petersburg, mark the dreadful, bloody, but irresistible steps that led to Appomattox and peace. On April 9, 1865, the Confederate army laid down their arms, were paroled as prisoners of war, and permitted to return to their homes. In the "Life of Robert E. Lee" we read: "The victors were magnanimous; they abstained from every appearance of insult toward the vanquished. Abundant victuals were distributed to the prisoners who were dying of hunger." And this was not only the official action of commanders, but the Federal soldiers themselves, gallantly appreciating the gallantry of their recent foes, joyfully fraternized with them, offering their own rations, tobacco, and good fellowship generally.

Of men in responsibility, perhaps the two who had borne the heaviest burdens of care, and who were personally most interested in ending the rebellion, were President Lincoln and General Grant. On March 28, occurred an interview between the President and Generals Grant and Sherman, at City Point, Virginia, at which time the two soldiers thought that it would require one more severe battle to compel submission. Mr. Lincoln was deeply moved, exclaiming that there had been blood enough shed, and asking if it could not be avoided. "That depends," was the answer, "on Jefferson Davis and General Lee." And to General Sherman* the President said that "all he wanted for us was to defeat the opposing armies and to get the men composing the Confederate armies back to their homes, at work on their farms and in their shops" and "to restore all the men of both sections to their homes." General Grant was like-minded, and upon Lee's surrender urged the disbanding and separating of the rebel armies. He imposed no humiliating conditions, but sent home the disbanded Southern men with food and seed-corn and even allowed them to take their horses for the working of their farms. Sherman's impulses were still more generous in receiving the surrender of Johnston's North Carolina army, and Grant was sent to modify the terms granted, making them conform to those given Lee at Appomattox. In short, *the men who spent themselves in fighting the rebellion were the first and the freest in reconciliation with the conquered rebels.*

The whole hollow Confederacy—exhausted and emptied—now fell in. Among the hitherto resistant points was the city of Charleston, South Carolina, where the active rebellion began; now—desolated by war and fire and poverty—it was re-occupied, and preliminary to the work of restoring its obstructed harbor and rebuilding the shattered shores, the Government thought it well to signalize the downfall of Secession and the original treason of attacking the national flag, by formally raising the stars

*Memoirs of William T. Sherman. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1883.

and stripes on the ruins of Fort Sumter, whence they had been hauled down April 14, 1861, four years before. The ceremonies were imposing: all departments of the government were represented, and the governors of the loyal States, with many invited guests of eminent position or influence. Mr. Beecher was chosen, as the natural exponent of the loyal North, to deliver the oration of the day; Major (by that time, however, Major-General) Robert Anderson, the gallant commander of Moultrie and Sumter under the "baptism of fire," with his own hands hauled up the identical flag that had been lowered, and a salute of one hundred guns was fired—participated in "from every fort and rebel battery that fired on Sumter." Mr. Beecher's oration (page 676) is a grand summing up of the four dreadful years—their meaning, their suffering, their achievements; the benefits accruing from the war to the nation at large, to the North, to the South; the lessons that had been taught, and the spirit in which should be undertaken the new work of "rebuilding the republic." With this address is fitly closed the division of "Civil War,"—an era of great events that developed great men, yet a period during which it is fairly within the bounds of probability to say that the power exerted by the heart and brain of Henry Ward Beecher was not equaled by the merely personal influence of any other single man.

Division III.—Civil Liberty.

On the evening of the very day in which the nation's joy was thus symbolized and expressed at Sumter, President Lincoln was assassinated. That was on Friday: on Tuesday the steamers brought the crushing news, and early the next day the sad party were speeding northward again. On Sunday of the following week (April 23), Mr. Beecher made a discourse on "Abraham Lincoln." Said he:—

"Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy of final victory was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business from its moorings, and

ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood, that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. . . .

"In one hour, under the blow of a single bereavement, joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and upon the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow;—noon and midnight without a space between!"

We have selected this discourse (page 497) as the opening address of the division entitled "Civil Liberty," because in it is to be found recorded the sentiment of the great President in relation to the land he died for, and the spirit of conservative wisdom and Christian consideration which was shown by Henry Ward Beecher as an instructor of the people in the trying times that followed.

The salient points were: Faith in American institutions; a determination to see slavery finally ended; and a spirit of generous conciliation towards the vanquished South.

"The blow, however, has signally failed. The cause is not stricken; it is strengthened. This nation has dissolved—but in tears only. It stands, four-square, more solid, to-day, than any pyramid in Egypt. This people are neither wasted, nor daunted, nor disordered. Men hate slavery and love liberty with stronger hate and love to-day than ever before. The Government is not weakened, it is made stronger. How naturally and easily were the ranks closed! Another stepped forward, in the hour that the one fell, to take his place and his mantle. . . . Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before. . . . God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth, 'Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe.'

"Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. . . . Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well: I swear you, on the altar of his mem-

ory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. Men will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which in vanquishing him has made him a martyr and a conqueror: I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. Men will admire and imitate his unmoved firmness, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place: I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy."

These three articles of faith were soon to be put to the test. It is hardly necessary here to enter upon a full discussion of the theories that arose at the end of the war as to the "rebuilding of the republic," and yet some note must be made of them to understand the continuity of Mr. Beecher's course, and the first variance between his line of action and that of the Republican party.

The elements to be harmonized at that time were many and discordant. Mr. Beecher tersely says (page 736):—

"President Lincoln had been assassinated, and Johnson had assumed his place. The statesmen whose vigor and courage had carried the country through the civil war were less adapted to the delicate task of restoring the discordant States to peace and unity than they had been to the sudden duties of war.

"In a general way there were two parties; one counseling a speedy re-adjustment, and the other, a longer probation.

"President Lincoln and Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, in the last conversations which I had with them, inclined to the policy of immediate restoration; and their views had great weight with me."

President Johnson, a man arisen, like Lincoln, from the "poor white" class of a border State, had been a sturdy Tennessee Unionist throughout the war, and had suffered bitterly from the rebellion. He hated secession and its leaders with an almost savage hatred, and was conspicuous after Lincoln's death among those who cried that "treason should be made odious." He instituted the military commission that tried the conspirators who compassed Lincoln's murder, and proclaimed large rewards for the capt-

ure of Jefferson Davis and other Confederate leaders. He even wished to arrest General Lee, but General Grant sturdily blocked that procedure. The President was a good man for a fight, but a dangerous one for the adjustments of a peaceful settlement.

Mr. Johnson, however, was loyal, not only to the Union, but also to the plan for its restoration which his great predecessor, Lincoln, had mapped out; and upon this he squarely planted himself. Its chief feature was: that the seceded States should be replaced as they had been, except that they should first, as States, acquiesce in the abolition of slavery, repudiate the rebel debt, and repeal the ordinances of secession.

President Lincoln had already, a year and a half before (December, 1863), issued a proclamation of pardon and restoration of the rights of property (except in slaves) to all rebels who should abandon their purposes and take the oath of allegiance, agreeing to abide by the governmental acts and proclamations concerning slavery; and, moreover, providing for a reorganization of any State government by not less than one-tenth of the number of voters of the State. His views were positive and clear.

The Thirty-eighth Congress had closed its session a month before the collapse of the rebellion, on March 3, 1865; Lincoln's assassination was on April 14; the next Congress was not to assemble till December 4: so that Mr. Johnson came into the presidency during an interval. The rebellion had suddenly ceased to be; and it was necessary to act. The constitutional provisions which made it possible for the Government to move steadily forward, without hesitation or convulsion,—even in the face of such colossal events as the instantaneous silence of peace after four clangorous years of war and the assassination of the head of the nation in the midst of the protections of a great capital,—were at the time the wonder and admiration of the world. And it is right, in judging of the acts of a man of Mr. Johnson's antecedents and nature,—strong and honest as an ox, stubborn and vengeful as a mule,—that we should consider what would naturally be the mental atti-

tude of one thus unexpectedly placed in position of great responsibility. Mr. Lincoln—sagacious and patient, while tenacious of his purposes—would probably have assembled Congress in extra session; and, acting by influence rather than by authority, having the gratitude of the South and the confidence of the North, would perhaps have found means of letting Congress have their say while they gave him his way. But some elation after so sudden a rise was natural to Mr. Johnson or the average man (Mr. Lincoln was not an average man); and thus the new President boldly accepted the responsibility of action and assumed the power.

He issued an amnesty proclamation, excepting from it all who, after having been civil or military officers of the United States, had held office under the so-called Confederacy. Between May 29 and July 13 he appointed Provisional Governors over seven States, with instructions to assemble Constitutional Conventions which should formally accept the terms and conditions above mentioned, and then proceed to elect State legislators and congressional representatives. This was all done; and the State legislatures also elected their United States Senators, so that nearly all were ready to enter the Thirty-ninth Congress on its assembling, Dec. 4, 1865.

The President's plan was good, as far as it went; but, first, it was incomplete, making no provision for the status of the liberated slaves; and, secondly, he made the mistake of acting in time of peace as if under martial law, and of usurping for the Executive functions that belonged to the Legislative branch of the United States government. Of course this instantly bred hot dissatisfaction, and the summer of 1865 was filled with cries of increasing dissonance throughout the North.

In October, shortly after returning to his pulpit from his summer rest, Mr. Beecher preached a discourse (which will be found at page 713), entitled, "Conditions of a Restored Union." In this, as was usual with him, he carefully went over the antecedent grounds of fact and of principle,—in reference to the war, the end of the rebellion, the condi-

tion of the South and its people, white and black, the President's ideas and acts,—and then laid down the lines along which he conceived that the country could best be reunited, with the most equitable and therefore the most secure hope of permanent stability.

A few sentences selected from successive portions of the discourse, although not immediately connected, may give briefly the drift of his thought:—

"I can scarcely regard the state of mind that has existed for years in the South as other than a political insanity, and I cannot expect, nor ask you to expect, that in one hour they will get over their enmities, their life-long prejudices and their humiliation. . . . We are to remember that convalescence is often slower and longer than the run of the disease itself."

"Nor are we to demand a surrender of theories and philosophies as a condition of confidence and trust. . . . Let men say that secession *ought* to have been allowed—if they accept the fact that it *is forever disallowed* by the people of this continent."

"It is said that there should be a spirit of humility on the part of the South, . . . that God does not receive sinners back till they are humbled. When you are God you need not receive your brethren back till they are humbled."

"I think that he will be the wisest and most politic statesman who knows how to carry them through this terrible and painful transition with the least sacrifice of their pride, and with the greatest preservation of their self-respect; and if it can be done by the generosity of the North, a confidence will spring up at the South in the future that will repay us for the little self-sacrifice that we may make."

"I am anxious that those who have hitherto been most active for liberty and humanity should produce the first and deepest impression on our brethren in the South by real kindness; and I am very thankful that those who have been representative men in the North, in the main—Gerritt Smith, Mr. Garrison, and others such as they—have been found pleading for lenity, and opposed to rigor and uncharitableness."

"It is desirable, on every account, that the South should be restored at the earliest practicable moment to a participation in our common government. It is foreign to our American ideas that men should be dispossessed of civil rights, if we expect to treat them in any other way than as criminals."

"But there are some conditions precedent."

"It is right that State conventions should be required to abolish slavery, and to assist in the amendment of the Constitution of the United States in that regard."

"And they must, in convention, not only annul their act of secession, but pronounce it to have been *ab initio* void."

"I think that, also, before the States of the South are re-instated, these conventions should have ascertained, and prescribed, and established, the condition of the freedman. They should have established, first, his right to labor, and to hold property, with all its concomitants. They should have established his right to labor as he pleases, where he pleases, and for whom he pleases, and to have sole and undivided the proceeds of his own earnings, with the liberty to do with them as he pleases, just as any other citizen does. They should also have made him to be the equal of all other men before the courts and in the eye of the law. He should be just as much qualified to be a witness as the man that assaults him. He should be under the protection of the laws, with all the opportunities of availing himself of their benefits which any other citizen has."

"It would have been wise, also, for these conventions to have given him the right of suffrage—for it is always inexpedient and foolish to deny a man his natural rights."

"I do not think it consistent with the nature of our institutions for the Federal Government, in and of itself, to attempt permanently to take care of four millions of freedmen by military government. These men are scattered in fifteen States; they are living contiguous to their old masters; the kindness of the white men in the South is more important to them than all the policies of the nation put together. And the best intentions of the government will be defeated if the laws that are made touching this matter are such as are calculated to excite the animosity and hatred of the white people in the South toward the black people there. I except the single decree of emancipation. That must stand, though men dislike it. A true and wise statesmanship consists in conciliating the late masters, and persuading them to accept the freedmen in a spirit of kindness and helpfulness. Calling names, suspecting motives, objurgations, will not help the black man. President Johnson thinks it better that the colored people should receive their rights with the consent of the South; and he waits for it, and influences rather than commands; and I think he is acting with enlightened judgment."

"We are to educate the negroes, and to Christianly educate them. We are to raise them in intelligence more and more, until

they shall be able to prove themselves worthy of citizenship. For, I tell you, all the laws in the world cannot bolster a man up so as to place him any higher than his own moral worth and natural forces put him."

"We have, then, a heavy work before us. We have a work that will tax our faith, and patience, and resources. But it is a work which we may pursue, believing that He who hath brought us thus far in it will carry us through to the end."

If this discourse be carefully read, it will be seen to contain the essence of all the guaranties and conditions finally effected after years of renewed struggle under the Reconstruction Acts; but it differed from the position of the political leaders of the time in that it preferred to *offer* these conditions to the Southern people for their *acceptance* before inviting their participation in the government, while the Republican managers preferred to have Congress *impose* them, in the guise of penalty for rebellion. Mr. Beecher read human nature well. But his "magnanimity" was laughed at and his position fiercely denounced as an abandonment of the blacks; his forebodings of the alternate evil, however, were terribly realized in history.

For by this time the political passions of all sides were aroused. The Republican leaders, fearful lest the President should commit irretrievable blunders, and bring in anew a Southern element which should unite with the Democratic opposition of the North and weaken their power, were blind to anything good in the Johnson plan or man, and the political press was wildly violent; the Anti-slavery element, with the exception of some of the wisest and most notable of the old-time leaders, fearful lest the fruits of their long and bitter warfare for freedom should be sacrificed in the very hour of victory, were with the foremost in denunciation of the President and all who supported him. And, on the other hand, Mr. Johnson, made angry by the outcry, was not only stubborn in holding to what he had done but evinced his weakness by taking pains to show disfavor to representative Northerners, and favor to Southerners, who shrewdly began to pay court to him. His action was impolitic to the last degree. Yet,

inborn and inbred prejudices will tell, in spite of reason; and this "poor white," whose whole life had been a determined struggle to rise in the social scale, could not see his aristocratic fellow Southerners at his feet without feeling the flattery of the situation, and yielding to it.

In December Congress reassembled; but while the Southern States had, as above stated, gone forward and made their preparations subject to the conditions demanded by the President, under full expectation of admission to the national legislature, their representatives were met by Congress with a prompt refusal of admission and referred to a committee on credentials, who kept them cooling their heels and heating their tempers in the lobby; the various grounds of opposition to their entrance being the illegality of the acts of the Constitutional Conventions, of the writs under which the legislators and congressmen were elected, and other proper points of technicality which President Johnson and the Southern reorganizers had in their haste overlooked.

Meantime the first action of Congress (Dec. 18) was the admirable one of proposing the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, by which slavery was forever abolished and Congress given power to enforce the provision by appropriate legislation. This was promptly ratified by the requisite two-thirds of all the States, Northern and Southern. But the winter passed in strife, the point of keenest discussion being the condition of the freed slaves: the President demanding that the States should be admitted, and allowed to regulate that themselves; the majority in Congress demanding full National protection to the freedmen before any of the States should be readmitted. Indeed, the contest now took on the aspect of a question as to the *Restoration* or the *Reconstruction* of the Southern States.

But another element was all this time rising into prominence and increasing power, and that was the ancient race-prejudice of the Southern whites towards the blacks, and their dread—born of the intemperate contest between President Johnson and his opponents at the North—lest the

negro should be given political power, or, as they expressed it, "the bottom rail put on top." That was, in effect, the thing threatened at the North (for the protection of the negro and the continuance in power of the Republican party) and regarded at the South with a mingled feeling of terror and unutterable detestation.

To get a candid view of the ideas and mutual misconceptions that this era bred in the two peoples—for the South and the North had been educated, and still continued, on two distinct and unrelated planes of political and social life—one cannot do better than read Judge A. W. Tourgée's remarkable study of those times, based on his own experience and observation of seventeen years' residence as a Northern man at the South after the war: "A Fool's Errand; By One of the Fools." Discussing the plans of reconstruction, he notes the fact that none of them took any account of

"That strange and mysterious influence which ranges all the way from a religious principle to a baseless prejudice, according to the stand-point of the observer, but always remains a most unaccountable yet still stubborn fact in all that pertains to the governmental organisms of the South,—the popular feeling in regard to the African population of that section. That a servile race, isolated from the dominant one by the fact of color and the universally accepted dogma of inherent inferiority, to say nothing of a very general belief of its utter incapacity for the civilization to which the Caucasian has attained, should be looked on with distrust and aversion, if not with positive hatred, as a coordinate political power, by their former masters, would seem so natural that one could hardly expect men of ordinary intelligence to overlook it. That this should arouse a feeling of very intense bitterness when it came as the result of conquest, and the freedom enjoyed by the subject-race was inseparably linked with the memory of loss and humiliation in the mind of the master, would seem equally apparent. But when to these facts was added the knowledge that whoever should advocate such an elevation of the blacks, in that section, was certain to be regarded as putting himself upon their social level in a community where the offender against caste becomes an outlaw in fact, it seems impossible that the wise men of that day should have been so blind as not to have seen that they were doing the utmost possible injury to the

colored race, the country, and themselves, by propounding a plan of re-organization which depended for its success upon the effective and prosperous administration of State governments by this class [the negroes] in connection with the few of the dominant race, who, from whatever motives, might be willing to put themselves on the same level with them in the estimation of their white neighbors."

In view of these facts it is not strange that the rebuffed, humiliated, and alarmed Southerners should in their State legislatures begin to make laws for the practical subjection of the freedmen, who were already talked of as not only freed but to be made the equals of their late owners, and who, with political power in their hands, in places where they were a majority of the inhabitants, would become the practical rulers. The laws made by the new Provisional Southern State legislatures were in truth oppressive and unjust to this unfortunate class, thus ground between the upper and the nether millstone; and were in turn met in Congress by the Civil Rights Bill, which not only declared the blacks citizens, with equal rights before the law, but provided many specifications looking to social as well as political equality with the whites—which of course intensified the feeling tenfold. The bill, vetoed by the President, was repassed over his veto (April 9, 1866), as were the Freedman's Bureau and Refugees Bills. In June, Congress proposed the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, providing:—

(1) The citizenship and equality before the law of all persons born or naturalized in the United States; (2) the apportionment of representation in the Federal Congress according to the number of inhabitants in each State [*i. e., counting all the negroes instead of two-thirds of them as heretofore, when their masters voted on them, as slaves*], any abridgment of voting privileges except for crime to reduce the representation proportionately [*a political inducement not to prevent the blacks from voting*]; (3) the exclusion of all men, who had violated an oath to support the United States Constitution, from Federal or State office until relieved of this disability by a two-thirds vote of Congress [*practical disfranchisement of all Southern men of prominence*]; and (4) the validity of the United States debt and invalidity of the rebel debt or any claim of compensation for loss of slaves.

It was two years (1868) before this amendment was adopted by the requisite number of States, and meantime the political fight raged. In August, 1866, the sentiment of those in the North who for various reasons thought that President Johnson's plan was the wiser, even though it had been unwisely forwarded by him, and who believed that the quickest and most natural, and therefore the most enduring, road to peace and relations of mutual interest between the negroes and the whites (who *must have* the labor of their former slaves) would come by the gradual re-adjustment of industrial, social, and political conditions between those elements themselves, without outside interference, took shape in several conventions deprecating the policy of Congressional enactments on these matters. One of these assemblies was convened in Cleveland, Ohio, that of the "Soldiers and Sailors" (who having had active share in putting down the rebellion had some opinions to offer about the treatment of the rebels), and invited Mr. Beecher to act as its Chaplain. He could not go, but on August 30, 1866, wrote a letter to the Convention, giving his views on the situation. It became known as "the Cleveland Letter."

After making several points:—no place for a State under our theory of government except in the Union; the increase of complication by every month of delay; the unfitness of the Federal Government to exercise minor police and local restraint; scorn of the fear that the impoverished South would again rule the land if admitted—he gave the following analysis of the position of the freedmen, for whose freedom it must be remembered he had spent the chief power and interest of his whole previous public life.

"The sooner we dismiss from our minds the idea that the freedmen can be classified and separated from the white population, and nursed and defended by themselves, the better it will be for them and us. The negro is part and parcel of Southern society. He cannot be prosperous while it is unprospered. Its evils will rebound upon him. Its happiness and re-invigoration cannot be kept from his participation. The restoration of the South to amicable relations with the North, the re-organization of its industry, the re-inspiration of its enterprise and thrift, will

all redound to the freedman's benefit. Nothing is so dangerous to the freedman as an unsettled state of society in the South. On him comes all the spite, and anger, and caprice, and revenge. He will be made the scapegoat of lawless and heartless men. Unless we turn the Government into a vast military machine, there cannot be armies enough to protect the freedmen while Southern society remains insurrectionary. If Southern society is calmed, settled, and occupied, and soothed with new hopes and prosperous industries, no armies will be needed. Riots will subside, lawless hangers-on will be driven off or better governed, and a way will be gradually opened to the freedmen, through education and industry, to full citizenship, with all its honors and duties. . . .

"If the colored people have the stamina to undergo the hardships which every uncivilized people has undergone in its upward progress, they will in due time take their place among us. That place cannot be bought, nor bequeathed, nor gained by sleight of hand. It will come to sobriety, virtue, industry, and frugality. As the nation cannot be sound until the South is prosperous, so, on the other extreme, a healthy condition of civil society in the South is indispensable to the welfare of the freedmen."

Let any man read that letter; then ponder the demoniac madness developed in the South during the years that followed, when the Ku-Klux Rebellion gradually took form against what the Southerners deemed a wanton intention to humiliate and degrade them, and, increasingly, against the rise of the negroes to political power not only of votes but of office,—the days when the few steadfast and intelligent Unionists of Northern and Southern birth who undertook to guide the movement at the South were overwhelmed by the mass of ignorance and rapacity that took possession of legislatures and governing positions, and who made the name of the "Carpet-Bag Governments" a badge of shameless robbery. Let him then read the second of these "Cleveland Letters," (page 742) addressed by Mr. Beecher to his church, through one of its members, replying to the excited letters and protests that came pouring in upon him from all about,—a letter that reaffirms the first, but with more elaborate reasoning and explanation, and with a distinct repudiation of the absurd violence and "increasing indiscretions" of President Johnson, who

in the mean time had been "swinging round the circle" with wild speeches and almost frantic denunciations of all who took the right of differing from what he called "my policy." Looking at Mr. Beecher's prophetic utterances and their striking verification, the reader must be struck with the clear-eyed foresight of political conditions and after-developments, and also with the masterly quietude of a great man's spirit in the midst of turbulence and peril—not physical danger, but the greater evils of disruption in friendly, social, political, and ecclesiastical ties, that threatened him.

As this point marks real divergence between Mr. Beecher and his party—although he continued to act with them because their aims and general direction were more nearly his own than were those of the other party—it is worth while to bring out a little more clearly his position; not that it is, or was, at all questionable, if men would judge him by his own utterances, but that their partisan blindness made his critics incapable of seeing two sides to a question.

In his second letter Mr. Beecher says (we italicize some phrases):—

"Upon the assembling of Congress [Dec., 1865] I went to Washington. I found *Southern men lying prostrate before Mr. Johnson*, and appealing to his tender-heartedness,—for he is a man of kind and tender heart,—disarming his war-rage by utter submission. I found *Northern men already uttering suspicions* of his fidelity, *and*, conscious of power, *threatening impeachment*. The men who seemed alive to this danger were, unfortunately, not those who had the management of affairs. Bad counsels prevailed. *The North denounced and the South sued: we see the consequences.*

"Long after I despaired of seeing the President and Congress harmonious, I felt it to be the duty of all good men to leave no influences untried to lessen the danger and to diminish the evils which are sure to come should the President, rebounding from the Republicans, be caught by those Northern men who were in sympathy and counsel with the South throughout the war. I shall not attempt to apportion blame where *both sides erred*. It is enough to say that *unity secured at the seat of Government would be a noble achievement of leadership.*

"Deeming the speedy admission of the Southern States as necessary to their own health, as indirectly the best policy for the freedmen, as peculiarly needful to the safety of our Government, which, for the sake of accomplishing a good end, incautious men are in danger of perverting, *I favored, and do still favor, the election to Congress of Republicans* who will seek the early admission of the recusant States. *Having urged it for a year past, I was more than ready to urge it again* upon the Representatives to Congress this fall.

"*In this spirit and for this end I drew up my Cleveland letter. I deem its views sound; I am not sorry that I wrote it.* I regret the misapprehension which it has caused, and yet more any sorrow which it may have needlessly imposed upon dear friends. As I look back upon my course, *I see no deviation from the straight line which I have made, without wavering, for now thirty years* in public life, in favor of justice, liberty, and the elevation of the poor and ignorant."

And to show how serenely he viewed the whole affair, while hundreds thought him ruined forever because he dared differ from the other opinion-shapers of the party and from the majority of his own friends, this paragraph is apt :—

"The attempt to class me with men whose course I have opposed all my life long will utterly fail. *I shall choose my own place, and shall not be moved from it.* I have been from my youth a firm, unwavering, avowed, and active friend of all that were oppressed. I have done nothing to forfeit that good name which I have earned. *I am not going weakly to turn away from my settled convictions* of the public weal *for fear that bad men may praise me or good men blame.* There is a serious difference of judgment between men as to the best policy. We must all remit to the future the decision of the question. Facts will soon judge us."

In a private letter written by Mr. Beecher about the time of the foregoing controversy, recently published in the *Christian Union* in its report of a day of "Beecher reminiscences" held this summer (1887) in Litchfield, Connecticut, appears the following:—

"I desire that the constitutional amendments proposed should all be passed, except that of disfranchisement, which I think needless, as Congress has power to reject any who are sent from the South who are disloyal. To oblige the South to disfranchise

their most trusted and honored men is an unnecessary humiliation; and to use the Constitution as a mere criminal law to punish men with, to foist into it provisions to meet a transient exigency, is to set a dangerous example and pervert our fundamental law for no good end. . . . I believe that the great body of the American people of the South, who are honest and have been misled, would have come back with a sense of gratitude for the leniency with which they had been treated. Now, they are in danger of feeling that they have been trodden down by their conquerors."

In corroboration of this forecast read the words of the author of "A Fool's Errand" (written and published in 1879), who certainly will never be charged with an undue partiality for Southern views, but who does show a remarkable power of understanding what he does not accept, and who speaks thus of the disfranchisement of the leaders:—

"Among the peculiarities which marked the difference between Northern and Southern society was one so distinct and evident, one which had been so often illustrated in our political history, that it seems almost impossible that shrewd observers of that history should for a moment have overlooked or underestimated it. This is the influence of family position, social rank, or political prominence. Leadership, in the sense of a blind, unquestioning following of a man, without his being the peculiar exponent of an idea, is a thing almost unknown at the North: at the South it is a power. Every family there has its clientelage, its followers, who rally to its lead as quickly, and with almost as unreasoning a faith, as the old Scottish clansmen, summoned by the burning cross. . . .

"It [disfranchisement] was a fatal mistake. The dead leader has always more followers than his living peer. Every henchman of those lordlings at whom this blow was aimed felt it far more keenly than he would if it had lighted on his own cheek. The king of every village was dethroned; the magnate of every cross-roads was degraded. Henceforward, each and every one of their satellites was bound to eternal hostility toward these measures and to all that might result therefrom." . . .

"Time went on; and, twelve years from the day when Lee surrendered under the apple tree at Appomattox, there was another surrender, and the last of the governments organized under the policy of reconstruction fell into the hands of those who had inaugurated and carried on war against the Nation, who had

openly opposed the theory of reconstruction, had persistently denied its legality or the binding nature of its promises, and had finally, with secret, organized violence, suppressed and neutralized the element on which it had depended for support."

In brief, the political power given to the blacks over the heads of the whites resulted, first, in a chaos of misgovernment; then in a new rebellion which annihilated the blacks as a political element, and solidified the whites. When that had been effected, came peace; not instantly but gradually. The blacks, no longer feared, were at first tolerated, then their value as an inseparable element of the community began to tell, and by degrees the natural development of self-interest had its opportunity in solving the question of the common citizenship of the two races.

Now, at the end of twenty years, we can appreciate how the processes which have latterly advanced so far in harmonizing the heterogeneous elements of Southern life (to quote Mr. Beecher's prophetic phrase, "occupation, new hopes, prosperous industries, education,") are at last having their normal effect: not perfectly,—for even the North is not yet in *all* respects perfect in the smooth working of its political, judicial, monetary, industrial, and varied corporate organisms!—but hopefully.

Passing on, then, from this important phase of Mr. Beecher's public ministrations, we may rapidly review the next decade, during which the Congressional scheme of Reconstruction was doing its work, for good and evil, and Mr. Beecher retained his connection with the Republican party, and, with the lapse of conflict (for he never was an "irreconcilable," and despised controversy that had no practical end in fair view), regained his influence in all directions. He had not, in the slightest degree, given any reason to think that he wished to go over to affiliation with the proslavery "Copperhead" Democracy of that time, but he had with might and main striven to hold the Republican party and the President together, and to carry out the restoration of the Union according to the spirit and plan of the lamented Lincoln and that which his own broad mind and generous heart told him was the simpler, safer, speed-

ier way—of consulting the facts of human nature. The effort had failed, by reason of strenuous wills attempered to war and incapable of sudden change to the sagacity of peaceful counsels. He quietly left the arena, and held his peace. He was not one who insisted that his way was the only way: he recognized the patriotism, and ability, and wisdom of the majority of his party's leaders, and, while he felt that they were taking the longest road, he loyally accepted the route chosen and made the best of the good he found in it. In his church his influence had not been seriously shaken. His remarkable power of indignation and even invective, when roused by an infraction of the rights of others, was never used, or even suggested by any expression or phrase, when his own liberty of action was assailed. He had trained his people to independent thought and expression of opinion, and, while his sensibilities were undoubtedly hurt by many intemperate and harsh words from partisans during the heat of the contest, he spoke none himself, but with steady, sweet-tempered dignity kept his hold both on their respect and their love. And after the cloud had passed they felt a little ashamed, —not of their opinions, but of the way in which they had expressed them.

The next of the "Patriotic Addresses" is a discourse on "National Unity," preached in Plymouth Church, Nov. 18, 1869 (Thanksgiving Day). It is a large view of the possibilities of feuds and disintegration in our vast country; discussing the disturbing influences,—immigration, religious sectarianism, long continued physical prosperity, and clashing of commercial interests between various sections (especially Eastern and Western), and also the hopeful elements,—intelligence (and its spread by religious discussion, books, and newspapers), the common-schools (and the need of keeping them free, and especially the growing necessity of making them unsectarian), and a single political agency, the constitutional Rights of the States (to secure wise local administration and maintain the dignity and power of National Sovereignty). It is a noble and most suggestive discourse, and in its discussion of un-

sectarian common-schools, and of the rights of the States, shows a profound knowledge of the Constitution and of the true principles of our Federal government as interpreted since then by the Supreme Court.

In 1868 General Grant had been elected President, entering upon his office in March, 1869, and in 1873 upon his second term. In both the political campaigns of Grant's election, Mr. Beecher took hearty interest and with helpful effect. The nullification of the colored vote at the South resulted in the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, proposed by Congress in 1869 and adopted by the States in March, 1870, providing that the right of suffrage should not be withheld from any citizen of the United States "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Political affairs at the South continued unsettled, but gradually quieted down as the whites regained ascendency. They seem to have passionately shut their eyes to all consideration of growth in industrial or commercial advancement, and to have retarded their own interests for ten or fifteen years to accomplish that one point. It is incomprehensible to us of the North; yet so it stands.

Meanwhile new dangers were threatening the country. The colossal development of moneyed interests during and since the war had bred an intense spirit not only of enterprise but of speculation throughout the North. Railroad building and all forms of manufacturing and of commerce were feverishly active. "Money" was plentiful, for paper-mills and the Government printing-presses turned out "greenbacks" bearing the name of the Dollar but passing for very much less than the golden reality. Congress, inflamed with the craze of the times, was inclined to perpetuate this baseless monetary system, which had brought such "prosperity;" but Grant courageously vetoed the bill and gave some sensible counsel. In 1873 the bubble burst, in an awful collapse of financial institutions all over the land; and the lesson was a severe one. In 1875 Congress patriotically and wisely passed the Resumption Act, to take effect Jan. 1, 1879, by which the Government was to go back to specie payments. The day

after Grant signed the bill the premium on gold began to diminish (*i. e.*, greenbacks began to appreciate) and, with wise management by the United States Treasury, on the appointed day the premium had disappeared and the Government's promises to pay were worth their face. This was not accomplished without agitation, discussion, wild theories, passionate debate, and organized political resistance: and through it all Mr. Beecher gave his constant influence by pen and tongue in favor of sound currency, and sober restraint of the extravagances, public and private, engendered by the era of speculation.

On Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, 1876, he made a "Centennial Review" of the nation's life (page 772), with a philosophic consideration of the effects of the two great wars of our history—the Revolution and the Civil War, and especially the latter, on different portions of the country; and he says:—

"Instead of applying a rigorous ideal moral standard in forming a judgment, let us ask what was to have been expected of our people judged by the tendency of ordinary human nature in such conditions as existed at the end of this war. We shall then be able to judge whether this should be a fast day or a day of thanksgiving."

He says some pretty severe things about both North and South, but his general conclusions are most hopeful. The special topic was the duty of good citizens in the midst of the exciting contested Presidential-election dispute between the supporters of Hayes and of Tilden, the election having been held some weeks previously, and the cries of conflict over the result being then loud and furious. The Republicans charged the Democrats with frauds at the Southern polls, and the Democrats charged the Republicans with fraud in the Southern counting of votes: both claimed the election.

Mr. Beecher firmly declared his belief in the Republican theory of this contest, but his counsel was for peaceful submission of the matter to the legal authorities and an Americanlike acceptance of the decision, whatever it might be.

His historical illustrations and precedents were exceedingly interesting, his patriotic confidence in American institutions was reassuring, and the lofty plane of political morality to which he raised the whole distressing and alarming contest was inspiring to the thousands who heard him and the tens of thousands who read his words. It was a valuable lesson in the principles of civil liberty.

Among the interests that had leaped to enormous prosperity and consequent power during the recent years was that of silver mining. To such an extent had the output of that metal increased that it began to own States and legislatures, and to send its representatives and senators to Congress. It was, properly, looked upon as an interest of great value to the land, but like every other one that by monopoly gathered strength it swelled with selfishness and conceit. Silver was *the* great American product, and the rest of the land and all the nations of the earth must bow down before it. The insanity of attempting to satisfy the European capitalists, who had lent us gold on our bonds and enabled us to put through the war, by repaying them in our depreciated "greenbacks" had passed; and indeed, as the bonds were to be paid in "coin," could not have been seriously proposed to the world. But is not silver-money "coin"? And is it not peculiarly our American coin? So the bloated bondholders should be paid in silver, although the silver dollar could not be exchanged for the gold dollar, even in our own land.

At the crisis when this specious dishonesty was advocated throughout the country, started by selfish monopolists but taken up by feather-brained theorists and managing politicians, Henry Ward Beecher's voice again rang out in warning. His sermon on "Past Perils and the Peril of To-day" (November 29, 1877) will be found at page 789, fitly exposing the dangers of this "suppressed repudiation."

In 1878 occurred at Springfield, Massachusetts, the ninth annual reunion of the "Society of the Army of the Potomac," an association of officers banded together to keep green the memory of "the brave days of old," of gallant

comrades gone, of friendships fused in the heat of war and still sound and vibrant with the true ring; an organization that has never demeaned itself by descending from the plane of patriotism to that of "practical politics." Mr. Beecher was invited to address the Reunion, and his speech will be found at page 809. The value of the services of the army in the trying times of Rebellion gave him a natural point for passing to a consideration of the worth of military training, and the maintenance of military organizations and a regular army among a free people: and especially in this country, where the liberty of discussion is at times likely to degenerate into the violence of riotous reformers and disturbances of the social order. He spoke of the sources of danger in our rapidly increasing population, resources, and political power, the development of machinery, the growth of the means of transportation, the combinations of capital and enormous concentrations of individual and corporate wealth, the relations of money to politics and legislation, the beginnings of the socialistic movements among the working classes coincident with the extraordinary increase of power among the classes who employ them. These and other elements of the immediate future or, as he expressed it, "the next score of years," served as his themes of discourse.

Ten years have passed since he uttered the words, and the reader will find in them a prophetic portrait of our American social, financial, and political condition, as accurate as if made to-day. As General Hooker said, when he was called on for a speech, following it:—

"That address was good enough to last a long time. Study its lessons, and digest them. I doubt if more home truths can be found in any discourse of the same length since the records of this country began."

The next and last phase of Mr. Beecher's political activity that demands our attention is the presidential campaign of 1884. That episode is too near, and its disputed points are still too much questioned, for any one to hope to make an impartial account of it which shall commend itself to partisan readers of either side as fair and candid.

Yet it must be attempted, in justice to the general theme; for, whether Mr. Beecher was wise or unwise in the part he took is aside from our proposition,—namely, that *his career from beginning to end was guided by unselfish principle, and was consistently that of a lover of God and of man.*

Since the Reconstruction wrangle of 1865-6, eighteen years had passed—more than half the life of a generation. The administrations of Johnson, Grant (twice), Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur had successively entered into history. The Southern States were all represented in the National Congress, and, since the years of Ku-Klux and Bulldozer, had gone also those of the "tissue-ballot" and the skillful "count" which quietly but no less effectually maintained a nullification of the Reconstruction governments that had given the blacks the political control. The sight of their harmless voting had become little by little a familiar one, and no longer aroused the old-time horror and detestation; but, inevitably, intelligence ruled ignorance, and their votes gave them but little power. Yet it was a wholesome thing to have the rising generation at the South accustomed to the idea and the fact; it was preparing for the further changes that were to come. The whites were growing out of their unreasoning passion; the blacks were slowly training for real citizenship. Their existence as men, and as free industrial and political factors, was little by little recognized and acted upon.

The philanthropic efforts of Northern givers and teachers were gradually regarded with less suspicion at the South, and the negroes began to be taught and to learn. The necessity for their labor on Southern lands grew not less but greater; and by degrees they were taking their places as fellow-laborers alongside of the whites—who had been forced to learn the bitter lesson, "he that will not work neither shall he eat." The *leaven of industry* was permeating the entire mass of social order at the South. A new generation was coming up, who had been reared not in luxury but in labor. Brains among the blacks were beginning to assert their power, and not only could there be seen white men and negroes working side by side in

the fields or at bricklaying and carpentering and other trades, but colored bosses had charge of white or mixed groups of laborers, and colored contractors were making money and acquiring property. Common-school education was making headway for both races; and even such exceptional establishments as General Armstrong's Hampton Institute, devoted to the training of negroes and Indians, more and more won and received the kindly appreciation of the Southern people. In a word: the imposed political order having been successfully overthrown by the whites, roused to fury by the insult to their fetich of white supremacy, and their land "redeemed," they had subsided into the condition of ordinary human beings, and the play of normal elements and interests began to have its just effect. As the land grew quiet its splendid natural resources attracted enterprise and capital. Manufactures began to appear and grow; crops were more varied and valuable; the South began to take on new and hopeful conditions.

Through all these years, however, politically, the whites had been almost solidly "Democratic," simply because the negroes and those who represented Reconstructionism were solidly "Republican." All other issues were "pooled" in that one. Of course it was not a healthful political condition, either for the Southern communities or for the nation at large; since, whatever other questions of public policy were before the people—as to tariff, currency, bond-paying, taxation, foreign relations, or what not—all, even when mentioned in the party platforms, were nevertheless relegated to comparative obscurity. The main question at the South was how to defeat the Republican party, that had turned their communities bottom side up; and, at the North, how to maintain in power the Republican party, that had saved the Union, protected the Negro, and successfully reconstructed the Southern States. It was a double case of *fetich*. Each section honestly believed that the rule of the party it opposed meant the country's ruin.

It was the less reasonable, on both sides, because the

Republican party of the Civil War had been largely composed of the loyal men from all shades and names of political partisanship—not only Whigs, but also "Unionists" and "Americans," "Abolitionists" and "Free-Soilers," "Douglas Democrats" and "Democrats" out-and-out. After the war, multitudes of these men gradually dropped out of the lines of the Republican organization, as the issues that had united them were passed and settled, and divers side-bodies of partisanship took on various names as different topics—reconstruction, greenbackism, silver, tariff, with the administration of President Hayes a revival of the recurrent temperance reform, etc.—came one by one into view. The two main camps, however, remained "Republican" and "Democratic." The Republican leaders had been largely men of sound principles in financial morals and philanthropic statesmanship, and this fact had justly maintained their army of voters in a practical majority. Nevertheless, on other issues, the unanimity of the North was dividing; the successful party had necessarily attracted multitudes of shifty politicians "for revenue only;" and the opposition was increasing by defections of opinion.

We have spoken of the changed industrial and educational condition of the South; and in several of Mr. Beecher's addresses, already mentioned, will be found to have been foreshadowed some new perils that lay before the North and the country at large. These perhaps may all be grouped under the general head of "the love of money," which in its daily seen effects certainly justifies the wisdom of the inspired writer who said that it was "a root of all evil."

The enormous prosperity of the North under the unnatural stimulus of the war-fever did undoubtedly breed a "haste to be rich" that was visible in every one of the evils that had to be struggled against—the craze of paper money, the demand for repudiation, the debased silver currency, the oppressive inequities of the war-tariff maintained through decades of peace, the swollen purse-power of corporations, the bribery and corruption of elections

and legislatures and departmental administration. On every side was to be seen the immorality growing out of this change in the money-getting power of the times.

Meantime, the great ship of state was forging ahead and coming into these new waters, vexed by strange winds and moved by currents unnoticed until they had grown potent to swerve the nation's course.

One of the lines of political thought in which Mr. Beecher took a marked interest, although it is not represented in this volume by any single address, was the ultimate ideal of the free exchange of natural and artificial products among nations; so that each one, although limited in certain directions of nature or of art, might be able, by trading for what it could produce, to get the benefit of the fertile soils and brains and well-trained hands of all the others. And, like many thinking men of the Republican party, he looked regretfully upon the fact that the abnormal taxes imposed upon imports during the war, for the expressed purpose of raising unusual revenues, were maintained, at first with apology, but growingly with bold justification and finally even with claim of merit, by the Republican leaders, as giving "protection to American labor" because taxing the entrance of foreign products, and thus tending to keep them out.

But, aside from the general question of this excessive and oppressive tax, although connected with it, many of the Republicans sympathized in dreading a new trouble that had within a few years advanced with giant strides. They feared the demoralizing effect of the surplus revenue of $100,000,000 which every year piled up in the United States Treasury—a premium on fraudulent and extravagant attempts to get it "distributed to the people again." For, "the people" did not mean those who had unnecessarily paid the tax, but the shrewd or favored ones who could invent ways of spending it, and furnish "channels" which should retain much while distributing the rest.

Star-route mail contracts, fraudulent pension claims by the thousands, payment of unearned railroad-building mileage-allowances, Indian supply contracts—big and

little, the leeches were attracted from every side to fatten on the Treasury surplus.

The party in power was not altogether chargeable with this: it was inevitable that a so long-continued control of vast revenues should breed demoralization and corruption in any party; both because the corrupt would seek it for their own ends, and because human nature is temptable. Men in power want to stay there; and they use the means at hand. It was only by a strenuous effort of reform within the Republican party that this money-getting peril could be purged out of it. That was *the* danger to be fought.

But there was another. The utilization of official station and influence for private purposes, instead of solely for public ends, had become a crying evil. The spoils-theory of office, which regards the places of public servants as the property of the party in power; which makes it the chief business of the higher officials to spend time and influence in providing places for their partisans; which regards not fitness for the duties but efficiency in partisan politics as the qualification for public office, was prevalent. The salaries of officials thus favored by party leaders were taxed to furnish means for continuing those leaders in power; favoritism was seen to be advancing not only in executive but even in legislative cliques, making public laws for private profit in the sacred name of party, and by natural degradation stepping down even from that low plane to the still lower one of using the influence of official station for the personal pecuniary gain of the officers themselves. Thus the spoils-theory of office was inextricably entangled, indeed, systematically reticulated, with the money-getting spirit of the time.

These evils were broadly recognized in both parties by thinking men and moral teachers, but the chief illustrations in the Federal service were necessarily furnished by the party in power at Washington. Demoralization was not seen at Washington alone, it was wide-spread. As Mr. Beecher said in one of his sermons: "If you send a rogue to Albany to represent you, he *does* represent you." It was

not confined to politics alone; embezzlements, defalcations, breaches of trust, showed an infection throughout the business world. Yet Federal politics offered the opportunity of dealing with the trouble in an organized form. The question arose: How can the wrong tendency be righted? The "ins" naturally said, "It is a mere matter of position; if the 'outs' ever get in they will do the same." And thus there arose within the Republican party a strong movement to commit the party, by its declaration of principles and by the presidential candidate it should offer as its representative, to a marked divergence from the recognized extremes towards which the current of the times, running in well-worn and insensibly deepening channels, had borne the responsible government. A reform of the tariff inequalities and infelicities, a reform of the theory and practice of the appointment to positions in the civil service: these were the two points that many Republicans hoped to see gained in the public commitments of the party. And they had the more hope, because in response to the demand of public opinion something had been begun. A committee, appointed by a Republican Congress, had publicly examined the tariff by the aid of expert witnesses from all parts of the country, and had recommended a considerable reduction of the import taxes. True, the Congress did not find it practicable to unite all interests sufficiently to effect the committee's recommendation, but the public demand had been recognized and the reform might be brought about. The civil service movement was in like hopeful but doubtful condition. The reform had been so urgently demanded by public opinion that laws had been passed to compass that end; but practically the spirit of the law was not in favor among the influential leaders of the party in power; and the "outs" of course, as always, had the "ins" as their ever-present text of moral discourse.

The Republican Convention of June, 1884, made fair enough promises on the critical points of public policy. The main thing, then, was the probability of reform as embodied in the Presidential candidate. Mr. James G. Blaine, the candidate named by the Convention, was not

accepted by those members of the party who had been publicly identified with the movements for reform as satisfactory to their convictions of what the party and the country needed.

The Democratic party held its convention about a month later, in July; and while its platform, like the other, consisted largely in denunciations of the opposing party, its declarations on the subject of tariff reform and the civil service, honest money, restrictions of the power of corporations, etc., were much the same as those of the Republicans. Both parties in their declarations recognized the popular cry for reform, but both kept a wary eye on the influence of vested interests.

So that the question in this case as in the other became a personal one:—Who and what will be their candidate? The man they nominated, Grover Cleveland, a reputable lawyer of Buffalo, New York, had won his way by a peculiarly honest and honorable and single-hearted devotion to his public duties, from the shrievalty of his county to the position of mayor of the city of Buffalo; and from that to the station of governor of the great State of New York. He was known as "the reform Governor;" as such he had been elected, and as such he had admirably filled the place. His creed and practice seemed to be summed up in his own felicitous phrase: "Public office is a public trust."

Mr. Cleveland was accepted by his own party (although the worst elements of it, typified by Tammany Hall of New York, urgently opposed his nomination, and, as many believe, worked against his election); and his record made him acceptable to the Independent Republicans, who, not seeing present encouragement for reform within their party, stepped outside of it as their best hope. They believed that even a temporary loss of power would be better for the Republican party than the feared continuance in the discredited methods.

Mr. Beecher was one of these. He was now an old man —seventy-one years of age; but his eye was undimmed (it is a curious fact that to the day of his death he never needed the aid of glasses, for private or public reading) and

his natural force of eloquence, though ripened, mellowed, softened, was not abated. He went into the campaign, not in his old-time tremendous fashion, for the issues were not those of human slavery and the rights of man ; but at the same time he took his position unmistakably, and with power.

The party fetich, however, was the most potent influence evoked by the Republicans. The campaign was one of unparalleled personal bitterness and cruel vilification, which need not be recalled. This, with the childish dread of many, that, if the Republican party was thrown out of power, the country would fly to dismemberment, its industries be sapped, its trade ruined, its commerce wrecked ; and that if the Democratic party should come in, the negroes would all be remanded to slavery, the rebel debt paid, the pensions to Union soldiers disallowed, free trade immediately inaugurated, and all the forces of the infernal regions incontinently set loose, did much to check the reform-within-the-party feeling that had resulted in the Independent Republican schism.

Plymouth Church had never been trained by Mr. Beecher to accept him as pope. He had ruled there by the law of love; the authority conferred by his position he never exercised, but his influence was very powerful; his opinions were often combated by his parishioners, and he encouraged them to speak their minds. This had been one secret of the solidarity of that great membership of two thousand, in matters concerning him and his wishes. It was essentially a Congregational—that is, a democratic—community. On the question of breaking off, even temporarily and for any reason, from the Republican party, a large number of the members rebelled against Mr. Beecher's position, and when he took active part in the campaign were vehemently excited, opposing him not only in private but in public, and some even, as in 1866, with bitterness.

Yet he, firm in the consciousness of right motives, stood strong in the conviction of his opinions. Knowing well that this great land was never made and would never be unmade by any political party; seeing the issues of the

day practically narrowed to that of a choice between two men—one of whom he believed to be the likelier to influence a carrying out of the promises made by both parties; feeling that it would be more wholesome for the country at large, and even for the Republican party itself, to have a shifting of powers and responsibilities—a "change for the sake of change;" and, with it all, urgently desirous to see a closing of the old war-sores, and a chance for the reconstructed South to share freely in administering the government of a common country, and the introduction of new issues which should split up the voters of the South on some other lines than the old and irritating ones of "Rebels" and "Republicans,"—he stood sturdily where he had placed himself. He made a few speeches, basing his arguments chiefly on the tendencies of the times and the comparative relations of the personal qualities of the candidates to those tendencies; and his influence was very great, especially among the young men of his own city and the business men of the great metropolis, who had for so many years seen him on the noble and manly side of every great controversy of the past. When it was all over, and the Republican party had lost the election, one of the most brilliant and effective Republican workers in Plymouth Church said: "It cut me to the soul that he was so wrong; but when it comes to denying his influence, that is simply absurd. We never worked so hard in our lives as we did to counteract him in this thing; but the effect of his personality and his power was evident on every side."

In November, 1884, on Thanksgiving Day, two weeks after the elections were closed, he preached in Plymouth Church a discourse entitled "Retrospect and Prospect" (page 825), taking, as was his custom for that national festival, the land we live in, as his theme.

The general discourse is a review of the growth of the land in the blessings of liberty; the war and its consequences are briefly touched upon, and then he generously commends the wisdom shown by the political leaders when the war was past and on the people was rolled the difficult

duty of reconstructing, without experiment or precedent, the shattered fragments of the sixteen Southern States. The commendation is "generous," because it recognizes the value of a course which at the time he opposed in certain of its notable features. Among other things he says:—

"The work was inherently difficult; and I think that while those to whose hands it was committed were not free from mistakes, yet they have builded well; and their names are part and parcel of American history. . . . There were great difficulties; human nature would not be what human nature is if there had not been. There were many imprudent things done, North and South. Nevertheless, we have waited patiently and courageously until time should help; for time is God's minister of mercy. . . .

"Then we have had patience given us, too, to redeem, on our side, the swollen values of the distempering war. We have had grace and conscience given us to redeem our finances and to bring back honestly within their bounds the issues of currency, and have settled business on normal and solid foundations. . . .

"But one thing more was needed, and that was to chase the scowl from the Southern brow; to revive the old friendship; to clasp hands again in a vow of loving and patriotic zeal. It was given to us last, because it is the greatest of God's gifts. . . .

"From the bottom of my soul, I believe in the honor and integrity of thoughtful Southern men; and when I get from them such letters as I do, and hear from their lips such declarations as I hear, that they feel at last that they are in and of the Union, as much as we, and point to the flag, declaring, with tears, 'That is now my flag,' I believe it; I should be faithless to God and to providence if I did not.

"Not the least joyful element in this reconciliation is the assured safety and benefit which will accrue to the colored race. That has come to pass which was their only safety. Just as soon as the Southern statesmen accept the perfect restoration of themselves to the great body politic, and find that there is no division as between Northern men and Southern men in any of the honors of government; just as soon as they are in, and a part of every administration, as, thank God, they will be; just so soon of necessity that will take place which is the salvation of the colored race. As long as they were a fringe upon a Northern

party, the South was condensed and solidified against it. As soon as they are divided at home between the administrational party and the opposition party, they will be guarded and taken care of. . . . I regard this now, with schools and academies and various seminaries spread among them, as the final step of emancipation.

"It is in these views, which have not been accepted with sympathy by some of the dearest friends I have, that I have acted [in the recent campaign]; and in the calmest retrospect I now rejoice that I was able to act so.

"The greatest mistake of my life has happened twice, as I have been informed. I propose this morning now to read a portion of the letters that were the first "greatest mistake of my life." That was immediately after the war, in the autumn of 1866.

"I read it now that you may see how straight a line has run, from the very days of the war down to this hour, in my thought, philosophy, and action."

Mr. Beecher then read portions of his two Cleveland letters of 1866, on the Reconstruction of the Southern States (page 736), showing his view that, not by imposition from without but only by the natural development of mutual and common interests between the two races—"the long result of time"—could white and black be brought to live and work harmoniously together. And he concluded thus:—

"My dear friends, if I had written that for to-day I could not have written it better, and I do not think it needs to be written any better. . . . And I have read these letters, in parts, so far as bears more immediately on questions of to-day, that you may know that God gave me the light to do one of the best things I ever did when I wrote that letter; and that he gave me the grace to stand on it, without turning back for one single moment; and that he has given me grace to lay my path, by sight, along those two letters—hindsight and foresight—from that day down to this; and that he has given me grace to withstand the impleadings of those that I love dearly, not only of my immediate household, but of my blood and kindred; of those that are in the church, that are to me as my own life, and those that are of the political party with which I have labored thus far.

"Still seeing that luminous light, as God reveals it to me, I have walked in it and toward it; and abide in that same direction to-day; and, God helping me, so will I live to the end."

Mr. Beecher's wisdom, in all the eventful passages of his life, will probably always find men of his own generation to question it; because they thought, and doubtless still think, differently. But the clear-eyed honesty of his convictions; the utter lack of self-consideration or ambition, or any unworthy motive; the broad consistency and general sagacity of his views, based on the laws of God as wrought out in human nature—whether displayed in personal or social or political developments; and his singleness of mind and devotion to his principles,—cannot be candidly denied or doubted. Those qualities were the source of his long-continued and extraordinary influence in the political life of his time. And there are multitudes who can now look back and see how history has justified him in withstanding the current political passions of his day—as to slavery, compromise, disunion, peace and war, the mutual relations of blacks and whites at the South, repudiation and national credit, sound and debased currency, the peaceful settlement of contested elections, and numberless other matters, wherein his counsel had always been freely given. He thought about everything in the light of God's truth and man's benefit, and withheld nothing of his thought, but courageously spoke it out and stood to it.

How far he was right and how far wrong in his hopes and aims of 1884, to see the present perils of the land guarded against by a change, even if temporary, of the party in power and under responsibility, only the future can tell. We who are yet in the turmoil of the contest are too near to judge. He did live to see the substantial assurance of every other great principle that he had worked for; but the latest issue arose too near the end of his life. Yet experience had taught him patience; and patience, hope; and, although he died without the sight, his faith was strong in the self-cleansing and recuperative power of the American people, and in God's guiding hand. The contest over "Prohibition" is already dividing the colored vote in the far South between the two parties. As their manufacturing interests grow, the opposing cries of "Pro-

tection" and "Revenue Tariff" will bring in another splitting wedge. And thus, in spite of remnants of barbarism like the "Glenn bill" of Georgia, making it a crime to educate white and negro children together, and other evidences of the stubborn race-prejudice (which shows at the North as really as at the South), the great revolution is on the march, and will not go backward. His faith in that regard will be justified and his large wisdom will be recognized.

The final address given in this volume is Mr. Beecher's "Eulogy of Grant" (page 840), which was delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, October 22, 1885, about two months after the death of that great man. It is dignified, strong, impressive, containing noble tributes to the hero and eloquently enforced lessons from the history in which he bore so large a part.

In one of his addresses is a paragraph concerning Grant, which may well be placed here at the close of this imperfect review of Mr. Beecher's political career, a fit summary of his own future memory on earth:—

"As I recede, along the adjoining fields of Jersey, from the great city, I speedily lose sight of the masts, of the warehouses, and of the spires themselves; and yet, when I have gone so far that the last glimmer of these things is lost, the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge stand full and high in the air, conspicuous. As time goes on we shall forget that which called down such a storm of fury upon his name; and when all incidental and collateral things have gone below the horizon, his name and just fame will stand towering high in the air, unobscured and imperishable!"

VI.

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

ONE of the aptest things said about Mr. Beecher since his death occurs in an article published in the *Christian Union*, by Dr. R. W. Raymond, who had known him intimately for many years. Writing of his peculiar sincerity of character, Dr. Raymond says:—

"Certainly, I never met another man who was so entirely the same in public and in private. . . . It is often said, by those who fancy themselves critics, that he was a great actor. In the most important sense this is not only not true, it is the exact opposite of truth. He could not dissemble. He could not give force of expression to a feeling which was not with equal force dominant for the time within him."

This trait is the complement of the one noted in our first chapter (page 11) as the chief element of the man's life—his sensitiveness to truth. To prevaricate, to give a shifty, double-sensed answer, was something that in forty years of acquaintance and twenty of close personal, literary, and business association with him, as his publisher, I never knew him to do: nor do I believe it was possible for him.* He could be silent; no man more utterly so. And at times, when pursued by questions that he did not wish to answer, he would pass into silence, not only, but an impassibility of countenance that gave no more sign of understanding or of response than the face of the Sphinx. When he spoke at all, in public or in private, he spoke the truth, as it was given to him to see the truth.

* In this chapter it will occasionally be simpler and more fitting for the writer to speak in his own person, as the material is, to some extent, in the nature of personal testimony.

Henry Ward Beecher

This was so characteristic that it could be seen throughout his life—in every element and phase. It is the explanation of many puzzling things. When Bismarck first appeared in European diplomacy, he baffled all the trained diplomats of the day by the simple device of speaking the truth, for they, never supposing that any man in power would plainly disclose his real intentions, calculated on the opposite, or on some variation, and deceived themselves. It is in much the same way that Henry Ward Beecher—not from shrewd forecast, but by natural impulse and determinate principle a truth-lover and truth-speaker—has been an enigma to many, who, seeing a man pre-eminent in so many other directions, have judged his truthfulness, at times, not by his own sincere utterances, but by their observations of average humanity.

And yet no one of them will say that he was otherwise on the level of ordinary men. They will recognize his greatness of intellect, of imagination, of heart, of physical power, and of that indefinable but very positive gift which they call eloquence, and which is a resultant of all the other gifts; yet so weak is their faith that they cannot conceive of a man having all this and the crowning graces of moral and spiritual steadfastness besides. What, however, was the realm in which he lived and moved, and to which he devoted all his strength? What was the one thing that underlay his every utterance? It was *the elevation of human life above the physical and temporal, to the higher plane of the moral and spiritual;* and the testimony of many who knew his daily "walk and conversation," in matters both small and great, is that he was to a rare degree one who practiced what he preached. Except in certain noted matters wherein his own interests were deeply involved, his sincerity was never doubted; yet just there is where he should receive the benefit of "good character." For when to the aim of fifty years of effort, open and known to all men, is added the central, unmistakable characteristic of truthfulness, it stands to reason that the words of such a man are to be received as realities.

In fact, his words were realities, to him, in a sense far

more actual than most men can comprehend. So instantaneous and forcible were his processes of thought, so thorough were his convictions, so vivid were the conceptions of his mind and the analogies and similes with which his imagination flashed them upon the perception of his hearers, that they took place in him as *experiences*, rather than as the mere results of intellection. When he was preparing for a public occasion he avoided any clear formulation of his material until the time was almost at hand, because it was so difficult for him to follow a second time over a line of thought once taken. If I may repeat a portion of what I contributed to a chapter of Reminiscences in Abbott and Halliday's "Life" of him, a remark he made just previous to beginning his third series of "Yale Lectures on Preaching" will be apt, here. The series was to be on "Methods of Using Christian Doctrines," and the day before he was to go to New Haven I asked him: "Do you know pretty nearly the line of treatment you mean to take?"—for it was a difficult and critical task, and he dreaded it.

"Yes; in a way," he answered. "I know what I am going to aim at, but of course I don't get down to anything specific. I brood it, and ponder it, and dream over it, and pick up information about one point and another, but if ever I *think* I see the plan opening up to me I don't dare to look at it or put it down on paper. If I once write a thing out, it is almost impossible for me to kindle up to it again. I never dare, nowadays, to write out a sermon during the week; that is sure to kill it. I have to think around and about it, get it generally ready, and then *fuse it* when the time comes."

This every one knew who was familiar with the difficulty he always had in correcting for the press what he had spoken, when it had been reported and put in type; and even what he had written. The matter under revision was no longer in process of making, to be perfected and corrected, but was a thing done, and had become an outside fact, simply suggestive of new ideas. The original production ran great risk of being overrun with new

growth; every joint pushed forth a fresh bud of vital expansion. Hence, he rarely undertook to see his speeches or lectures or sermons after their delivery, until they came to him printed and published.

Nor was this the case with his public utterances alone. The thought that arose, if not suppressed altogether, was apt to find instant and forceful expression. He was quite as likely to burst out into splendid eloquence amid a small group of chatting friends, or even to a single listener, as before a vast audience,—not Macaulay-like, in artificial fireworks, but with the spontaneity and friendly glow of a great mass of cannel coal at the home fireside.

He was moved by his own inner forces. One would as soon suspect the Atlantic of holding back a particularly grand roll of surf at Long Branch until people should come down to see it, as to imagine Mr. Beecher "keeping" a fine thought or a striking figure till he had an audience. It was not that he despised careful preparation for public speech, since his whole life was a constant gathering,—a patient, painstaking, studious reading of books, and of men, individually and socially; a storing of his mind with multitudinous information and the results of other men's thought and discovery. But all this entered into his own mind and became an indivisible part of himself; and when, in talk or in conversation or in public speech, an idea came up for expression, it laid hold of him with power, as a real thing; and it was this, together with his natural gifts and cultivated modes of utterance, that made such strong impression on others.

It is important to have this fact, of the native and habitual outspeaking sincerity of the man, thoroughly stated; for on it stands his life. And by way of emphasizing what I have called the "reality" of his thoughts, to himself, it will perhaps be worth while to claim and restate here another personal reminiscence, which I have several times seen in print, although I never put it there.

It was at the close of one of his patriotic Thanksgiving Day sermons that, after raising his hearers with him to a noble elevation of thought and sentiment, he closed with

an apostrophe to Liberty, whose radiant face and form he described in dazzling eloquence. A day or two later I chanced to be where he was, in a family circle, and as he was weary he had thrown himself down on the sofa. We were speaking of a report of the sermon in one of the papers: "But," said he, "how stupid of the reporter to make that a diamond-*studded* scepter! It was a *diamond* scepter—one flashing crystal."

"Now, Mr. Beecher, that's not likely. Whoever knew of such a thing? Besides, the phonographer probably wrote just what he heard, and it is my recollection that you *said* 'diamond-studded.'"

With one bound he was on his feet. "I don't know what I *said*, but I know what I *saw*." And then with earnestness and increasing intensity as he was rekindled by the remembrance, which seemed to have been an unusually vivid one, he went on and told how it came about, what had been the foregoing thought, and how, suddenly, the vision shone upon him, and what it was. From that time I never doubted that he did actually see—that his imagination did really "body forth"—the forms of things unknown, and of known things not present to the bodily eye.

There is another such reminiscence,—not so poetical or striking as to the vision, but perhaps even more to the point under discussion.

In another of his sermons on Thanksgiving Day Mr. Beecher was describing an imaginary interview between a ship-owner of kindly Christian feeling and an old sailor on one of his ships in port, which the merchant had gone to look at. He indicated the superior's frank and friendly way of speaking, and then the old sailor raised himself slowly up from his work to reply. Mr. Beecher never used tobacco; I doubt if he ever tasted it; but, in the person of the old sailor, he rolled his tongue around in his cheek, put up his hand, and, to clear his mouth for talking, unmistakably made the movement of taking out of it a large cud, and went on with his reply. The conversation proceeded for perhaps a minute. Mr. Beecher's right hand meanwhile had dropped

to his side, but it was closed, as if holding something. When finally he spoke of the merchant pleasantly offering his right hand to say good-by, *the sailor's closed right hand furtively threw away something behind him, was wiped off on the back of his trousers, and then* held out to receive the gentleman's farewell. I had watched the hand, believing that the orator all the while unconsciously felt the "moist unpleasant body" of the sailor's cud, and was proportionately amused to see him throw it away and wipe his hand sailor-fashion before taking the other's proffered palm. The experience was a *reality* to the man who was describing it.

When I afterwards asked Mr. Beecher about it he was immensely tickled with the comicality of the thing, but had no recollection of the minor details at all. What he was after was the illustration of his subject; the special mode of doing it was something he gave no thought to. And, indeed, the action was so quiet and unnoticeable that it could not have been an intentional part of the picture, and I doubt if it was seen by the audience at all.

But, it may be objected, this is not moral sincerity. No; yet it shows the native temper and habit of the mind, which has much to do with moral developments of every kind. And that tendency, to speak the things that were himself, may be found—nay, it is one of the most obvious qualities noticeable—in all his multifarious teachings. Says Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:—*

"The way a man handles his egoisms is a test of his mastery over an audience or a class of readers. What we want to know about the person who is to counsel or lead us is, just what he is, and nobody can tell us so well as he himself. . . . Mr. Beecher has the simple frankness of a man who feels himself to be perfectly sound, in bodily, mental, and moral structure; and his self-revelation is a thousand times nobler than the assumed impersonality which is a common trick with cunning speakers who never forget their own interests. Thus it is that wherever Mr. Beecher goes, everybody feels, after he has addressed them once or twice, that they know him well, almost as if they had always known him; and there is not a man in the land who has such a multitude who look upon him as their brother."

* "The Minister Plenipotentiary," page 422.

In the "Beecher-Memorial" volume, compiled and published by Mr. Edward W. Bok, among other interesting contemporary tributes to Mr. Beecher's qualities, is one from Dr. William A. Hammond. Referring to Mr. Beecher's speech at the dinner given to Herbert Spencer when in New York, he says:—

"I shall never forget the effect which his ringing words produced upon an audience, composed as it was, of hard-headed men who were not accustomed to be swayed by their emotions. They rose to their feet, waved their table-napkins, and shouted themselves hoarse, not because they all approved the views which he then revealed to them, but because of the astounding courage, the wonderful regard for the truth as he understood it, and the almost superhuman honesty by which he must have been actuated."

It was this very sincerity of self-revelation, and the further fact that there was a self worthy to be revealed, that was his strength. To quote Dr. Storrs again: "His power has been so constant and so vast only because the sources of it have been so manifold and so deep."

This same outspeaking fashion of his, however, was also a source of weakness, in that it sometimes led him into headlong leaps of feeling and overstrenuous or inaccurate statements. In his address to the New York and Brooklyn Association of Ministers and Churches, October 11, 1882, when he resigned his connection with that body in order that neither the Association nor any of its members should feel oppressed by the sense of any responsibility for his religious teachings, he said:—

"I have my own peculiar temperament; I have my own method of preaching: and my method and temperament necessitate errors. I am not worthy to be related in the hundred-thousandth degree to those more happy men who never make a mistake in the pulpit. I make a great many. I am impetuous. I am intense at times on subjects that deeply move me. I feel as though all the ocean were not strong enough to be the power behind my words, nor all the thunders in the heavens; and it is of necessity that such a nature should at times give such intensity to parts of doctrine as to exaggerate them when you come to bring them into connection with a more rounded and balanced

view. I know it. I know it as well as you do. I would not do this if I could help it; but there are times when it is not I that is talking; when I am caught up and carried away so that I know not whether I am in the body or out of the body; when I think things in the pulpit that I could never think in the study, and when I have feelings that are so far different from any that belong to the lower or normal condition that I can neither regulate them nor understand them. I see things, and I hear sounds, and seem, if not in the seventh heaven, yet in a condition that leads me to apprehend what Paul said,—that he heard things which it was not possible for a man to utter.

"I am acting under such a temperament as that. I have got to use it, or not preach at all. I know very well I do not give crystalline nor thoroughly guarded views. There is often an error on this side and on that; but I cannot stop to correct them. . . . The average and general influence of a man's teaching will be more mighty than any single misconception, or misapprehension through misconception.

The Association would seem to have agreed with that final assertion, for after the long and full statement of his beliefs and teachings, which he proceeded to make, they passed without a dissenting voice a resolution, recognizing his magnanimity in wishing to relieve his fellows in the Association of even apparent responsibility, but declaring that his exposition of doctrinal views "indicates the propriety of his continued membership in this or any other Congregational Association," requesting him to withdraw his resignation, and finally saying:—

"We desire to place on record, as the result of a long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Beecher, a familiar observation of the results of his life, as well as his preaching and pastoral work, that we cherish for him an ever-growing personal attachment as a brother beloved and a deepening sense of his worth as a Christian minister."

Our point here, however, is that whether in public or in private, whether in quiet moods, or under the stimulus of a keen interest, or on the sweep and swing of a mighty wave of feeling, he was always natural, always himself, always giving forth his own interior condition, honestly and frankly; and those who knew him longest came by experience to know the truthfulness of his words.

This is especially noticeable in his letters, whether to friends, acquaintances, or strangers. With a strong sense upon him of an unwillingness to read manuscript and an impatience of pen-work, he was nevertheless a voluminous correspondent, and wrote innumerable letters, notes, scraps of memoranda, questions, answers, instructions,—every conceivable size and style of epistolary communication to all sorts and conditions of men. A collection of his letters would be a mountain of ore-veins, with many a bonanza-chimney of pure precious metal; sense and trifling nonsense, fun and broad-based wisdom, affectionate and poetic sentiment, tender sympathy in trouble, the noblest spirituality—the man himself. Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., in his graphic and characteristic "Life" of Mr. Beecher, says:—

"Years hence, when the ultimate biographer and collector shall have received from all sources, at home and abroad, the multitudinous trifles which go to make the comprehensive whole, far from the least of these illustrations of the greatness and goodness, the weakness and the uniqueness of Mr. Beecher's character will be found in letters, sent here and there, dashed off with the rapidity of friendly utterance, or penned with care and thought as to their effect. . . . Elsewhere in this volume will be found letters written during a period of forty years to his most intimate friends. . . . They are packed with sentiment. They give evidence of his extraordinary and peculiar vocabulary, and are brightly garlanded with choice illustrations drawn from the heavens, from the earth, from the verdure-clad fields, from the golden granaries of the West, from the heart of society, from the progress of art and science, from everything which human nature teaches, showing that it was his constant habit so to think and so to write. . . . His letters are no more like those written by ordinary men than he was like ordinary men."

The circle that furnished the letters to which Mr. Howard alludes could doubtless furnish many more, and so could every group of heart-friends that in his long and loving life Mr. Beecher drew to himself; so, too, could lawyers, statesmen, politicians, business associates, ecclesiastical friends (and opponents), editors, young men that he helped, strangers who addressed him,—there was no limit to the varieties of humanity to whom he wrote, for

one reason and another. And the "infinite riches" of his nature could be gathered from these writings quite as effectively, if not as completely, as from his public ministrations. They are all characteristically frank; and while naturally his exuberant sentiment and affection found most outplay towards his nearest friends, many a distant correspondent has been surprised and delighted to get so much more of the man himself in a felicitous mood than had been hoped, when addressing him.

In tracing the trait of sincerity in Mr. Beecher's character, there is one point more that requires mention: his trustfulness in friendship. In his "Eulogy of Grant," the orator says:—

"Such was his loyalty to friendship that it must be set down as a fault—a fault rarely found among public men."

This remark may be applied to Mr. Beecher himself,—except that the evils flowing from his loyal belief in friends never led him into errors of principle whereby the interests of the public suffered. He himself took the chief injury. It is true, there were occasions when his confidence in the disinterestedness and judgment of some friends resulted in unjust conclusions bearing upon others; but they were candid mistakes, amid complicated currents, at times when he felt the need of experienced and unbiased counsel and believed that he had found it. When an idea took possession of him he held it tenaciously, and in the face of opposition would sometimes forward it with tremendous force (under pressure of that human faculty which he himself has happily described somewhere as a "conceited conscience"). Yet he was not a stubborn man; and when fairly convinced of error he was no laggard in acknowledging it. A patent fact in his career was that in the realm of personal friendship his powerful affection for others—and especially for any whom he could help—drew him into confidence in the sincere love for him of those whom he loved. The honest strength of his own feeling sometimes blurred his sight, when the feelings of others towards him were to be discriminated. It sprang from his own open and sincere nature. The special instances

of this trait which plunged him into the deep and awful trouble of his life need no specification here. They are but too well known.

It presents an anomaly; yet the fact stands: Mr. Beecher's knowledge and intuitions of human nature as shown in his published works would seem to be almost unrivaled, since the day of the master-dramatist who stands above comparison; while yet his judgment in the cases of actual persons was at times egregiously wrong.

His remarkable knowledge of man's nature was based on incessant observation and study of men's actions and motives, the results of which were shot through with the light of his marvelous imagination and warmed into life by his human sympathy, enabling him to vitally realize what must be the consciousness of others—to think their thoughts, and feel their sensations, and be moved by their emotions. But there was a force in him greater than knowledge, loftier than imagination, more potent than generic human sympathy: it was the constant outreaching of an affectionate heart for personal friendship. Freely he received, throughout his life; for who could resist or ignore the friendliness of so rich, so noble a nature? And, as he received, so and much more freely did he give, bounteously, unreservedly. Nothing pleased him so much as the power to please or serve a friend,—unless it was a chance to do a good turn for an enemy.

Yet it is not to be supposed that he gave his friendship without just cause. Among the thousands who felt his personal influence and who bore to him an enduring personal affection, the members of Plymouth Church showed that their friendship was of the lasting kind, while of those who at one time and another became intimate with him, the element of constancy was lacking in but a pitiful few. The roll would be seen to contain many noble and honored names, with others quite as worthy if less known. He was attracted by beautiful and generous qualities, and instinctively repelled by low and mean ones. Of the two false friends who raised the cloud of suspicion that cast so black a shadow on his life, one had been a youth of noble promise

who had grown to maturity under his fostering kindness and loving care, and who in early manhood showed many winning and admirable qualities; while the other, frank and attractive in demeanor, intelligent and interesting in conversation, came to him in an hour of desperation, professing indeed to be moved by loyalty to his opponent, but winning his confidence by free protestations of belief in him, and offers to undertake the generous office of "mutual friend."

Complaint has been made concerning Mr. Beecher, that he had the "royal trait" of accepting not only homage but service and sacrifice, as no more than his due, and that he was negligent of homely obligations. This is true; but it is only half the truth. A man of many and important functions, he was under large responsibilities, which needed both service and sacrifice from many helpers. In the great Congregational Council of February, 1876,—the largest in the history of the denomination,—which assembled to consider (and resulted in practically sustaining) the propriety of the rules and practice of the disciplinary polity of Plymouth Church, the fact was brought out that the membership of that church was something over two thousand five hundred; and that when the whole church work was considered, its parish of families, its own immense Sunday-school, its Bethel and Mayflower Mission schools, etc., it was seen to be the center of from 12,000 to 15,000 persons, looking to it for instruction, for consolation, for moral direction. That would be enough for almost any man to carry on his soul. Yet Mr. Beecher's duties, as a sort of central heart to supply and circulate spiritual life-blood, were not limited by these thousands, although their needs were the nearest and the most conscious. There were demands upon him from every side—his neighborhood, his city, his friends, various literary and business enterprises, political questions and questioners, public lectures in all parts of the land, and other things that will suggest themselves to those who knew his life; not to mention the army of the poor, the sick, the afflicted, the unfortunate, the importunate, the inconsiderate, the asinine, with all of whom and of which his patience was tire-

less and his activity endless, for good. True, as he once said to a hostile audience delaying him in his speech, "We have all the time there is;" but even that did not suffice for the calls upon him; he had to work largely through others. And as all who worked with him and under him felt his inspiration, they gladly gave him service and sacrifice; and he, unconsciously, but most naturally and correctly, identifying himself with his work, did doubtless accept this as no more than his due.

There were times when this went too far; when—especially under the influence of others who, more facile than he in the special matters under consideration, changed the relative focus of things in his sight—he failed to appreciate the position and just rights of some of these colaborers with him. Yet as one who knew much of his way for many years, I wish to record my belief—arrived at not by impulse or through mere personal affection—that he was never consciously unjust, but that on the contrary he would far rather suffer than inflict injury. During twenty years of intimate work with him, while there were often passages of perplexity and even severe trials of the relations between us, I never received from him one impatient or unkind word. And not only so, but I think it safe to say that during all those years I never heard from him an irritable or harsh expression about other people (except in that playful extravagance which robbed it of its sting), even concerning those who were most unfaithful and venomous toward him.

He was not perfect; and he would have been the first to laugh at such a claim for him. His intentness on one thing would often cause him to forget another thing which people were justly expecting; he was unmethodical, and hard to work with because he could not be counted upon as a sure element at the time needed; his modes of work increasingly depended upon his moods of spirit and of body; he moved over so large a field and was a part of so many groups and interests and movements that some of them at times suffered sorely: yet, he did his best. Perhaps he undertook too much.

His weak point was always his sympathetic nature as regarded persons. His courage never failed, except when it was necessary to do something that would displease or grieve or afflict a friend; and then he was cowardly—there is no other word for it. Sometimes in church affairs, sometimes in business matters, a certain line of action would be decided on in consultation which would displace or disappoint some one for whom he had a strong affection, even perhaps on whom he had especially leaned; and if it was arranged that he should convey the decision to the knowledge of the party interested, he would postpone it, avoid it from day to day—until at length the crisis was at hand, and he either left the circumstance to make itself known, or took refuge from the personal complication in a stern setting forth of the necessities that had compelled the decision. That this was a kind of moral cowardice, no candid friend of his can deny. In several instances it resulted in the keenest distress and indignation on the part of the friend whom he could not bear to wound, but who was, even thereby, the more sorely bruised.

It was somewhat the same in cases of bereavement, although less so because he was not in any way responsible for the personal suffering. He would shrink like a girl from announcing to a friend the death of a dear one; yet, even in the most painful circumstances, when the duty was brought before him of comforting the afflicted at the time of burial, he quietly and strongly grasped the situation, and the power of his uplifting spirit was wonderful. Perhaps it was because the very publicity of such occasions divested them somewhat of the personal element, and brought them upon that ideal or generic plane of human nature, which was so familiar to his ken, and his subtle sympathy with which, on the other hand, made individuals so responsive to his touch.

There certainly seems to have been some such underlying cause for the coupling of his almost unfailing knowledge, wisdom, and courage, when things were to be considered on the broad ground of general principles,

with his occasional lack of poise and correct character-reading where individual friends were concerned. The latter, however, although a marked defect, was at worst a weakness, not a vice. It arose from his excess of what in due proportion is a very noble quality—that of personal sympathy; a quality which gave tone and color to his entire life, which led him into nearly all his troubles, but which on the other hand was the element of that outspeaking self which, as Dr. Holmes says, drew such multitudes to "look upon him as their brother." To him as a man may be applied his own description of his preaching: "Not crystalline [symmetrical] nor thoroughly guarded;" with "often an error on this side and on that;" but his "average and general influence will be more mighty than any single misconception,"—and that certainly was upon a high plane of being, and in the direction of the purest and noblest aspirations.

These characteristics of Mr. Beecher have been here brought together in order to be utilized with some other facts, which have never to my knowledge been so grouped before, in considering briefly the one great trouble of his life, which for some years markedly diminished his general public influence, although the richness and power of his spiritual ministrations in his church were during that period as markedly increased.

It was one of the difficulties inseparable from his person and place that whatever related to him had to go into the newspapers. He experienced the extreme of good and the uttermost of evil that newspaper discussion can effect. The slime of whispered scandal that his especial enemies trailed about for some years reached the editors of all the chief journals, but they had the manliness to let it alone. The ecclesiastical discussions which arose when Tilton, and afterward Mrs. Moulton, were "dropped from the roll" of Plymouth Church, were fruitful occasions of partisanship and prejudgment; and when Tilton published his final accusations (swollen, by repetitions and accretions, from impropriety to hideous crime) the positions of the parties involved made newspaper discussion inevitable. The men

of Mr. Beecher's own profession, moved variously by friendship and loyal trust in a man of hitherto spotless life and reputation, and on the other hand by "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" in theologic differences and personal jealousies, took sides, and made another unusual element; while politics, religion, and every other line along which he had made himself felt, furnished friends or foes according to individual experiences of his help or his hindrance in their former doings. In short, the simple question of Henry Ward Beecher's personal innocence or guilt of what was charged against him had no fair field for settlement.

His church—a body of men and women who certainly had the keenest interest possible in knowing the true character of the man under whose influence they and their children were living, and containing a multitude who had never hesitated to oppose him and, if they could, to vote him down in church affairs when they did not agree with him—investigated the matter through a committee of men honored and trusted by the whole membership, and cleared him.

When at last the matter was brought into a court of justice by a suit against him for $100,000 "damages," it received as full and exhaustive an exposition as ten lawyers, and a judge who gave them free range to collect and bring in all possible testimony, could accomplish in a six months' trial. The result was a disagreement of the jury, three members of which voted finally against Mr. Beecher, and nine (comprising all who were men of Christian belief) for him. Without discussing the surmised or asserted reasons for this disagreement, it is enough to say, that the verdict of the majority, agreeing as it did with the opinion of those who best knew the man, was subsequently confirmed by experts in evidence whose opinions are now accessible.

The oldest and probably the most influential clergyman among the Congregationalists of Great Britain is Rev. Henry Allon, D.D., pastor of the Union Chapel, Islington, London, and for many years editor of the *British Quarterly Review*. His church and congregation are very large, comprising more persons of eminent intelligence, position,

wealth, and effectiveness in the community than any other of the denomination, while their works of Christian charity and systematic help among the poor of London offer proof of their Christian orthodoxy. Dr. Allon is not an emotional man, like his friend and Mr. Beecher's friend, Dr. Joseph Parker, the great preacher of the City Temple; he is rather of the more exact, intellectual type, a man of scholarly culture, a preacher and writer of polished vigor, of a forcible yet chastened eloquence. For years before they had met, Dr. Allon had been a reader and admirer of Mr. Beecher's sermons (which, by the way, have been published in *The Christian World* of London, one every week, since January, 1861, without a single omission, to the present time, and still continue). In 1863 the men met, and from that time a firm friendship had bound them. When in 1869 the first volume of the "Plymouth Pulpit" sermons was issued in book-form, Dr. Allon spoke of them as follows:—

"These corrected sermons of perhaps the greatest of living preachers—a man whose heart is as warm and catholic as his abilities are great—combine fidelity and scriptural truth, great power, glorious imagination, fervid rhetoric, and vigorous reasoning, with intense human sympathy and robust common-sense."

When this trouble arose Dr. Allon was, naturally, intensely moved; and, while believing loyally in the character of his accused friend, was like many others puzzled by the days of silence and by the complications of the whole affair.

When finally the civil trial came on, Dr. Allon called to him several of his most trusted parishioners, some of them eminent in the profession of the law, and agreed with them that he and they should, each by himself, read scrupulously every part of the case as it proceeded—speeches, testimony, documents, summings up, charges, all—and get as accurate a knowledge of the whole as professional weighers of evidence could who did not see and hear the witnesses. When it was concluded, and the muddled jury rendered no verdict, this "struck jury" of experts came together and, without discussion, gave their individual ballots; the result being unanimous in the opinion that there was *no evidence to sustain the charge of the plaintiff*.

But again: the editor of the *Law Journal* (Albany, N.Y.) is Mr. Irving Browne. In an article on Mr. Beecher's death in the issue of March 19, 1887, after referring to Mr. Beecher's "excessive impulsiveness and guilelessness," which he regarded as "the secret of the great scandal," he says:—

"We recorded our convictions about this unhappy affair at the time, and should not now refer to it except to repeat the opinion of the leading counsel for the plaintiff [Tilton], the late William A. Beach. Mr. Beach was predisposed to believe Beecher guilty, but after the trial he declared in our hearing that he believed him innocent, and that his appearance and utterance when he asserted his innocence on the witness-stand were the most sublime and overpowering exhibition of the majesty of human nature that he ever beheld. He could not understand how any one could resist that solemn avowal. 'I felt, and feel now,' said he, 'that we were a pack of hounds trying in vain to drag down a noble lion.'"

In the issue of April 30th, referring to some question that had been raised as to the correctness of his memory of Mr. Beach's remarkable statement, Mr. Browne says:—

"The remarks which we quoted were addressed by Mr. Beach to the Hon. Martin I. Townsend and ourselves, and we see in an 'interview' with Mr. Townsend, published in a Troy newspaper, that he confirms our recollection of Mr. Beach's assertion that he believed Mr. Beecher innocent. Mr. Beach said other things which rendered it impossible that we should be mistaken as to his opinion. Mr. Beach, Mr. Townsend, and ourselves were old acquaintances, fellow-townsmen, near neighbors, and practiced at the Troy bar together for many years. . . . We do not see that Mr. Beach's 'integrity' is in the least involved. He simply went on after Mr. Beecher's testimony, and made the best he could of a poor case, and even his greatest admirers admitted that his argument was weak, half-hearted, and unequal to his reputation."

And later in the same issue he adds:—

"Since writing the above we have seen the Troy *Times* of April 25th, which, in speaking of our report of Mr. Beach's opinion, says: 'It finds confirmation and support from acquaintances of the late Mr. Beach in this locality. A resident of Lansingburgh says: "Mr. Beach had old friends and companions here. He declared to them his belief in the innocence of Beecher. He

said to one of them: 'I had not been four days in the trial before I was confident that he was innocent.' And he adhered years after the trial to the opinion. It seems that it is worth while to record the fact that Beach said so, freely and positively, as I am told by one of the men to-day."' A correspondent also writes from Lansingburgh to the *Times* in the same issue: 'It is a fact that Mr. Beach, in the frankness of his intimacy with gentlemen in this village, stated that he formed, and then, when he spoke, long after the trial, held the opinion that Mr. Beecher was an innocent man, and that *the trial of Tilton* v. *Beecher established that conviction in his mind.*'"

A verdict in favor of the defendant, from the leading counsel of the plaintiff, contrary to his original belief when he entered the case, and established by the trial itself, ought to be enough to satisfy any really reasonable mind.

If more were needed, it might be found in the subsequent friendliness of most of the others of the plaintiff's counsel shown for the defendant in after years; and especially by the fact that Chief Justice Neilson, who presided at the trial and had formerly not known Mr. Beecher, was ever after his fast friend. And when, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music (in 1883, eight years after the trial), the fellow-citizens of the venerable clergyman assembled to celebrate his seventieth birthday with testimonials of respect and affection such as no other man has ever received from them, Justice Neilson presided at the opening of the meeting.

It is true that many hold themselves in doubt concerning this sad yet triumphant passage in Mr. Beecher's life, although they have never done what all the above-mentioned experts did, and conscientiously made themselves masters of all the facts and testimony bearing upon it. They content themselves by saying, "Upon that question the tribunal of history may render a clearer judgment than this generation has reached." Happy those—and in this case the multitude is increasing—who do not need a forty years' pilgrimage through the wilderness of collateral prejudice to find the straight and simple path out of this mystery!

The characteristics of Henry Ward Beecher which form the theme of this chapter are an inseparable part of his political career, as that was a natural outgrowth and essential portion of his whole life. The very elements that gave his intellectual qualities such a unique power in the church and the world—his love of truth, his sincerity, his frank self-revelation, his sympathy, his remarkable emotive force—were what led him into the shadow of his great trouble, but, inspired by his singular realization of the indwelling of the spirit of God in the soul of man, they also led him through the darkness into the light beyond. No one can comprehend the fact that he was sustained under that crushing weight for years, and steadily, cheerfully, and with power continued his work, showing more of the wealth of his great nature than ever before, who does not accept the idea that he was a pure-souled, Christian man, who loved his kind and absolutely trusted the God he professed to serve. No other theory will account for it. His sermons from 1873 to 1876 are the richest and strongest that he ever preached. It was in 1872-3-4, in the most trying time of the trouble, that he was invited to give three courses of "Lectures on Preaching" at the Divinity School of Yale College, in the "Lyman Beecher Lectureship" founded by his friend Henry W. Sage; and those three series of lectures, on the "Personal Elements," "Social and Religious Machinery," and "Christian Doctrines," stand as perhaps the most valuable of all his contributions to the education and inspiration of his time.

His general popularity at that period of course suffered a severe reversion. His books, his paper, his public lectures, were not wanted, and business troubles were added to his burden—a burden the heavier for him, that others had to suffer in consequence. There was but little wanting to his pain; yet the love of loyal friends and his unfaltering trust in a Father God were enough to keep his mind serene and his spirit sweet and steadfast in kindness.

In 1876 he began public lecturing again. Major J. B. Pond, who was his companion on all his lecturing tours

from that time, says in the preface to "A Summer in England with Henry Ward Beecher":—

"Excepting only Arizona and New Mexico, there was not a State or Territory in the Union in which we had not traveled together. In sunshine and in storm; by night, by day, by every conceivable mode of travel; on steamboats and rowboats; by stage, and on the backs of mules, I had journeyed at his side. I was near him in the days of 1876–8, the time of his deepest sorrow, when he was reviled and spit upon; I saw the majestic courage with which he passed through gaping crowds at railroad stations, and at the entrances of hotels and public halls,—a courage which I had not conceived mere humanity could possess. . . .

"Especially during those three darkest years was he the subject of my sad admiration. Often have I seen him on our entering a strange town hooted at by the swarming crowd, and greeted with indecent salutations. On such occasions he would pass on, seemingly unmoved, to his hotel, and remain there until the hour for his public appearance; then, confronted by great throngs, he would lift up his voice, always for humanity and godliness. . . . . And when he had spoken, the assemblages would linger to draw near to and greet the man whom they had so lately despised. How changed I have often seen the public attitude toward him when he left a town into which he had come but the day before! . . .

"I thank God that it was my privilege to attend his fortunes to the end, and to see and hear on both sides of the continent, and on both sides of the ocean, demonstrations of love and confidence that came at length in so unsullied and vast a stream, from the church, his friends, his country, and his race, toward him who had brought so many thousands of them so much nearer than they had been to the common Master of us all."

Several of the discourses in this volume, of 1876, 1877, and 1878, show how he again laid hold on public questions; and as the years went by his great power was gradually re-confirmed,—those who oftenest saw and heard him being his staunchest supporters.

And thus, little by little, slowly but steadily, his sun rose once more, through the clouds and mists, until it rode high in the heavens, shining with a full and noble effulgence.

VII.

CONCLUSION.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was so large a personality, so multifarious a nature, that hundreds of writers have not only since his death but also during his life attempted to depict him, without accomplishing more than showing, each one, the phase that he himself had been able to appreciate. The pictures are mostly truthful, but all are partial. Fortunately, the theme of these chapters is not the man but only a single line of his activity, and we are dispensed from even the attempt to present a complete view.

It is true, in trying to find some of the more potent factors in his political life and influence, we have been obliged to consider his principal native qualities and the conditions of their growth and cultivation; because his political activity was not an artificial addition to his regular labors, but a spontaneous outgrowth of himself, and an integral part of his life-work. It illustrates the man. When one comprehends his acts and motives there, it is easier to see the unity and beauty of his entire life. His enthusiastic and unwavering love for God and for man gave him an access to spiritual forces and to an answering sympathy from men's hearts, that kept his power upon them vital to the last. His keen perception and industry and assimilative capacity provided an endless store of knowledge; and when, drawing from this "things new and old," he reasoned with men, and illumined good sense with the brightness of wit, with poetic attractiveness, and with the ennobling beauty of the moral and the spiritual, his hearers had confidence in his wisdom.

This was to be seen wherever he appeared, and especially among men of his own profession, who, however much they may have assumed him to be deficient in their peculiar modes of reasoning, never failed to look up to him for inspiration or be glad to get his help when his powerful personality was present. A distinguished authority has spoken of seeing him "in councils and deliberative assemblies where, when the business became intricate and entangled, and things were greatly mixed, there came in his clear, incisive sagacity, his persuasive eloquence, and his resolute will, and pulled things straight with marvelous suddenness."

His inborn honesty and candor were evident in his impulsive habit. Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., in an article in his paper, the *Christian Union*, makes a statement the truth and aptitude of which are so striking that I wish to cite it, and bear personal witness to its correctness. It refers to the goodness as one source of the greatness of Mr. Beecher:—

"He was a great preacher because he was a great and good man. He was pure as a pure woman; simple as a little child; frank to a fault. His most intimate friends never heard from his lips a suggestion of a salacious jest; I never knew the man bold enough to venture on one in his presence. He was incapable of deceit or artifice. He could conceal, when concealment was necessary, only by maintaining an absolutely impenetrable reserve. The charges of duplicity and falsehood which a foul conspiracy brought against him some years ago, were to all who knew him as intellectually absurd as they were morally monstrous."

This native and habitual sincerity, and his sturdy independence of opinion, strengthening him to stand always foremost among the battlers of right against wrong—even when his personal affiliations and sympathies acted to deter him from differences with those whom he loved—gained and kept for him the respect of mankind. His very opponents—unless small-souled enough to be utterly blinded by passion, either of personal or partisan prejudice—conceded to him a remarkable honesty in opinion and in action. And in those characteristics—faith, knowl-

edge, sagacity, sincerity, and independence—lay the reasons for his influence upon the political life of this nation, an influence unparalleled and unequaled by that of any other unofficial American citizen in the history of the land. When the length of his career is considered, and the breadth of it—whether as to the number of individuals affected or the variety of interests involved—his life will be seen to have been an inseparable and mighty element in that of the nation.

Dr. W. S. Searle, for many years Mr. Beecher's physician, writes in an article in the *North American Review:* "History records no man who outranked his fellows in more directions, and to a greater extent, and who fell below the average in fewer elements and developments of mind and soul." That is certainly a truthful, unexaggerated statement, put in a form not easy to deny. And while it finds illustration in every portion of Mr. Beecher's life, it stands especially substantiated in his political career. His public life, represented only by a few salient points in these thirty-two "Patriotic Addresses," covered actively a full half-century. What other name stands for so prolonged, so full, so steady a power; for so few mistakes and so many notable successes; for such unvaried pressure on the side of moral right, of spiritual elevation, of a loyal trust in God and a generous trust of man?

His influence on the religious life of his generation was of course greater than his political power, because it was to the former especially that he devoted himself, even while laboring in politics, reform, or the lighter realm of literary entertainment. This can be here only alluded to. In 1869 a newspaper noticing an early volume of "Plymouth Pulpit" asserted that his influence on religious thought was greater than that of all the theological seminaries put together. This friendly exaggeration, however, contained a truth; his teachings permeated the atmosphere and were felt wherever young men, earnest to think and to learn, were studying religious problems. Mr. George S. Merriam, in the *Christian Union*, in an article of Beecher reminiscences of the time when Mr. Merriam was Mr. Beech-

er's managing editor of that paper, apropos of an allusion to Plato, says: "While not naming him, of course, with Plato for originality, he was essentially of Plato's type in his interpretation of the universe by a lofty impassioned idealism; and the serene light of the Athenian sage kindled in the Christian preacher into a warmer and tenderer glow." This, however, is complemented by another trait no less influential, which perhaps is best set forth in a passage from one of Mr. Beecher's own sermons, entitled "Fact and Fancy:"—

"It has been said that everybody is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian—Plato standing for ideal philosophy and Aristotle for the real and practical. Everybody tends, it is said, to follow one or the other. No; the perfect man unites them both, and is at once Aristotelian and Platonist. His feet standing on solid fact, his head goes philosophizing, and his heart keeps the balance between them."

Dr. Abbott, again, noting the departure of the present time towards a less formal and a more practical and ethical religion than formerly, says that "in this great movement Mr. Beecher has been the leader. His relation to it is acknowledged of all men." "He has rendered his generation many and great services—moral, political, social, theological; but his greatest service is in this, that he has taught the Puritan Church that God is love."

His sermons and lecture-room talks have been for more than twenty-five years published and widely read in England, and many a man high in ecclesiastical honors there, as well as numberless students and young clergymen who loved and followed his teachings, have expressed their gratitude to him for the light he has shed on their path. Dr. Howson, the Dean of Chester, and joint author with Conybeare of the scholarly and famous "Life of St. Paul," came to Plymouth Church to see the man and hear the voice whose printed words had been so much to him. He went home with Mr. Beecher, and they had a delightful time together; and on his return to England he sent one of his own books in return for one Mr. Beecher had given him, inscribed, "For gold I give thee brass."

Dr. Joseph Parker, the eloquent London preacher, his unswerving friend for twenty-three years, writes:—

"As a preacher I believe the whole pulpit of the world would give him the palm. When Charles Kingsley heard him he sat and wept like a child through the whole discourse, and when it was concluded he said: 'Mr. Beecher has said the very things I have been trying to say ever since I entered the Christian pulpit.' The Dean of Canterbury said to Mr. Beecher himself: 'There is one thing, Mr. Beecher, for which we must all thank you, and that is for what you have taught us respecting the Fatherhood of God.' When he went [in 1886] through England and Scotland he was hailed on every side by ministers who bore the most grateful testimony to the happy influence which his ministry had exercised upon their spiritual life."

And this kind of evidence could be multiplied indefinitely. If he was through all those long years thus influencing the *teachers* of religion, and opening to their souls an entrance into the "lofty and impassioned idealism" in which his own spirit so largely dwelt, how incalculable his influence upon the millions who hear and read the teachings of these thousands of instructors! Truly he was a mighty man; and the marvel is that his might was so unselfishly exercised for the right.

In his last notable contribution to religious teaching—his sermons on "Evolution and Religion"—he simply gave deliberate utterance to a line of thought which he had been following, at first vaguely, afterwards with more clearness and certainty, for many years. In his preface he says:—

"The universal physical fact of evolution, which a widely accepted philosophy of our day postulates as a theory of the Divine method of creation, is one which so naturally and simply fits many a puzzling lock, that it is gratefully seized by many who seem to themselves to have been shut out from hope and from the truth.

"For myself, while finding no need of changing my idea of the Divine personality because of new light upon His mode of working, I have hailed the Evolutionary philosophy with joy. . . . And that it will furnish—nay, is already bringing—to the aid of religious truth as set forth in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ a new and powerful aid, fully in line with other marked developments of God's providence in this His world, I fervently believe."

In a private letter (1885) he writes: "It is the fruit of my life's thinking, and has come not from books but from the life of my own soul." It was a vital and helpful belief to him; and, whatever may be its fate as a basis of men's religious conceptions, he used it with power to help and vitalize the dying faith of many a man who received it with gratitude, and made it possible for many a preacher and teacher to read the signs of the times in scientific thought —not as a hindrance, but as a new inspiration, in the interpretation of God's revelation in his word and in his works.

Of the addresses in this volume it is not too much to say that they constitute a glowing picture of the times that gave them birth. Their statements, often violently disputed when first set forth, have hardened into accepted truth; and their matter and style—for terseness, clearness of reasoning, aptitude of illustration, keenness of wit, power of appeal, and all the elements of effective eloquence—will stand among the most enduring monuments of the orator's genius.

In many a passage his words now stand as prophecy fulfilled.

Lincoln, Grant, and Beecher are generally acknowledged to have been the three greatest men developed by the colossal contests of their era. Yet it is worthy of note, that both the civil hero and the military hero of the War owed their high eminence largely to the vast power of a Nation, entrusted to their able hands in official responsibility, while the power exerted by Henry Ward Beecher was simply that of his own individuality. His great church, his extensive effect upon the religious thought and teaching of his time, his wide journalistic influence, his popularity as a lecturer, his general acceptability as *the* man to voice the public feeling on all sorts of occasions, his political influence at home, his triumphant changing of the course of a stubborn nation abroad, his eminence in so many spheres of activity during so long a life,—these all grew out of the magnificent forces of the man himself.

And the man himself, therefore, is what the present volume, in spite of its limited scope, will help to show. Descriptions and biographies of him are but partial side-lights. Real knowledge of him can be had only from his own utterances, where the living flame of his genius burns imperishably. He held no office; he bore no professional label; he wore no sectarian badge or party collar; he was neither President, nor General, nor Doctor of Divinity; but above all rank, beyond all title, stands and will stand, the unadorned, yet unforgotten, name of HENRY WARD BEECHER.

These preliminary pages are concluded, with a clear sense of their imperfections, but in the hope that they may aid the reader of the following "Addresses" to appreciate the noble consistency of the life whose power men hold in wonder and admiration.

JOHN R. HOWARD

BRONZE STATUE OF BEECHER.

By J. Q. A. Ward, 1891. *City Hall Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Photo by Rockwood.

PATRIOTIC ADDRESSES

BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER

I

FREEDOM AND SLAVERY

SHALL WE COMPROMISE?*

MR. CLAY'S Compromise has been violently resisted by the South, and but coldly looked upon in the North.

It is not that both sides are infatuated and refuse a reasonable settlement. But the skill of Mr. Clay has evidently not touched the seat of disease. He either has not perceived, or has not thought it expedient to meet the real issue now before the people of the United States. The struggle going on is a struggle whose depths lie in the organization of society, in the North and South respectively; whose causes were planted in the Constitution. There are two incompatible and mutually destructive principles wrought together in the government of this land. Hitherto, like Esau and Jacob, they have striven together in the womb. Now they are born, and that feud has begun which shall drive the one or the other to the wilderness. To attempt to settle a radical opposition of polity, by easing off the rub here and there, leaving the great principles in full vigor, is as if one should hang fenders and sandbags along the side of hostile ships that come crushing together, instead of putting the helm about and going another tack. "Slavery is right," and "Slavery is wrong"; "Slavery shall live," "Slavery shall die"; "Slavery shall extend," "Slavery shall not extend";—are these conflicts to be settled by any mode of parceling out certain territories? Now the battle rages at one point. By and by it will rage at another. These oppugnant elements, Slavery and Liberty, inherent in our political system, animating our Constitution, checkering our public policy, breeding in

* From *The Independent*, Feb. 21, 1850. This article was read to John C. Calhoun, then on his death-bed. "Who writes that?" he asked. The name was given him. "That man understands the thing. He has gone to the bottom of it. He will be heard from again."

statesmen opposite principles of government, and making our whole wisdom of public legislation on many of the greatest questions cross-eyed and contradictory, these elements are seeking each other's life. One or the other must die.

We give Mr. Clay sincere praise for desiring peace. We think it worthy of his reputation, to have declared that he would never vote for the extension of Slavery. If his compromise had taken that determination as its starting point, he would then have come nearer to our ideas of the leader which our times and our difficulties demand. It is no sportive joust upon which our nation is gazing. The shield of the challenger hangs out for no blunted lance. Like Ivanhoe, we should have been glad had Mr. Clay struck the shield of Du Bois Gilbert with the sharp lance-head, importing earnest battle. One straightforward speech against the extension of Slavery, based, not upon political reasons, but on the great principles of humanity and justice; one glowing appeal to the whole nation to take the stand, which he has personally taken, *never to vote for the extension of Slavery on either side of any line;* this would have been a noble statesmanship, and crowned the last years of the revered sage of Ashland with the brightest glory of his life!

Let no man suppose that the contentions which now agitate the land have sprung from the rash procedure of a few men—the hot-heads either of the North or of the South. We are in the midst of a collision not of men, but of principles and political institutions. The inevitable course of affairs has been developing the results for which provision was made, first in the organization of society, and then in the structure of the Constitution. No harvest ever answered more closely to the husbandman's seed, than do our difficulties to the original sowing.

The North, adopting the theory of democracy, organized all her civil and industrial institutions upon that basis. Every man, the lowest, the least, the highest and best, had one common platform of rights. The South, adopting the theory of aristocracy, made two platforms—the one for the governed, the other for the governors. The one and the other began at once to exhibit their results. In the North,

labor was voluntary, honorable, and universal; in the South it was compulsory, and made disreputable by being fastened upon an abject class. Of course the laborer had different values. In the North, he was a citizen, capable of any honor, framing his own laws, making his own rulers, and so an integral element of the State. In the South, he neither voted nor determined; he had no rights; he was a slave. Labor and Laborers are the foundations of a community. The strength, the virtue, the civilization of a community must be measured by the condition of its laborers, and not by the polish on its surface.

The whole structure of society conformed to these respective foundations.

The North put honor upon its laborers; they were trained in common schools; they became reading and reflecting men; shrewdness, penetration, forecast, personal independence, fertile resource, marked the industrial classes. Grow as rapidly as the educated and the wealthy might, the distance between them and the laborer constantly diminished. There never was a time when the bottom of society was so near the top as now.

The South, making labor a disgraceful necessity, denying it education, compelling it not by those motives which are ordained healthfully to develop the man, but by the overseer's eye and lash, and educating only her wealthy sons, has steadily widened the distance between the top and bottom of society. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the tone and sentiment of societies so diversely formed. Liberty is a universal right—it belongs to *men*, on the one side; it is a privilege, and belongs to a *class*, on the other side. The North binds society together, identifies its interests, equalizes and kneads it, causing it to grow alike throughout, and makes it strong by the strength of its *individuals*, and gives to individuals the advantage of *commonweal*. There cannot be a commonwealth of Slavery. It is class-weal and class-wealth. The South hopelessly divides society; puts her honors on one side of the cleft, her menial offices on the other. The North compacts and the South stratifies. To educate the laborer is to do the

whole State a benefit, in the North; to educate the laborer is to strike at the foundations of society in the South. We send educators to the Governor's chair and to Congress. They of the South send them to the penitentiary and the gibbet.

Now, does any man doubt that here are the real, vital, distinguishing elements of two radically different governments—an Aristocracy and a Democracy? Does any one believe it possible that these respective tendencies should be confined, in the respective fields, to civil affairs? Will they not determine the family institution, the usages of society, public opinion, yea, the whole and very nature of communities? Can the agriculture of slaves and slavery and the agriculture of freemen be the same? Can the commercial interests be the same? the political economy and the politics? Can statesmen bred in such schools have common sympathies? That the North and South have many wants and many sympathies in common, is as true as that all men, the most opposite, oppressor and oppressed, deceiver and dupe, have great wants in common. But in their foundation-ideas, their political doctrines, their State policies, their conceptions of public measures, they are not only different, but, for the most part, opposite and oppugnant. States so essentially different would find harmony rather in separate existence than in federation. Yet our Union is composed of these oppositions.

When the Constitution was in birth, these things were in the seed. Yet, even then, the repellencies were such that a common Constitution was adopted only by compromise. Now if the compromises of the Constitution in the matter of Slavery were adopted in the expectation that slavery would soon be eradicated by the superior vitality of Liberty, we can understand the wisdom of the intention at least. But if it was designed that one instrument should inclose the spirit of two theories of government so totally adverse, it was the most extraordinary blindness, the most anomalous folly which honest men were ever smitten with. We should as soon look for an agreement by which Christ and Belial should jointly undertake to

govern this world! Was it thought possible to serve both Liberty and Slavery—God and Mammon? Could the same mouth breathe justice and injustice? Could a Constitution having any definite nature have two hearts, one beating for liberty with vitalized blood, and the other beating for slavery with black blood? Could it organize courts empowered to establish justice and systematic oppression?—courts, with one hand to lift up the wronged by speedy redress, and to beat down the wronged with the other by triple blows? We believe that the compromises of the Constitution looked to the destruction of Slavery and not to its establishment.

The event justified the judgment. Although incidental causes conspired to give slavery a new growth, while our country was swelling and coming into manhood, yet it soon became apparent that both systems could not long coëxist.

There are good and easy souls, not perturbed by over deep meditations, who think that men make all this national uproar. They are guiltless of supposing that our institutions are the agitators, that our civil polity is the fanatic whose firebrands inflame the Union. This movement of the spirit of the age has made the men, not the men it. We are its children. While the North and the South inveigh against each other, and fanatics are loud-mouthed against fanatics, calmer and deeper men see that both North and South are drifting, and fighting as they drift, in a current whose secret springs lie deeper than men's volitions; whose force God hath ordained and will augment, until old things are passed away, and He whose right it is shall reign. Why then should we try to stop the contest? It must come to an issue, which spirit shall animate our Constitution. The spirit of Bondage and the spirit of Liberty, when both are living spirits, cannot dwell together. Moses' rod must swallow the enchanter's, or the magician's rod must swallow the prophet's. The South have found out that Slavery cannot live and stand still. Liberty grows the fastest; has the best roots; eats out the other: and if slavery is stationary it will be

speedily overrun and smothered by the rampant vine of freedom. It must thrust out its roots; it must borrow vigor from fresh soil. Southern men are perfectly consistent in rejecting a compromise which only confirms old rights, but positively grants no extension.

The South now demands room and right for extension. She asks the North to be a partner. For every Free State she demands one State for Slavery. One dark orb must be swung into its orbit to groan and travail in pain, for every new orb of liberty over which the morning stars shall sing for joy.

On that question we hold there can be no Compromise. The Constitution has come to a period of final construction. Every year's delay will aggravate the difficulties; an earlier day had been better than this; but this is better than any future day. It is time for good men and true to gird up their loins and stand forth for God and for Humanity. No Compromises can help us which dodge the question; certainly none which settle it for Slavery. We are told that the question is momentous and beset with the most serious difficulties. Neither in the affairs of individuals nor of nations is there any difficulty when men are willing to do right. It is when Right is spun to so fine a thread that it floats like a gossamer, changing to every breath, that we lose sight of it or find it entangled in hands. There never was a plainer question for the North. It is her duty openly, firmly, and forever to refuse to Slavery another inch of territory, and to see that it never gets any by fraud. It is her duty to refuse her hand or countenance to Slavery where it now exists. It is her duty to declare that she will under no considerations be a party to any further inhumanity and injustice. Then the path will be plain and straight. The path of Duty, though a steep one, and often toilsome, is always straight and plain. Those are the labyrinthine roads, which, winding through sloughs and thickets or imbosked and dark, seek to find a way around the rocks and steeps, and to come to the gate of Success without climbing the hill of Difficulty.

Mr. Clay's compromise resolutions demand better pro-

vision for the recovery of fugitive slaves; and a bill is now pending in the United States Senate for this purpose. We cannot strongly enough express our profound regret at the remarks which Mr. Clay felt it his duty to make on this subject. On this matter, our feelings are so strong that we confess a liability to intemperance of expression.

If the compromises of the Constitution include requisitions which violate Humanity, I will not be bound by them. Not even the Constitution shall make me unjust. If my patriotic sires confederated in my behalf that I should maintain that instrument, so I will, to the utmost bounds of Right. But who, with power which even God denies to himself, shall by compact foreordain me to the commission of inhumanity and injustice? I disown the act. I repudiate the obligation. Never while I have breath will I help any official miscreant in his base errand of recapturing a fellow man for bondage. And may my foot palsy, and my right hand forget her cunning, if I ever become so untrue to mercy and to religion as not, by all the means in my power, to give aid and succor to every man whose courageous flight tells me that he is worthy of liberty. If asked, what then becomes of the Constitution, I reply by asking what becomes of God's Constitution of Humanity, if you give back a slave to the remorseless maw of servitude? I put Constitution against Constitution—God's against man's. Where they agree they are doubly sacred. Where they differ my reply to all questioners, but especially to all timid Christian scruples, is in the language of Peter: "Whether it be right, in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

Ought not Christians, by all the means in their power, to preserve the Union? Yes, by all means that are right. But, dear as the Union is, and ought to be, whenever it comes between a Christian people and their Christian integrity it becomes a snare. The very value of our Union is to be found in those principles of justice, liberty, and humanity which inspire it. But if by any infernal juggle these principles must be yielded up to preserve the Union, then a corpse only will be left in our arms, deflowered, lifeless,

worthless. A Union perpetuated by giving way to injustice—a Union maintained by obedience to the desires of slavery—is but a compact of violence. We emphasize these things because the long continued cries of politicians have produced among sober Christian men an unquestioned and undisturbed conviction that no evil can be so great as the dissolution of our Union. There are many evils infinitely greater. The loss of a national conscience is greater. The loss of public humanity is greater. An indifference to the condition of millions of miserable creatures, whose degradation, vices, ignorance, and animalism plead with our conscience in their behalf; this would be an unspeakably greater evil. So long as we can maintain the Union on terms which allow us to act with a free conscience, with humanity unviolated, we shall count no sacrifice dear to maintain it. But religion and humanity are a price too dear to pay even for the Union!

Our Southern brethren often complain that we don't understand their condition or sympathize with their real difficulties. Even so, too, we complain that they do not understand our situation and sympathize with our difficulties. There are hundreds of thousands of men to whom conscience is a law—a law notwithstanding the sneers of those who flout at the idea of a conscience party. But there is a conscience party! There is a stern and growing feeling in the Free States, not yet expressed by any distinctive organization, that the time has come for a stand against any future national inhumanity. We can bear much, but we cannot and will not bear the guilt of Slavery. We regard it as epitomizing every offense which man can commit against man. It takes liberty from those to whom God gave it as the right of all rights. It forbids all food either for the understanding or the heart. It takes all honesty from the conscience. Its takes its defense from virtue, and gives all authority into the hands of lustful or pecuniary cupidity. It scorns the family, and invades it whenever desire or the want of money prevail, with the same coolness with which a drover singles out a heifer, or a butcher strikes down a bullock. These are not the acci-

dents of slavery. They are its legitimate fruits. They are its vitality. If you stop these evils you will destroy the system. Let the slave be taught; let him have, not a filtered and adulterated Gospel, but that Gospel which angels heralded, strangely filling the air with the cry, "Peace on earth and good will toward men"—and it will make the slaves what it made the barbarous Briton and the rude Saxon—freemen and refined Christians. Take from Slavery its right to merchandise, forbid the disruption of families, the sale of slaves from the homestead where they were born, and the system will stink in the nostrils of Southern planters as it now does in our own.

Now we declare that into a fellowship with these monstrous evils, whose perpetration around our whole Southern coast is enough to preoccupy the heavenly tribunal of mercy, and to exhaust its patience on only this form of all the world-wide human suffering, we have been drawn unwittingly. We did not know, or did not think, that to swear fealty to the Constitution was to swear preservation to Slavery. We had always understood that the compromises of the Constitution were agreed upon in the North, only that time might be given for Slavery to die out. But if another construction be made, and becomes the settled reading of that instrument; if the North is to have the the guilt and the South the profits of Slavery; if we are henceforth to understand that Slavery is federal and national, recognized in the all-embracing Constitution, then but one course is left us. No earthly consideration shall make us partners in this monstrosity. We most solemnly declare, by our belief in Humanity, by our hopes in religion, by our faith in Christ, that we will cut every cord of oppression whose force is derived from us. And if in so doing men choose to interpose the Constitution, upon their heads be the blame. Palsied be that hand and blasted those lips which shall make our Constitution, ordained for freedom, the instrument of bondage and cruelty!

We shall study to circumscribe Slavery where it now exists. We shall oppose every party that secretly or openly connives at it. We shall be hostile to every measure which

consults its interests. We shall not cease to stand upon the brink of this dismal abyss, and over against its smoke and wails to pray with agonizing earnestness, "How long, O Lord, how long!" A day will come—in God's counsels it is already seen advancing—when men will look back upon this system as we now look at the dungeons and tribunals of the Inquisition. In that day, many a man will deny his parentage and forswear the ancestors, who either forged fetters for the slave, or more meanly blew the bellows for those who wrought at the anvil of oppression. May my children to the latest generation, in looking back to my example, take courage, and strike home for Liberty and Humanity!

With these views, no soothsayer is needed to interpret our views of the extension of Slavery. It is not enough that we do not will it. Every man consents to it who does not exhaust his strength in endeavoring to prevent it.

Nor do we misunderstand the cunning cry of those who ask us to leave the issues of this question in new territories to chance. Nowadays chance has too many wires and wire-workers to suit our ideas of luck. Chance is the merest gambler. The dice are loaded. The cards are marked. Only the victim dreams that there is fair play. The South is to deal, the North is to take what cards are flirted to its hands. Who doubts the issue? How many more games than those already played are needed before the dupe shall suspect foul play? No: by as much as Liberty is dearer to us than Slavery, by so much should we be more active in its behalf than its adversaries are in behalf of Slavery. If they can toil night and day, dig deep trenches, bear burdens cheerfully to sink the rocky foundations for the towers of oppression, shall we have no bulwarks and no towers for Liberty? Whenever and wherever a blow is struck for Slavery, then and there must be a double stroke for Liberty!

We will compromise any measures tending to prevent the extension of Slavery. We will compromise as to the particulars of its death, laying out, and burial. But every compromise must include the advantage of Liberty and the

disadvantage of Slavery. Compromises dictated by wily politicians, made to serve a pinch in party tactics; compromises issuing from men whose ideas of patriotism are summed up in giving their adversaries a grip and downfall, to whom spoils are virtues and offices religion; or those better-intended compromises, like Mr. Clay's, which seek for peace, rather than for humanity; from such compromises, guileless though they seem, and gilded till they shine like Heaven, evermore may we be delivered!

We shall abide by the Union. No vandal outrage shall *our* hands commit. We shall honor it by obedient lives, consecrate it by our prayers, purify it from the dross of injustice, and give to it such foundations of Right as shall hold it steadfast amid all the revolutionary concussions of our day. If there be those who cannot abide the Union because it is pure and religious, just and humane, let them beware of that tumultuous scene into which they purpose to leap.

But we do not believe that such an issue awaits us. The pliancy of miserable scramblers for political preferment has caused these violent gusts. Thus, hitherto, have victories been gained for Slavery. Thus they are sought again. Firmness is the remedy for threats. If good men, having good representatives, are but firm, the storm will beat the stout oak, and rage like a demon through its twisted branches, but pass on and spend itself in the wilderness; meanwhile the returning sun shall find the noble tree unwrecked and fast-rooted.

But if our Charter Oak is to be dismembered, God be thanked that its roots were planted in the soil of freedom! There they were spread; its trunk and its mightiest branches will abide. The sun and the soil that nourished its infancy yet remain to repair what time and storms may mutilate. Beneath its shadow the poor and oppressed shall find shelter.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.*

I DO not forget, on appearing before you, my friends, the profession to which I belong. I bear in mind that I am a minister of Christ, and if I do not misapprehend the complexion of this audience, the far greater number of them are religious persons; most of you are either Christians, or at any rate educated in Christianity, and hence I judge that *the moral* aspect of the Slavery Question will be the most interesting to you. I shall not consider the subject from the commercial standpoint, neither shall I take the political standpoint, nor the philanthropic, simply as the philanthropic, but as a *Christian*, in its relations to Christianity shall I regard it—as a man who believes in God, in the immortality of the soul, in the rational and accountable nature of every human being that lives; as a preacher of the gospel, preaching God manifest in the flesh, do I feel deeply interested in this massive, this gigantic evil.

And it is interesting to know how and in what way it has lived and thrived, how it has advanced upon us like the sea breaking down dykes and sweeping inward on the land. In every man there is an essential love of irresponsible power. It is the same under all governments, and in every age; for governments and institutions do not make men despotic. *All* men love irresponsible power. Every man has a king's heart beating under his ribs, yes, a pope's heart beating under his ribs—I have, you have. The feeling is, *I* will be master and *you* shall be servant; and when a man gets hold of this power he *holds on* to it. This is the way monarchies are sustained, and despotisms. The power is held, and strengthened, and accumulated till it

* Speech before the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, New York, May 6, 1851. Reprinted from report in *The Independent.*

becomes irresistible. So, after men become owners of slaves they feel like holding on to them—they like the power; and although slavery came upon us in our colonial days against our wishes, yet, once tasted, it is not strange that the power became sweet, and men desired to retain it; and this is the reason, I take it, that American slavery has come to be as strong as it is. But there were other causes for this. There was a time at the formation of the Constitution when slavery began to relax its hold, and when it was thought that like the late snows in April it would soon melt away; else there would have been no such compromises in the Constitution as there were. But then came a time when commercial profits became connected with slavery; the cultivation of rice, and cotton, and sugar became profitable; and then slavery became rejuvenated: and although Christianity can do much to control commerce and temper commerce, and does do much, yet where the gains are large, there is no power which can restrain it throughout the whole community.

It was Lord Brougham, I think, who said that where the slave trade was so profitable as to pay three hundred per cent., not all the navies of the globe could stop it; and when slavery began to pay enormous profits, not all the power of Christianity could stop it, especially when ministers of the Gospel were found to step in and baptize it and call it Christian. [*Cheers.*]

Not only was commerce concerned in the augmentation of slavery, but to-day commerce, both in the South and in the North, is the bulwark of slavery; but for that no power on earth could save it; but the love of money blinds the eyes and stops the ears, and hardens the heart to all persuasions of truth and justice. At the time of the formation of the Constitution, slavery had not come to be so profitable, and the Christian feeling, North and South, made headway against it.

And now we come to another reason of the continuance of slavery, which is to be found in the development of a political element of power, whose seeds were sown in the Constitution without any foresight of what the fruit would

be. For, to a great extent, the framing of laws and the making of Constitutions is *experimental.* You cannot tell beforehand how a law will work. The Constitution was built in one sense as men build a steamship—they build it as perfect as possible—after the best model, and yet they cannot tell certainly when it is on the stocks how it will sail. One ship from which the best was expected lags behind, and another outstrips all competitors. And so the framers of the Constitution could not tell how it would work till it was *tried*—they built it after the best model—but some provisions have turned out a great deal better than was expected, and some a great deal worse than was expected, it is to be hoped! But this one thing is certain, that the Constitution was formed as a *bona fide* instrument of liberty. Its framers never thought that it would be twisted into an instrument to build up slavery. I acquit every delegate, whether he came from the North or the South, of any such designs. Not a delegate from the South had the first purpose of establishing slavery. This just compliment I would pay to the South, and I shall have other compliments to pay them before I am through.

But we are not to forget, in enumerating the unpropitious causes of this monstrous evil, that Christianity has never yet been true to its own spirit. There is a Christianity of the Bible, and a Christianity of the Church; but the latter does not always express the fullness or spirit of the former.

Christianity is like the rising of the sun—the light steals up over the hills and touches the mountain tops, and moves on, parallel by parallel, and latitude by latitude, till it pours over the round globe. Now I say, Christianity never came up so high as to deal with slavery as it ought, and as I hope soon it will. [*Cheers.*] What attitude ought Christianity to hold towards the colored population, and this includes the African race North and South? In the first place, Christianity is no respecter of persons. Christ, in one sense, did not regard either Jew or Gentile, bond or free, rich or poor. But in another sense he did. There is a scale in society extending from the rich and

cultivated down to the poor and ignorant. Christ did regard this difference, and he worked at the bottom first. What is the spirit of Christianity? Is it not a spirit of love and mercy to the sinful, the helpless? Does it not aim to do the most for those who need the most? Christ regarded the poor, the most neglected, and despised, and as they really had his regard, so they felt a reciprocal sympathy of hope, and flocked about him, to the joy of his heart and to the unspeakable disgust of the religious purists of their day. When the messengers of John came to him to inquire if He was the Messiah, he replied, Tell John that the blind see, the lame walk, lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and to the *poor* the gospel is preached. This last—the *poor* have the gospel preached to them, was the climax, and the great and glorious climax, which was proof irresistible.

Now, have we treated the colored population as the spirit of Christ enjoins? Let us first ask the South. We see there three million slaves. Their rights as men are taken away—their manhood is taken away. This idea I would have you feel. I would burn it into your souls. The wrong of slavery is not in muscles and bones—it is not that the slaves are poorly fed, or well fed, but it is that they are chattels. The radical idea of slavery is that the slave, who is a man, is not a man—that he is property, like a piece of furniture, or a brute.

There was another system of slavery four thousand years ago, called Hebrew slavery. Now I will give a challenge to any man who may be present from the South, be he clergyman or layman—and I would say the same in Georgia if I were there, and I believe that I could say it there with less interruption than I can here—or rather I will make a fair compromise, as it is the day of compromises, though they are not all fair. I will yield the point of Bible slavery, and allow that there is a slavery presented in the Bible, if you at the South will agree to put Southern slavery on the platform of Bible slavery.

There were three forms of servitude among the Hebrews.

First, There was a servitude into which the Hebrews

themselves might come—which can be regarded but as an apprenticeship. It was limited to seven years; it did not take away any political right; nor did it forbid the slave the ownership of property. He could buy himself if he chose; or his friends had a right, at any time, peremptorily to release him by purchase.

Secondly, There was the public slavery—that of the Gibeonites, who did service for the commonwealth, very much as our State prison convicts do.

Thirdly, There was the Hebrew bond service, which was slavery proper. But Moses did not enact this slavery; he found it, and he regulated it and limited it. All the laws concerning slavery were for its amelioration.

In the first place, these bond-slaves could be made only among the heathen; and secondly, no one could be made a slave from among them until he had been circumcised—in other words, until he had been introduced into the privileges of the church; and thirdly, the master was obliged to give them a religious education.

Now in our modern system of education there is first the family, and then the school, and the magazines, and the newspapers. But then there were only five books, called the Pentateuch, and the whole system of education was comprised in instruction in these five books; and in these every slave must be educated. If the same regulation was carried out now, it would require the Southern slave-owner to send his slave to the academy, and then put him through some Northern college, and graduate him, before he tied him down to the plow or hoe of the plantation. [*Enthusiastic cheering.*] That was the Hebrew idea of slavery. Then, again, if any one will enter into a calculation, he will find that the Hebrew slave had about one-half of his time to himself. Moreover, the Hebrew slave had every motive held out to him to rise. He could, under certain circumstances, hold property—he could better his condition, advance, establish himself independently. All the laws of Moses were in favor of the slave—for his advantage, his benefit, his encouragement, his defense. If a slave was wronged or abused, he could go into a court

and get speedy and sure redress; and if he was maimed he immediately became free, the injury being the warrant of his liberty. There was, moreover, a standing canon, that when a slave ran away he should not be forcibly returned. The attempt has been made to show that this did not apply to Hebrew slaves, but only to those who fled from among the heathen. But it was not so—this *was not so.* Slavery was so regulated, in fact, that it was expected that a slave would never wish to run away. And if he did run away, that very fact was regarded as evidence that he *ought* to have run away. And I think that the same presumption should be held now, and all the world over. [*Cheers.*] Such was the system of slavery four thousand years ago, among a people who had but just shook off the dust of Egyptian bondage—just dried their garments from the waters of the Red Sea—but no! they did not need to dry their garments—I remember they came through on dry ground [*laughter*]—just emerged into the dim twilight of education, blest with only the first few rays of revelation.

Four thousand years have passed since that day, and during this time the canon of Scripture has been completed, and the full blaze of Christianity has been poured upon the world, and Christ has come, and there have been contentions, and revolutions, and martyrs for the truth, and education, and with great labor the bulwark of civil liberty has been hewn out and built up, and schools and churches have been established, and of those four thousand years, two thousand have been under the dispensation of the blessed Gospel, and now we have tried our hand at slavery. Let us see how we have succeeded. The Hebrews legislated for their slaves as men, but we make them property—chattels. They are not men but brutes. Four thousand years ago the slave enjoyed the privileges of the church—the Temple worship; now we give him no religion. Four thousand years ago the slave enjoyed the rights and privileges of the family state; now the chastity of man and woman is no more regarded than that of a dog. Four thousand years ago the laws were made for the slave; now they are made for the master. Four

thousand years ago a slave could seek redress in court; now there is not a court from Mason and Dixon's line through to Texas where a slave can open his mouth as a witness and be believed. Ah! if you will only bring American slavery on the platform of Hebrew slavery—if you will give the slave the Bible, and send him to the school, and open the doors of the courts to him, then we will let it alone—it will take care of itself. In old times slaves were treated as children of a family—trained, nurtured, educated. Let the Southern slaveholder do like this. Then would slavery soon cease, for the care and expense would be greater than any one could bear.

I have to work hard enough to provide for my three children; but suppose I had five hundred children! what should I do? [*Laughter.*]

My friends, I have not painted up slavery in strong colors: I have only given you the outline—I have only done as the painter does before he puts in the colors—with chalk marked out the design. [*Cheers.*]

Has Christianity in the South rebuked this system? Where has it? What pulpit does it? Yes, it has in some places; a few pulpits have spoken; Christianity has in some instances, perhaps in many, modified and lessened the evils, but not so taking the South comprehensively.

[Mr. Beecher attempted to proceed, but being interrupted by hisses, he remarked that as he had been heard uninterruptedly for some time it was fair that the other side should have a chance. The cheers which followed effectually drowned the hisses.]

At the South adultery among slaves is not held to be a reason for church discipline. [*Hisses.*] I am glad to see some sense of shame for this. [*Cheers.*] The public conscience is being aroused. Do you know that at the South in marrying slaves the minister leaves out the words, "What God has joined together let no man put asunder?" It must be left out, for perhaps in a few weeks the husband will be separated from the wife, and sent to another plantation, and then if he chooses he can take another wife, and if he is a member of the church it does not hurt his standing; and then another and another, till perhaps he may

have twenty wives, and still his letter of recommendation from one church to another is as good as ever. [*A voice—There are men in New York who have twenty wives.*] I am sorry for them. I go in for their immediate emancipation. [*Great cheering.*]

And now, I do not ask whether Christian pulpits in the South have not preached orthodox theology—good morality, obedience to their masters, and in general, kindness on the part of the master to his slaves. All this, doubtless. But I ask has Christianity made itself *felt*, has it taken the authority of God, and the full power of Christ, and risen up to assert for the slave the right of manhood, and to rebuke that legal doctrine of unutterable infamy, that a slave is a chattel? Has it asserted for the slave the rights of knowledge? Has it demanded and provided for him a simple religious instruction? Above all, has it asserted for the slave the right and duty of personal virtue, and redeemed women from the promiscuous lust of their masters? Has it brought all the thunders of God's throne to defend the sanctity of the Family State?

Or if it has not, O what a wretched Christianity is that which permits, or slurs over, the profoundest ignorance, the negation of manhood, the rupture and dispersion of the family; the violation of chastity and virtue? What is left when personal liberty, civil rights, the privileges of the family state, and personal morals are all swept away? The law declares a slave to be a mere chattel, and the Christianity of the South has not indignantly redeemed him from this blasphemous abuse!

Let no one say that we represent the abuse of the system. The system cannot be abused. Its very fundamental principle includes every infamy which can insult manhood or degrade a man! To say to three million men, made by God, Ye are *not* men, but, like oxen and horses, like dogs and hogs, ye are THINGS, PROPERTY, CHATTELS—why to talk of the *abuse* of a system which has this for its elementary principle, is as wild as it would be to talk of the abuse of robbery, the abuse of murder, the abuse of adultery!

What has the North done for its colored population? Here is a class downcast and downtrodden, among us—the poor, the despised, the weak. It is the duty of the church to go to them, and help them and recover them, and lift them up. How is it? The doors of the schools and colleges are shut against them, and the doors of the trades are shut. A mechanic thinks it a disgrace to work with a slave. The odium of Southern slavery has extended over the North. Has Christianity come in to aid and protect and save? No. A few States allow colored people to vote, but in most the color of the skin disfranchises a man. Has the church said, By the spirit of Christianity, by the power of the cross, this shall not be so! No, she has said, "There's the ship, and there's Africa. You had better go to Africa—colonize!"

These remarks are not aimed at the Colonization Society. I am for colonization. If any one wishes to go to Africa I would give him the means of going, and for the sake of the continent of Africa, colonization is the true scheme; but if colonization is advocated for our sake, I say, Get thee behind me, Satan, thou savorest not of the things that be of God but those that be of men. Do your duty first to the colored people here, educate them, Christianize them, and *then* colonize them. [*Cheers.*]

I have given you the dark side of the picture thus far, but it is gradually growing lighter and lighter. The North is becoming thoroughly aroused. This has been accomplished in a tempestuous way—in an injurious way—I wish that it could have been done in a different and a better way—yet I forbear—I will not speak harshly of any who have labored in this great cause of human liberty. But the North are looking at this matter, they wish to know their duty, they are taking the Bible in their hands, and Northern men are more and more rapidly coming to see what their duty is. This is evident from the growing sensitiveness of the South. The true way is to correct public sentiment at the North first, get it right here, purify and sweeten it here and let it act on the South. Every curative process begins from without, and so it must be in

this case; and considering the danger my neck would be exposed to at the South, I would prefer on the whole to work at the North. [*Laughter.*]

The first effect of this at the South was the fear that the system would perish, and hence came, first the effort to extend slave territory, and then political agitation. And out of this grew that worst of all unbaptized monsters, the Fugitive Slave Law. Some years ago there was a progress at the South towards the removal of slavery, and it was checked it is said by *agitation.* Agitation? what have we got to work with but agitation? Agitation is *the* thing in these days for any good; not agitation by bayonets, but agitation by brains, agitation by free thoughts and words, agitation of hearts and consciences; and the day is coming when moral truths will be as free as air, breathed in and breathed out by every one.

Our first business is then to limit slavery within its present bounds; there is nothing in the Constitution against this at any rate; then, secondly, to see to it that the South has not factitious help from us in the support of slavery; and thirdly, not to interfere directly with slavery where it is. We will all do what the sun does when it comes up over the eastern hills; it looks at a mountain of ice and melts it. [*Cheers.*] If our missionaries want to convert the Arabs, they cannot preach to them when they are on horseback, for they will run away; they must make the Arabs sit down and be fixed in one spot. And so must we do with slavery; we must hitch her and anchor her, and then begin with brotherly affection to kill her. [*Repeated cheers.*] And then with our hearts warm and kind, and with no hasty or hard remarks, we must preach the Bible to them, and preach till we make slavery a burden to their consciences and a burden to their pockets, as it is now a burden on God's forbearance! [*Cheers.*]

But then came along agitation, it is said—O! agitation? Who are the agitators? Some say we are, and some say they are. Now I will not remain quiet under this charge of unjust and improper agitation. They are the agitators who fortify and extend an evil which is a poison to liberty, in-

fidel to religion, and hateful to God and all good men. They are agitators who attempt to suppress free thought and free speech. There is but one agitation that will dissolve the Union—which I love full as much as do those dry-nurses of the Union, the Union Safety Committee—and that is, the attempt to make free speech penal, to bridle the Pulpit, muzzle the Press, and fetter the tongue! That will blow the Union to atoms. I would have such agitation as Dr. Wayland and Dr. Fuller of North Carolina had, the agitation of free discussion. We shall say what we think and feel, and the South shall say what they think and feel; and when we have joined with them in this way we shall have the hip lock and throw them. [*Repeated cheering.*]

It seems as if the devil could not stay quietly in hell, but must do as he always has done, wander up and down through the earth, and so at last he found himself at Washington; but there he came out, unfortunately with hoofs, tail, horns, and all, not in the disguise of an angel of light, but in the form of the Fugitive Slave Law.

There is nothing, I think, that has come so near to making an impassable gulf between the South and the North as this Fugitive Slave Law. I am opposed to this Fugitive Slave Law, in the first place, because of the inhumanity of what it compels us to do. If a convict, whose time was nearly out at the State Prison, should escape, I should not feel exactly like catching him and sending him back, yet still I might do it and not feel very badly, and I would do it if I was called upon for the sake of the Union [*laughter*] for I love the Union, and I do not yield to any one in my love for the Union, not even to the members of the Union Safety Committee! But this law demands—what? Not merely the sending back of a fugitive from unrequited work—to a meager fare—to physical discomfort. Slavery is a state of mental and moral bondage, worse than any mere bondage of muscle possibly can be. This is a point of conscience with me as a Christian. I cannot, I will not, I would myself sooner die than force, or, in the most indirect manner, countenance the rendition of a man back to a

bondage which crushes his manhood, robs his intellect, enfeebles his moral nature, and, while cheating him in respect to Time, sends him blindfold and stumbling headlong into Eternity. This law says that I must take a woman, who has just escaped, panting, from slavery, who has just begun to breathe the air of freedom, and send her back to the shambles of lust, where men may look at their slaves as they do at brutes, where there is no religion for the slave, no sacred marriage, no law, no schools, no honor, and no protection—back to the heated and seething waves of damnation. It is this the Fugitive Slave Law asks us to do, and we have ministers of the gospel who preach to us that this is Christianity! I do not say this in anger, God forbid! but in shame. God judge between them and the oppressed!

There are two ways of sending fugitives back into slavery. Paul gives us an account of one way—the way he sent back the slave Onesimus. Now if people will adopt Paul's way I would not object. In the first place, he instructed him in Christianity, and led him to become a Christian. Then he wrote a letter and sent it *by* Onesimus. The slave was not sent off under the charge of officers, but he went back alone, of his own free will, with a letter and recommendation as a brother beloved.

There are venerable clergymen, old and wise men they are called,—and you would presume from what they say that they are very old, and I do not know as they will think that, young as I am, I ought to say what I have,—who have had a good deal to say about sending back this slave Onesimus as an example for us. I wish it could be made the example. I would like to see it followed. I would like to see the marshals sitting down to convert some fugitive slaves; and I would not speak disrespectfully of those clergymen, for I have respect for them—*in spots.* [*Laughter.*] And I wish that this letter of Paul's might be published by the American Tract Society, and sent all over the Union. [*Cheers.*]

I object to the law also because it commands me to do what is essentially wrong. If it is right to send back Long

and Simms it is right to send back Dr. Pennington, a minister of the gospel, who has received a doctorate from a German university—not that the doctorate makes him any better man, for a doctorate is of about as much use as a butment to a church—a man who was a member of Dr. Cox's church; I say, if it is right to send Long back, it is right to send Dr. Pennington back. What would Dr. Cox say to this? And Dr. Cox ought to know all about this great subject, for he has been on all sides of it! I do not know but that Dr. Pennington would be sent back, unredeemed as he is; and he is obliged now to stay in England, protected by monarchical England from the oppression of democratic America. Say, would any one send Dr. Pennington back? [*A voice, "I would;" another, "I too;" another, "I three."*] Would any man *in his senses* send him back? [*Great applause.*]

Thirdly, I am amazed at the Fugitive Slave Law, because it is so utterly unfit for the object for which it was made. The old law did not send back the slaves, not one per cent. of all that escaped. No more does the new law. Perhaps you are not aware, my friends, that there is an underground railroad running through this city. I am not a conductor on it [*cheers*], but I hear of it, and I understand that there are forty slaves who go up on it, to one who goes back. But the fault is not in the law. The old law was weak through the flesh, and the new one proves just the same. [*Cheers.*] This case is something like that of fishing. Now my father is a good fisherman, a very expert one, while I know nothing about it, and it makes no difference whether I hold an old stick for a pole with a crooked pin for a hook, or an elegant brass-feruled extension rod with a fly scientifically fixed. I cannot in either case catch any fish. I cannot catch any with the bent pin, and it would do no good to give me the fly. So it is with the law. The South could not catch their slaves with the old law, and they went to work to manufacture a new one, complete in all its parts—a perfect, elegant, brass-feruled law; but after all they won't do any better with the new law. The trouble is not in the law—that

was good enough before—they have a bad fishing ground! [*Cheers.*] If a man was sick with the cholera, and should give a dose of medicine to his horse, that would not do him much good. So in this case. It was the public sentiment that was sick, and they've been dosing the *law*. [*Repeated cheers.*]

My next objection to the Fugitive Slave Law is, that it stirs up ill blood where we cannot afford to have it stirred up. It does this by its wording. It seems as if it was worded especially to insult the North. A man once, describing a minister at the West, said: "He preaches as if he had the devil in him—why, he heaves out the promises of God with a pitchfork." And so this law deals—and the pitchfork it uses is no common pitchfork, but one, it would seem, imported from the pit below. [*Cheers.*]

Fourthly, This law takes away or abridges the liberty of freemen. We know little about the terror that it has sent among the free colored population of the North—how it has scattered them like partridges in the mountains before the shot of the hunter. Families have fled from places where they were comfortably and respectably established and held property. The free colored people have felt no security for their liberty. They have feared that they would be sent to slavery courts, before slavery judges, with slavery witnesses, to be tried in regard to their right to liberty. But no—I will not sneer—I take that back; for it seems to me I would sooner trust a Southern court than a Northern one. I think that in the matter of slaves the Southern courts have generally been fairer than those of the North.

And *fifthly*, This law obliges the citizens to do that which they cannot conscientiously do. It comes to me and says, Henry Ward Beecher, you *must do this;* if I call upon you you must assist as a good citizen in returning this runaway. And because last night I received into my house a poor, wandering, famishing woman, and gave her meat to eat, and water to drink, and a place to rest—because I befriended and protected her—it comes and lays its strong hand on me for doing that which Christ com-

manded; and if I am too poor to pay the fine, it throws me into prison. To be sure no such cases have occurred, and I pray God they may not occur, but they can occur; and the man that executes the law in this point, let him beware how he meets his victim at the day of judgment! The law is bad enough in obliging the officers to execute it, but when it comes down among the citizens, when it forbids us helping a man to liberty, I say, God do so to me, and more also, if I do not help him freedomward! [*Great applause.*] I say this was not good brotherhood in the South—this was not kind, the course of Christian policy was not to irritate feeling. It was their duty to be forbearing, it was our duty to be forbearing—for the sake of the Union—and I do not say this in the miserable cant of the Union Safety Committee, who are upholding a mere union of self-interest, but I mean the glorious Union that was made by our fathers for liberty, the Union for freedom, the Union for Christianity. Now this law was fired right in the face of the North, in the face of the moral feeling of the North—it was a bombarding of the North—park after park of artillery—and the cannoneer, alas! was one who fired at his own hearthstone! And this great man, not many years ago, made a prediction at Niblo's Garden. He said, in effect, that this subject of slavery had arrested the religious feelings of the country, that it had taken strong hold on the consciences of men, that it is not to be trifled with or despised, and that any attempt to coerce it into silence, to compress and confine it, warm as it is, would assuredly cause an explosion, which would endanger the Constitution and the Union itself. Ah! how soon has he forgotten his own great words! It was spoken as only Webster can speak; and when I remember that prediction and turn to this law, I cannot but cry out in the deepest sorrow—Oh, Lucifer! son of the morning, how art thou fallen! I would not speak harshly of Daniel Webster—the time was when there was no man I so much revered; and for statesman's genius, for stature of understanding, there is no man on the globe, since the death of Robert Peel, who is his equal. No, I would not

cast stones at him. I would rather do as did the sons of Noah, and going backward cast a cloak over his nakedness. And yet when, in these times, every one has to step over, or through, or around Webster, I cannot but allude to him, and I say that much as I revere him, much as I am proud of him—and I *am* proud of him for his noble intellect, encased in such a noble frame—yet Liberty is dearer, Truth is dearer, Christianity is dearer.

My sixth objection is that bad laws are a treason to good government. I know of nothing that has so promoted a disregard of authority, and a contempt of all law, as the enactment of this Fugitive Slave Law.

And I object to the law because of its sequences. Bad laws always bring bad sequences; the evil does not stop with the law itself or its enactment. And the first bad sequence that came of it was that impotent, empty thunderbolt of a Union Safety Committee, whose members read their ledgers for their duty, and feel in their pockets for their consciences. [*Great applause.*] There must be some scarecrows, I suppose, in every large field, though men do do not usually feel like electing themselves to that office. [*Laughter.*]

Another objection to the law is that it brought into vogue a style of reasoning that, if believed in, would overthrow all human governments. The higher law—the law of conscience, the law of God, the law upon which obedience to all law is based — has been cried down and scouted, not by politicians only but by *ministers.* Ministers of Jehovah have cast scorn on the higher law of Jehovah, and preached up the lower law doctrine; and very low they have got too, we should judge, from their sepulchral tones at present. Nay, more, they have taken this opportunity to show their ill-blood against rival denominations, and even to vent their ill-will against individuals, mixing up private wrongs with public wrongs, and personal feuds with national questions. And documents teaching this doctrine have been sent by tens of thousands through the groaning mails all over our land, through all the valleys and over all the plains and across the mountains, into towns and villages

and hamlets. And this doctrine, so taught and so sent, is nothing else than the doctrine of kings and despots, of the divine right of rulers, of non-resistance to power, however oppressive. It is nothing else than a dressing up of the old doctrine of Laud and the Stuarts in a modern suit. If that is the doctrine to be taught and believed and adopted, then there is no chance for republican institutions. Why is it that France has no firm republic after all its revolutions? Why is it that Italy,—groaning Italy,—striving and struggling for a republic, does not gain it? Why is it that Hungary—bleeding, prostrate Hungary—failed in her attempt? It is because the common people are trodden down, because they have given up their consciences to priests and magistrates; and if this comes to be the custom in America, then all hope of freedom is lost. Human nature is a poor affair—man is but a pithy, porous, flabby substance, till you put conscience into him; and as for building a republic on men who do not hold to the rights of private conscience, who will not follow their own consciences rather than that of any priest or public, you might as well build the Custom House in Wall Street on a foundation of cotton wool! But the nation that regards conscience more than anything else, above all customs and all laws, is, like New England, with its granite hills, immovable and invincible; and the nation that does not regard conscience is a mere base of sand, and quicksand too, at that. If you want this country to be like Turkey, or Egypt, or Algiers, give up the rights of private conscience, and you will have it so, soon enough.

Yes! The time will come when, on reading the epitaph of a man, which records that here lies A. B., author of a learned commentary on this or that book, and defender of the doctrine that the people must give up their consciences to magistrates and priests, the people will lift up their hands in astonishment, and exclaim, "God have mercy on his soul!" [*Cheering.*]

My friends, if I have had the appearance of severity in these remarks, I have not meant to be severe; I have only wished to say frankly and fully what I most deeply and

truly believe, and if I should meet a slaveholder in conversation, I should say just the same. He might reply, I don't believe all you do, but you say what you *think*, and I like you; you are no doughface. [*Laughter.*] I don't ask you to believe just what I say, but I do ask you to think of it; think of it with the Bible in your hands, think of it on your knees, think of it as patriots, as philanthropists, as Christian men, as inheritors of immortality, and if you will think of it, O! if you will think of it, you will find the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

ON WHICH SIDE IS PEACE?*

THERE are periods in the history of man, and of communities, in which timid counsels are rash and dangerous. When a building is on fire, and quantities of explosive materials are awaiting its approach, the only moderation consists in the most intense courage and desperate daring. He is the prudent man who rushes in between the flame and the powder and separates them. The man who advises the fireman to wait—who hopes the evil will cure itself—is a madman and an incendiary. We are brought into a condition of national affairs in which the smooth and easy road will lead to destruction, while peace lies at the end of a straight but narrow way.

The North desires peace. True civilization will always desire it. It is the atmosphere in which the innumerable fruits of learning and refinement ripen. All the interests of the North—agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, social, civil, and religious—demand domestic peace. The sentiment of peace pervades all classes of men, and in breadth and power it approaches the dignity of a natural law. It holds down all repulsive influences with a grasp as silent but as omnipotent as the law of gravitation. This longing for quiet is not to be blamed. It is wise and legitimate. It springs from the very nature of a civilization which has much treasure to guard, and much to develop. But, by as much as it is desirable, by so much should wise men see to it that they follow those measures which really lead to it, and avoid those which,

* Editorial article in *The Independent*, June 26, 1856, written during the first campaign of the Republican Party, when JOHN C. FREMONT was their presidential candidate (James Buchanan representing the Democratic Party); and the question at issue was chiefly the policy of permitting the extension of slavery into the free Territories of the United States.

under a specious appearance of peace, lead inevitably to the most fatal commotions.

The building is on fire already. The flame is running into the magazine. What is prudence? To let it alone? To counsel moderation? Or to arouse and take the elements into our hand, and control while yet they may be controlled?

There are fifteen States in our Union which have based their social condition upon a system of involuntary servitude. Whether right or wrong, that system is one which works more mischief on the whites than upon the blacks. It demoralizes not only their manners and personal habits, but their political ideas. For intelligence among slaves would make them insubordinate. They must be kept low in the scale of civilization or they cannot be managed. To do this, not only must they not be taught, but they must not even *hear* too much. Preaching must be guarded, political speeches must be guarded, conversation must be guarded, newspapers must be circumspect. One spark may explode a magazine, and one word touch off a servile insurrection fatal alike to master and slave. To keep fetters on their servants, they must keep fetters on their own tongues. Every mouth is a prison, every tongue is a prisoner. Liberty of speech and of the press, liberty of political action, in the Slave States, but especially the more southern ones, would break them up. Men cannot couple liberty and monarchy together. They will not work in one yoke. If slavery is taken, all its sequences, guards, exclusions, and inclusions must go with it. The man who lives in the South, who believes in the slave system, is only consistent, having gone so far, in going farther and putting down inflammatory speech. And as all free speech or speech for freedom is inflammatory when uttered amidst those who are enslaved, there is no other way but to suppress it. If it is right to have slavery, it is right to have its necessary defenses. Ignorance is right if slavery is right. Free speech is wrong if slavery is right. A system of force cannot deal with moral suasion. You cannot lay the foundations of a political system upon the

law of Might, and then run up its towers and spires by the doctrine of Right.

Therefore it is, that if the Slave States are right in maintaining their system of slavery, the South can no more help being driven along the path of these doctrines of despotism than a ship can help flying wildly over the waves when omnipotent storms drive her. As a ship may be carried by an unknown and unsuspected current far out of its track and away from the intent of its master, so communities oftentimes are carried by powerful latent tendencies, over which they have no control, and whose very existence they do not suspect. It is so with the South. The people of the South are going upon a current which exists without their volition. The *tendency of things* drifts men and parties. One step after another is taken because a pressure is on them which they cannot resist.

There is, then, no abstract repugnance to free speech in the South. Very much the contrary. But there is a practical conviction that it will not do. *Facts* drive them from their own doctrines. There is no theoretic disposition to abridge liberty of speech in Congress. But our country is now so sympathetically connected, the transmission of news is so marvelously easy and quick, that Congress has become a speaking trumpet. The whole nation hears its speeches. Is it strange that men who stand upon a system which is in perpetual danger, should object to have the North put its lips to that trumpet and blow its blasts of freedom all over Southern plantations? The Southern man says: "With you it is not a necessity to speak; with us it is a matter of necessity to have silence. You can carry on all your commerce, your civic arts, your industrial pursuits, without uttering such speeches of liberty. If you are silent it does you no harm. But our position is one of life and death. Such utterance sets fire to the foundations on which we stand. It is not fair. It is only a theoretic sentiment that impels you. It is self-existence that drives us!" As a matter of fact this is true. A system of slavery is imperiled by the natural conduct of a system of liberty. It is the necessity of slavery to make freedom dumb.

The same secret, fatal current of necessity drifts the South toward the extension of slavery. While Free States are growing with prodigious disproportion, there can be no doubt that Slave States will become imbecile and helpless in comparison. Virginia cannot grow—Pennsylvania cannot stand still. The Carolinas are sinking by the nature of their industry—New York is advancing prodigiously. Georgia has no chance in a match with Ohio. If the Slave States stand as they are, and depend upon the inherent energies of their own system, they are doomed, inevitably, to become the last and least. That which they lack, therefore, in intrinsic force, they are compelled to seek by *extension*. Arkansas supplements Virginia. When New York weighs down the Carolinas, Texas is thrown in to bring up the scale. That which the South ask is, the liberty of carving two-thirds of the continent into States, to make up the continual disparity induced by the slave system, as compared with the system of free labor.

Every Northern man should thoroughly understand that the policy of the South is not one of vexatious haughtiness. It is a policy the necessity of which springs from the very organization of their society, from the irresistible nature of their industrial system. They cannot help themselves. If they would they cannot. They are on a current which sweeps them whether they will or not. As long as the North is left to believe that the demands of the South are from excitement, that they have been provoked to violence, it will seem very reasonable to expect that forbearance, conciliation, and compromise will restore good temper, and with returning temper, that things will grow peaceable. But when it is believed that these events in the South come from a law stronger than volition, from a law which underlies society, and compels its movements, and which will still compel them, the question assumes a very different aspect. And wise men will be called to reflect whether it is best to put men who represent this system and all these tendencies into the places of supreme national power; whether it will be for the peace of this land that the whole government shall go over to the side of slavery, and be administered for

the sake of giving advantage and equipoise to this perpetually careening and sinking system of servile industry. Shall this system be permitted to control the continent for the purpose of making up year by year its own desperate weakness?

The men who have for twenty years been acting under this slave necessity—who have been the involuntary slaves of their own slave system—are seeking to retain their hold upon the government.

The men who denied the right of petition; who made war on Mexico; who introduced Texas as a Slave State; who compelled the North, in 1850, to take the Compromise, promising that it should be a *finality;* who broke a nation's word and faith, and abolished the Missouri Compromise, promising that Kansas should be free or slave as its people chose; who, before the words of promise were cold, invaded Kansas with armed bands, and committed on the real settlers every crime which is marked on the criminal calendar; who sent thither United States troops, and brought the whole force of the Government to corroborate the civil war which the South had kindled there; who, failing in intimidating free speech, assaulted with a bludgeon,* in the Senate Chamber, one of the noblest national men, and with almost unanimous consent justified the felony—this party have published a platform, and nominated a candidate for the next four critical years in our history. All those tendencies which, from time to time, have broken out from the necessities of the slave system are, in this platform, reduced to the form of political doctrines. Upon these new and revolutionary doctrines, born of the womb and nursed upon the bosom of Slavery, it is proposed to shape the policy of the next Administration, and Mr. Buchanan has accepted the platform, and is pledged, if elected, to execute the doctrines of that platform.

* CHARLES SUMNER, of Massachusetts, while sitting at his desk in the Senate Chamber, was assaulted by PRESTON BROOKS, of South Carolina, who so beat him, defenseless and held down by his desk, that his life was despaired of; and in fact he died about eighteen years after (March 11, 1874) from an illness proceeding from his injuries received in that assault.

We ask every considerate man, will it be possible, with such a history coming on, to avoid a conflict, compared with which anything we have ever known will be child's play? Is that the road to peace which proposes to turn over to Southern hands, for construction and control, our Constitution, our National Government, our armed forces, and our whole Territory? When the arms of the South shall be made strong, and her feet shall be made firm upon the high places of Government, is there anything in the bearing and temper of the South hitherto which may lead us to hope for moderation? Will not her necessities make her as violent hereafter as heretofore? If the lion's whelp is dangerous even when kenneled, will it become harmless when grown to the full lion, and roving at its will in unrestrained liberty?

Mr. Buchanan, in his letter of acceptance, holds out to the North the ever grateful and always deceitful promise of *peace.* His administration, he affirms, shall inure to the benefit of peace at home and abroad. That he will avoid foreign war is very probable, inasmuch as the South mortally dreads that. But domestic peace cannot come unless Mr. Buchanan violates the letter and spirit of that platform on which he stands; unless he throws himself entirely out of the current of that influence by which, if at all, he is to be elected; unless he breaks himself away from all those political associates who have made him their representative. In short, the Cincinnati platform is a platform every plank of which is made of Southern pine. It stands sharply against Northern doctrines. It portends an open and undisguised sweep of Southern ideas across our whole continent. And unless the North has made up its mind to go into the minority, to give up all the inherent advantages belonging to free labor, to yield up liberty of speech, and freedom of soil, and nationality of legislation, then the election of Mr. Buchanan will be the beginning of an excitement and of a warfare such as has never been dreamed of hitherto.

Every vote for him is a vote for war. No doubt Mr. Buchanan may desire to administer for peace. But when

a man has gone out into the rapids, what he *wishes* has very little to do with the question of his going over the falls. Elected upon that platform, he cannot choose any more what he will do. It is a masked battery. It is a platform bristling with artillery. It is full of shells and rockets. It will sweep the country with doctrines such as never have been known before. It is very silent now. The platform lies before the public, as a man-of-war lies peacefully at anchor. Her sides are still. Her decks are quiet. Her magazine sleeps. She is peaceful indeed, and yet she is stuffed full of materials that only need a quickening, and every port-hole will fly open, every cannon blaze, and the whole ship belch thunder and lightning with broadsides of death.

If a man wishes to put the torch to the Future, let him vote for the Southern men and platform. If men wish wilder times, fiercer conflicts, deadlier civil war, let them vote for the Southern platform. Northern moderation now will be bloodshed by and by.

The only way to peace is that way which shall chain slavery to the place that it now has, and say to the Dragon, "In thine own den thou mayst dwell, and lie down in thine own slime. But thou shalt not go forth to ravage free territory, nor leave thy trail upon unspotted soil."

Until liberty controls the institutions of liberty, until freemen rule in the land of freedom, we shall have nothing but disturbance. And the sooner moderate men grow bold, and take a firm and manly course, the sooner will conflict and contention die out and leave this fair land to prosperity.

By an ever-acting and inevitable law, the South must agitate the country, until a wall is built against her aggression. Then the fire will spread no more, but will burn within her own sphere. But it will be a purifying fire. It will burn up her dross.

After a time she will find slavery intolerable, and destroy it for her own salvation.

THE NATION'S DUTY TO SLAVERY.*

"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein. Also I set watchmen over you saying, Hearken to the sound of the trumpet. But they said, We will not hearken. Therefore hear, ye nations, and know, O congregation, what is among them. Hear, O earth: behold, I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts, because they have not hearkened unto my words, nor to my law, but rejected it."—Jer. vi. 16–19.

THIS is a terrible message. It was God's word of old by the mouth of his prophet, Jeremiah. The occasion of it was a sudden irruption upon Judah of victorious enemies. God sent the prophet to reveal the cause of this disaster. The prophet declared that God was punishing his people because they were selfish and unjust and covetous, and because the whole Church, with its ministry, was whelmed in the same sins. These mischiefs had been glossed over and excused and palliated and hidden, and not healed. There had been a spirit that demanded union and quiet rather than purity and safety. God, therefore, threatens further afflictions, because of the hardness of their hearts; and then,—for such always is the Divine lenity,—as it were, giving them another opportunity and alternative, he commands them to seek after God; to look for A BETTER WAY; to search for the old way, the right way, and to walk in it.

*Preached October 30, 1859, while John Brown was in prison awaiting trial for his doings at Harper's Ferry. John Brown's raid took place while the country was just organizing for the campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln. It was at once attempted to turn the occurrence against the cause of liberty, by representing it as a symptom and premature development of what was intended by the Republican party against the rights of the South. It was necessary that the friends of liberty should be vindicated, without at the same time taking part, or seeming to take part, against those in bonds.

I need not stop to point out the remarkable pertinence which these things have, in many respects, to our nation in the past and to our times in the present. After a long silence upon this subject, I avail myself of the state of the public mind to make some observations on the present state of our land.

The surprise of a whole nation at a recent event is itself the best evidence of the isolation of that event. A burning fragment struck the earth near Harper's Ferry. If the fragment of an exploding aerolite had fallen down out of the air, while the meteor swept on, it would not have been more sudden or less apparently connected either with a cause or an effect!

Seventeen men, white men, without a military base, without supplies, without artillery, without organization more than as a squad of militia, attacked a State, and undertook to release and lead away an enslaved race! They do not appear to have been called by the sufferers, nor to have been welcomed by them. They volunteered a grace, and sought to enforce its acceptance. Seventeen white men held two thousand in duress. They barricaded themselves, and waited until the troops of two States, the employés of a great railway, and a portion of the forces of the Federal government could, traveling briskly night and day, reach them. Then, at one dash, they were snuffed out!

I do not wonder that Virginians feel a great deal of mortification. Everybody is sympathetically ashamed for them! It is quite natural that every effort should be made to enlarge the proportions of this escapade, that they may hide their weakness and incompetency behind a smartly upblown horror! No one doubts the bravery of Virginians! It needs no praising. But even brave men have panics. Courage is sometimes caught at unawares. Certainly it strikes us, at a distance, as a remarkable thing, that prisoners three to one more than their captors,* and two thousand citizens, should have remained days and nights under the fear and control of seventeen white men. Northern cour-

* Brown captured the arsenal and between forty and fifty of the principal inhabitants.

age has been at a discount in the South hitherto. It ought hereafter to rise in value, at least in Virginia!

The diligence which is now shown on the part of many public presses to inflame the public mind and infect it with fear is quite foolish. The inoculation will not take. The North may not be courageous, but it certainly is not silly. There is an element of the ludicrous in this transaction which I think will effectually stop all panic.

Seventeen men terrified two thousand brave Virginians into two days' submission,—*that* cannot be got over! The common sense of common people will not fail to see through all attempts to hide a natural shame by a bungling make-believe that the danger was really greater than it was! The danger was nothing, and the fear very great, and the courage none at all. And nothing can now change the facts! All the newspapers on earth will not make this case appear any better. Do what you please,—muster a crowd of supposed confederates, call the roll of conspirators, include the noblest men of these States, and exhibit this imaginary army before the people, and, in the end, it will appear that seventeen white men overawed a town of two thousand brave Virginians, and held them captives until the sun had gone laughing twice around the globe!

And the attempt to hide the fear of these surrounded men by awaking a larger fear will never do. It is too literal a fulfillment, not exactly of prophecy, but of fable; not of Isaiah, but of Æsop.

A fox having been caught in a trap, escaped with the loss of his tail. He immediately went to his brother foxes to persuade them that they would all look better if they too would cut off their tails. They declined. And our two thousand friends, who lost their courage in the presence of seventeen men, are now making an appeal to this nation to lose its courage too,that the cowardice of the few may be hidden in the cowardice of the whole community! It is impossible. We choose to wear our courage for some time longer.

As I shall not recur to this epic in Virginia history again to-night, I must say a word in respect to the head and heart of it. For it all stood in the courage of one man.

An old man, kind at heart, industrious, peaceful, went forth, with a large family of children, to seek a new home in Kansas. That infant colony held thousands of souls as noble as liberty ever inspired or religion enriched. A great scowling Slave State, its nearest neighbor, sought to tread down this liberty-loving colony, and to dragoon slavery into it by force of arms. The armed citizens of a hostile State crossed the State lines, destroyed the freedom of the ballot-box, prevented a fair expression of public sentiment, corruptly usurped law-making power, and ordained by fraud laws as infamous as the sun ever saw; assaulted its infant settlements with armed hordes, ravaged the fields, destroyed harvests and herds, and carried death to a multitude of cabins. The United States government had no marines for this occasion! No Federal troops posted in the cars by night and day for the poor, the weak, the grossly wronged men of Kansas. There was an army there that unfurled the banner of the Union, but it was on the side of the wrong-doers, not on the side of the injured.

It was in this field that Brown received his impulse. A tender father, whose life was in his son's life, he saw his first-born seized like a felon, chained, driven across the country, crazed by suffering and heat, beaten like a dog by the officer in charge, and long lying at death's door! Another noble boy, without warning, without offense, unarmed, in open day, in the midst of the city, was shot dead! No justice sought out the murderers; no United States attorney was dispatched in hot haste; no marines or soldiers aided the wronged and weak!

The shot that struck the child's heart crazed the father's brain. Revolving his wrongs, and nursing his hatred of that deadly system that breeds such contempt of justice and humanity, at length his phantoms assume a slender reality, and organize such an enterprise as one might expect from a man whom grief had bereft of good judgment. He goes to the heart of a Slave State. One man,—and with sixteen followers! he seizes two thousand brave Virginians, and holds them in duress!

When a great State attacked a handful of weak colonists

the government and nation were torpid, but when seventeen men attacked a sovereign State, then Maryland arms, and Virginia arms, and the United States government arms, and they three rush against seventeen men.

Travelers tell us that the Geysers of Iceland—those singular boiling springs of the North—may be transported with fury by plucking up a handful of grass or turf and throwing it into the springs. The hot springs of Virginia are of the same kind! A handful of men was thrown into them, and what a boiling there has been!

But, meanwhile, no one can fail to see that this poor, child-bereft old man is the manliest of them all. Bold, unflinching, honest, without deceit or evasion, refusing to take technical advantages of any sort, but openly avowing his principles and motives, glorying in them in danger and death, as much as when in security,—that wounded old father is the most remarkable figure in this whole drama. The Governor, the officers of the State, and all the attorneys are pygmies compared with him.

I deplore his misfortunes. I sympathize with his sorrows. I mourn the hiding or obscuration of his reason. I disapprove of his mad and feeble schemes. I shrink from the folly of the bloody foray, and I shrink likewise from all the anticipations of that judicial bloodshed, which doubtless ere long will follow,—for when was cowardice ever magnanimous? If they kill the man, it will not be so much for treason as for the disclosure of their cowardice!

Let no man pray that Brown be spared. Let Virginia make him a martyr. Now, he has only blundered. His soul was noble; his work miserable. But a cord and a gibbet would redeem all that, and round up Brown's failure with a heroic success.

One word more, and that is as to the insecurity of those States that carry powder as their chief cargo. Do you suppose that if tidings had come to New York that the United States armory in Springfield had been seized by seventeen men, New Haven, and Hartford, and Stamford, and Worcester, and New York, and Boston, and Albany would have been thrown into a fever and panic in conse

quence of the event? We scarcely should have read the papers to see what became of it. We should have thought that it was a matter which the Springfield people could manage. The thought of danger would not have entered into our heads. There would not have been any danger. But in a State where there is such inflammable stuff as slavery, there *is* danger, and the people of the South know it; and they cannot help it. I do not blame them so much for being afraid: there is cause for fear where they have such a population as they have down at the bottom of society. But what must be the nature of State and domestic institutions which keep brave men at the point of fear all their life long?

I do not propose, at this time, to express my opinion upon the general subject of Slavery. I have elsewhere, and often, deliberately uttered my testimony. Reflection and experience only confirm my judgment of its immeasurable evils. It is double-edged evil, that cuts both ways, wounding master and slave; a pest to good morals; a consumption of the industrial virtues; a burden upon society in its commercial and economic arrangements; a political anomaly; and a cause of inevitable degradation in religious ideas, feelings, and institutions. All other causes of trouble derived from the weakness or the wickedness of men put together are not half so mischievous to our land as is this gigantic evil.

But it exists in our land, and with a wide-spread and a long-established hold. The extent of our duties toward the slave and toward the master is another and separate question. Our views upon the nature of slavery may be right, and our views of duty toward it may be wrong.

At this time it is peculiarly necessary that all good men should be divinely led to act with prudence and efficient wisdom.

Because it is a great sin, because it is a national curse, it does not follow that we have a right to say anything or do anything about it that may happen to please us. We certainly have no right to attack it in any manner that may gratify men's fancies or passions. It is computed that there

are four million colored slaves in our nation. These dwell in fifteen different Southern States, with a population of ten million whites. These sovereign States are united to us not merely by federal ligaments, but by vital interests, by a common national life. And the question of duty is not simply what is duty toward the blacks, not what is duty toward the whites, but what is duty to each and to both united. I am bound by the great law of love to consider my duties toward the slave, and I am bound by the great law of love also to consider my duties toward the white man, who is his master! Both are to be treated with Christian wisdom and forbearance. We must seek to benefit the slave as much as the white man, and the white man as really as the slave. We must keep in mind the interest of every part,—of the slaves themselves, of the white population, and of the whole brotherhood of States federated into national life. And while the principles of liberty and justice are one and the same, always and everywhere, the wisest method of conferring upon men the benefit of liberty and justice demands great consideration, according to circumstances.

How to apply an acknowledged principle in practical life is a task more difficult than the defense of the principle. It is harder to define what would be just in certain emergencies than to establish the duty, claims, and authority of justice.

Can any light be thrown upon this difficult path? Some light may be shed; but the difficulties of duty can never be removed except by the performance of duty. Yet some things may be known beforehand, and guide to practical solutions.

I shall proceed to show the wrong way and the right way.

1. First, we have no right to treat the citizens of the South with acrimony and bitterness because they are involved in a system of wrong-doing. Wrong is to be exposed. But the spirit of rebuke may be as wicked before God as the spirit of the evil rebuked. Simplicity and firmness in truth are more powerful than any vehement bitterness. Speaking the truth in love is the Apostle's pre-

scription. Some men so love that they will not speak painful truth, and some men utter truth so bitterly as to destroy love; and both are evil-doers. A malignant speech about slavery will not do any good; and, most of all, it will not do those any good who most excite our sympathy,—the children of bondage. If we hope to ameliorate the condition of the slave, the first step must not be taken by setting the master against him. We may be sure that God will not employ mere wrath for wisdom; and that he will raise up and send forth, when his day comes, fearless men, who shall speak the truth for justice, in the spirit of love. Therefore it is a matter not merely of political and secular wisdom, but of Christian conscience, that those who have at heart the welfare of the enslaved should maintain a Christian spirit. This can be done without giving up one word of truth or one principle of righteousness. A man may be fearless and plain-spoken, and yet give evidence of being sympathetic and kind-hearted and loving.

2. The breeding of discontent among the bondmen of our land is not the way to help them. Whatever gloomy thoughts the slave's own mind may brood, *we* are not to carry disquiet to him from without.

If I could have my way, every man on the globe should be a freeman, and at once! But as they cannot be, will not be, for ages, is it best that bitter discontent should be inspired in them, or Christian quietness and patient waiting? If restlessness would bring freedom, they should never rest. But I firmly believe that moral goodness in the slave is the harbinger of liberty! The influence of national freedom will gradually reach the enslaved, it will surely inspire that restlessness which precedes development. Germination is the most silent, but most disturbing, of all natural processes. Slaves cannot but feel the universal summer of civilization. In this way they must come to restless yearnings. We cannot help that, and would not if we could. It is God's sign that spring has come to them. The soul is coming up. There must be room for it to grow. But this is a very different thing from surly discontent, stirred up from without, and left to rankle in their unenlightened natures. The

time is rapidly coming when the Southern Christian will feel a new inspiration. We are not far removed from a revival of the doctrines of Christian manhood and the divine rights of men. When this pentecost comes, the slaves will be stirred by their own masters. We must work upon the master. Make him discontented with slavery, and he will speedily take care of the rest. Before this time comes, any attempt to excite discontent among the slaves will work mischief to *them*, and not good. And my experience—and I have had some experience in this matter—is, that men who tamper with slaves and incite them to discontent are not themselves to be trusted. They are not honest men, unless they are fanatical. If they have their reason, they usually have lost their conscience. I do not know why it is so, but my experience has taught me that men who do such things are crafty, and untrustworthy. Conspirators, the world over, are bad men. And if I were in the South, I should, not from fear of the master, but from the most deliberate sense of the injurious effects of it to the slave, never by word nor act do anything to excite discontent among those who are in slavery. The condition of the slave must be changed, but the change cannot go on in one part of the community alone. There must be change in the law, change in the Church, change in the upper classes, change in the middle and in all classes. Emancipation, when it comes, will come either by revolution or by a change of public opinion in the whole community. No influences, then, are adequate to the relief of the slave, which are not of a proportion and power sufficient to modify the thought and the feeling of the whole community. The evil is not partial. It cannot be cured by partial remedies. Our plans must include a universal change in policy, feeling, purpose, theory, and practice in the whole nation. The application of simple remedies to single spots in this great body of disease will serve to produce a useless irritation: it will merely fester the hand, but not cure the whole body.

3. No relief will be afforded to the slaves of the South, as a body, by any individual; or by any organized plan to carry them off, or to incite them to abscond.

The more enlightened and liberty-loving among the Southern slaves bear too much of their masters' blood not to avail themselves of any opening to escape. It is their right; it will be their practice. Free locomotion is an incident of slave-property, which the master must put up with. Nimble legs are of much use in tempering the severity of slavery. If, therefore, an enslaved man, acting from the yearnings of his own heart, desires to run away, who shall forbid him? In all the earth, wherever a human being is held in bondage, he has a right to slough his burden and break his yoke if he can. If he wishes liberty, and is willing to dare and suffer for it, let him! If by his manly courage he achieves it, he ought to have it. I honor such a man!

Nay, if he has escaped and comes to me, I owe him shelter, succor, defense, and God-speed to a final safety. If there were as many laws as there are lines in the Fugitive Slave Law, and as many officers as there were beasts in Daniel's lion's den, I would disregard every law but God's, and help the fugitive! A man whose own heart has inspired a courage sufficient to achieve what he desired, shall never come to my door and not be made as welcome as my own child. I will adopt him for God's sake, and for the sake of the Christ who broods over the weak and perishing. Nor am I singular in such feelings and purposes. Ten thousand men, even in the South, would feel and do the same. A man who would not help a fellow-creature flying for his liberty must be either a villain or a politician.

I stand on the outside of this great cordon of darkness, and every man that escapes from it, running for his life, shall have some help from me, if he comes forth of his own free accord; yet I would never incite slaves to run away, or send any other man to do it. We have no right to carry into the midst of slavery exterior discontent; and for this reason: *that it is not good for the slaves themselves.* It is short-sighted humanity, at best, and poor policy for both the blacks and the whites. And I say again, I would not trust a man that should do it. It would injure the blacks chiefly and especially. How it would injure them will appear

when I come to speak positively of what is the right way to promote the liberty of the enslaved. I may say here, however, that the higher a man is raised in the scale of being, the harder it will be to hold him in bondage and to sell him; while the more he is like an animal, the easier it will be to hold him in thrall and harness. The more you make slave-holders feel that when they oppress and sell a man, they are oppressing and selling God's image, the harder it will be for them to continue to enslave and traffic in human beings. Therefore, whatever you do to inspire in the slave high and noble and godlike feelings tends to loosen his chains, and whatever shall inspire in him base, low, and cruel feelings tightens them.

Running away is all fair for single cases. It is God's remedy for all cases of special hardship. It is the natural right of any slave who has manhood enough to resent even tolerant bondage. We are not speaking of the remedy for individuals,—but the remedy for the whole system. Four million men cannot run away, until God sends ten Egyptian plagues to help them. And those who go among the slaves to stir up discontent will help the hundreds at the expense of the millions. Those left behind will be demoralized, and, becoming less trustworthy, will grow sullen under increased severity and vigilance.

4. Still less would we tolerate anything like insurrection and servile war. It would be the most cruel, hopeless, and desperate of all conceivable follies, to seek emancipation by the sword and by blood. And though I love liberty as my own life, though I long for it in every human being, though if God, by unequivocal providences, should ordain that it should come again as of old, through terrible plagues on the first-born, and by other terrors of ill, I should submit to the Divine behest; yet, so far as human instrumentality is concerned, by all the conscience of a man, by all the faith of a Christian, and by all the zeal and warmth of a philanthropist, I protest against any counsels that lead to insurrection, servile war, and bloodshed. It is bad for the master, bad for the slave, bad for all that are neighbors to them, bad for the whole land,—bad from beginning to end!

The right of a race or nation to seize their freedom is not to be disputed. It belongs to all men on the face of the globe, without regard to complexion. A people have the right to change their rulers, their government, their whole political condition. This right is neither granted nor limited in the New Testament. It is left, as are the functions of life, and even existence itself, as a thing not requiring commands or legislation. But, according to God's Word, so long as a man remains a servant, he must obey his master. The right of the slave to throw off the control of his master is not abrogated. The right of the subject to do this is neither defined nor limited. But the use of this right must conform to reason, and not to mere impulse. The leaders of a people have no right to whelm their helpless followers in terrible disaster by inciting them to rebel, under circumstances that afford not the slightest hope that their rebellion will rise to the dignity of a successful revolution. The nations of Italy are showing great wisdom and fitness in their leaders for their work, in that they are quelling fretful and irregular outbreak, and holding the people steadfast till success shall surely crown uprising revolution. This has been the eminent wisdom of that Hungarian exile, Kossuth. In spite of all that is written and said against this noble man, I stand to my first full faith in him.* The uncrowned hero is the noblest man, after all, in Europe! And his statesmanship has been shown in this: that his burning sense of the right of his people to be free has not led him to incite them to premature, partial, and easily overmatched revolt. A man may give his own life rather than abide in servitude, but he has no right to lead a whole people to slaughter, without the strongest probabilities of success.

If nations were all armed men, it would be different. Soldiers can die. But a nation is made up of other materials than armed men; it includes women and children and

*In December, 1851, Louis Kossuth came to America, and Mr. Beecher and Plymouth Church were among his warmest friends and most liberal helpers, with what he called "material aid."

youth. These are to be considered, and not merely men of muscle and knuckle and bone.

Now, if the Africans in our land were intelligent, if they understood themselves, if they had self-governing power, if they were able first to throw off the yoke of adverse laws and institutions, and afterwards to defend and build themselves up in a civil state, then they would have just the same right to assume their independence that any nation has.

But does any man believe that this is the case? Does any man believe that this vast horde of undisciplined Africans, if set free, would have cohesive power enough to organize themselves into a government, and maintain their independence? If there be men who believe this, I am not among them. I certainly think that even slaves would be made immeasurably better by liberty; but I do not believe they would be made better by liberty gained by insurrection or rebellion in the peculiar circumstances which surround them at the South.. A regulated liberty; a liberty possessed with the consent of their masters; a liberty under the laws and institutions of the country; a liberty which should make them common beneficiaries of those institutions and principles which make us wise and happy,—such a liberty would be a great blessing to them. Freedom, with a law and government, is an unspeakable good, but without them it is a mischief. And anything that tends to incite among men a vague insurrectionary spirit is a great and cruel wrong to them.

If, in view of the wrongs of slavery, you say that you do not care for the master, but only for the slave, I reply, that you *should* care for both master and slave! Though you do not care for the fate of the wrong-doing white man, I do! But even though your sympathy were only for the slave, then for his sake you ought to set your face against anything like an insurrectionary spirit.

Let us turn from these specifications of the wrong way to some considerations relating to the right way.

1. If we would benefit the African at the South, we must *begin at the North*. This is to some men the most disagreeable part of the doctrine of emancipation. It is very easy to

labor for the emancipation of beings a thousand miles off; but the practical application of justice and humanity to those about us is not so agreeable. The truths of God respecting the rights and dignities of men are just as important to free colored men as to enslaved colored men. The lever with which to lift the load of Georgia is in New York. I do not believe the whole free North can tolerate grinding injustice toward the poor and inhumanity toward the laboring classes, without exerting an influence unfavorable to justice and humanity in the South. No one can fail to see the inconsistency between our treatment of those amongst us who are in the lower walks of life and our professions of sympathy for the Southern slaves. How are the free colored people treated at the North? They are almost without education, and with but little sympathy for their ignorance. They are refused the common rights of citizenship which the whites enjoy. They cannot even ride in the cars of our city railroads. They are snuffed at in the house of God, or tolerated with ill-concealed disgust. Can the black man be a mason in New York? Let him be employed as a journeyman, and every Irish lover of liberty that carries the hod or trowel would leave at once, or compel him to leave! Can the black man be a carpenter? There is scarcely a carpenter's shop in New York in which a journeyman would continue to work, if a black man was employed in it. Can the black man engage in the common industries of life? There is scarcely one from which he is not excluded. He is crowded down, down, down, through the most menial callings, to the bottom of society. We tax them, and then refuse to allow their children to go to our public schools. We heap upon them moral obloquy more atrocious than that which the master heaps upon the slave. And, notwithstanding all this, we lift ourselves up to talk to the Southern people about the rights and liberties of the human soul, and especially the African soul! It is true that slavery is cruel. But it is not at all certain that there is not more love to the race in the South than in the North. We do not own them, so we do not love them at all. The prejudice of the whites against color is so strong that they cannot endure to ride or

sit with a black man, so long as they do not own him. As neighbors, they are not to be tolerated, but as property they are most tolerable in the house, the church, the carriage, the couch! The African owned, may dwell in America; but unowned, he must be expatriated. Emancipation must be jackal to colonization. The choice given to the African is plantation or colonization. Our Christian public sentiment is a pendulum swinging between owning or exporting the colored poor in our midst.

Whenever we are prepared to show toward the lowest, the poorest, and the most despised an unaffected kindness, such as led Christ, though the Lord of Glory, to lay aside his dignities, and to take on himself the form of a servant, and suffer an ignominious death, that he might rescue men from ignorance and bondage,—whenever we are prepared to do such things as these, we may be sure that the example of the North will not be unfelt at the South. Every effort that is made in Brooklyn to establish schools and churches for the free colored people, and to encourage them to educate themselves and to become independent, is a step toward emancipation in the South. The degradation of free colored men in the North will fortify slavery in the South!

2. We must quicken all the springs of feeling in the Free States in behalf of human liberty, and create a public sentiment, based upon truths of Christian manhood. For if we act to any good purpose on the minds of the South, we must do it through a salutary and pure public sentiment in the North. When we have corrected our own practice, and set an example of the right spirit, then we shall have a position from which to exert a beneficial public influence on the minds of Southern slaveholders. For this there must be full and free discussion. Under our institutions, public opinion is the monarch; and free speech and debate form public opinion.

The air must be vital with the love of liberty. Liberty with us must be raised by religion from the selfishness of an instinct to the sanctity of a moral principle! We must love it for ourselves and demand it for others. Since Christ took man's nature, human life has a divine sanctity. We must

inspire in the public mind a profound sense of the rights of men founded upon their relations to God. The glory of intelligence, refinement, genius, has nothing to do with men's rights. The rice slave, the Hottentot, are as much God's children as Humboldt or Chalmers. That they are in degradation only makes it more imperative upon us to secure to them the birthright which in their ignorance they sell for a mess of pottage.

These things must become familiar again to our pulpits. Our children must be taught to glow again in our schools over the heroic ideals of liberty. Mothers must twine the first threads of their children's life with the golden threads of these divine truths, and the whole of life must be woven to the heavenly pattern of Liberty!

What can the North do for the South, unless her own heart is purified and ennobled? When the love of liberty is at so low an ebb that churches dread the sound, ministers shrink from the topic; when book-publishers dare not publish or republish a word on the subject of slavery, cut out every living word from school-books, expurgate life-passages from Humboldt, Spurgeon, and all foreign authors or teachers; and when great religious publication Societies, endowed for the very purpose of speaking fearlessly the truths which interest would let perish, pervert their trust, and are dumb, first and chiefly, and articulate only in things that thousands of others could publish as well as they,—what chance is there that public sentiment, in such a community, will have any power with the South?

But the end of these things is at hand. A nobler spirit is arising. New men, new hearts, new zeals, are coming forward, led on by all those signs and auspices that God foresends when he prepares his people to advance. This work, well begun, must not go back. It must grow, like spring, into summer. God will then give it an autumn—without a winter. And when such a public sentiment fills the North, founded upon religion, and filled with fearless love to both the bond and the free, it will work all over the continent, and nothing can be hid from the shining thereof.

3. By all the ways consistent with the fearless assertion of truth, we must maintain sympathy and kindness toward the South. We are brethren; and I pray that no fratricidal influences be permitted to sunder this Union. There was a time when I thought the body of death would be too much for life, and that the North was in danger of taking disease from the South, rather than they our health. That time has gone past. I do not believe that we shall be separated by their act or ours. We have an element of healing, which, if we are true to ourselves and our principles, and God is kind to us, will drive itself further and further into the nation, until it penetrates and regenerates every part. When the whole lump shall have been leavened thereby, old prejudices will be done away, and new sympathies will be created.

I am for holding the heart of the North right up to the heart of the South. Every heart-beat will be, ere long, not a blow riveting oppression, but a throb carrying new health. Freedom in the North is stronger than slavery in the South. We are yet to work for them as the silent spring works for us. They are a lawful prey to love. I do not hesitate to tell the South what I mean by loving this Union. I mean liberty, I mean the decay of slavery, and its extinction. If I might speak for the North, I would say to the South: "We love you, and hate your slavery. We shall leave no fraternal effort untried to deliver you, and ourselves with you, from the degradation, danger, and wickedness of this system." And for this we cling to the Union. There is health in it.

4. We are to leave no pains untaken, through the Christian conscience of the South, to give to the slave himself a higher moral *status*. I lay it down as an axiom, that whatever gives more manhood to the slave slackens the bonds that bind him, and that whatever lowers him in the scale of manhood tightens those bonds. If you wish to work for the enfranchisement of the African, seek to make him a better man. Teach him to be an obedient servant, and an honest, true, Christian man. These virtues are God's step-stones to liberty. That man whom Christ first makes

free has a better chance to be civilly free than any other. To make a slave morose, fractious, disobedient, and unwilling to work is the way to defer his emancipation. We do not ask the slave to be satisfied with slavery. But, feeling its grievous burden, we ask him to endure it while he must, "as unto God, and not unto man;" not because he does not love liberty, but because he does love Christ enough to show forth His spirit under grievous wrong. Bad slaves will never breed respect, sympathy, and emancipation. Truth, honor, fidelity, manhood,—these things in the slave will prepare him for freedom. It is the low animal condition of the African that enslaves him. It is moral enfranchisement that will break his bonds.

The Pauline treatment is the most direct road to liberty. No part of the wisdom of the New Testament seems to me more divinely wise than Paul's directions to those in slavery. This is the food that servants need now at the South, everywhere, the world over! If I lived in the South, I should preach these things to slaves, with a firm conviction that so I should advance the day of their liberty. I should feel that I was carrying them further and further toward their emancipation. There is no disagreement between the true spirit of emancipation and the enforcement of every single one of the precepts of the New Testament respecting servants.

5. The things which shall lead to emancipation are not so complicated or numerous as people blindly think. A few virtues established, a few usages maintained, a few rights guaranteed to the slaves, and the system is vitally wounded. The right of chastity in the woman, the unblemished household love, the right of parents in their children, —on these three elements stands the whole weight of society. Corrupt or enfeeble these, and there cannot be superincumbent strength. Withhold these rights from savage people, and they can never be carried up. They are the integral elements of associated human life. We demand, and have a right to demand, of the Christian men of the South, that they shall revolutionize the moral condition of the slaves.

I stand up in behalf of two million women who are without a voice, to declare that there ought to be found in Christianity, somewhere, an influence that shall protect their right to their own persons, and that their purity shall stand on some other ground than the caprice of their masters! I demand that the Christian Church, both North and South, shall bear a testimony in behalf of marriage among the slaves, which shall make it as inviolable as marriage among the whites. It is not to be denied that another code of morals prevails upon the plantation than that which prevails in the plantation mansion. So long as husband and wife are marriageable commodities, liable to be sold apart, to form new connections, there can be no such thing as sanctity in wedlock.

Let it be known in New York that a man has two wives, and there is no church so feeble of conscience that they will not instantly eject him; and law will promptly visit him with penalties. But the communicants of slave-churches not only live with a second while their first companion is yet alive, but in succession with a third and fourth; nor is it any disqualification for church-membership. The Church and the State wink at it. It is the commercial necessity of the system. If you will sell men, you must not be too nice about their moral virtues.

A wedding among this unhappy people is but a name,—a mere form to content their conscience or their love of imitating their superiors. Every auctioneer in the community has the power to put asunder whom God has joined. The bankruptcy of their owner is the bankruptcy of the marriage relation in half the slaves on his plantation.

Neither is there any gospel that has been permitted to rebuke these things. There is no church that I have ever known in the South that bears testimony against them. Neither will the churches in the North, as a body, take upon themselves the responsibility of bearing witness against them.

I go further. I declare that there must be a Christian public sentiment which shall make the family inviolate. Men sometimes say, "It is rarely the case that families are

separated." It is false! It is false! There is not a slave-mart that does not bear testimony, a thousand times over, against such an assertion. Children are bred like colts and calves, and are dispersed like them.

It is in vain to preach a gospel to slaves that leaves out personal chastity in man and woman, or that leaves their purity subject to another's control; that leaves out the sanctity of the marriage state, and the unity and inviolability of the family. And yet no gospel has borne such a testimony in favor of them as to arouse the conscience of the South! If ministers will not preach liberty to the captive, they ought at least to preach the indispensable necessity of household virtue! If they will not call upon the masters to set their slaves free, they should at least proclaim a Christianity that protects woman, childhood, and household!

The moment that woman stands self-poised in her own purity, the moment man and woman are united together by bonds which cannot be sundered during their earthly life, the moment the right of parents to their children is recognized,—that moment there will be a certain sanctity and protection of the eternal and Divine government resting upon father and mother and children, and the death-blow of slavery will have been struck! You cannot make slavery profitable after these three conditions are secured. The moment you make slaves serfs, they are no longer a legal tender, and are uncurrent in the market; and families are so cumbrous, so difficult to support, so expensive, that owners are compelled, from reasons of pecuniary interest, to discontinue the system.

Therefore, if you will only disseminate the truths of the Gospel, if you will put timid priests out of the way, and lying Societies whose cowardice slanders the Gospel which they pretend to diffuse, and if you will bring a whole solar flood of truth to bear upon the practical morals of the slave, you will begin to administer a remedy, if God designs to cure it by moral means, which will inevitably heal the evil.

6. Among the means to be employed for promoting the

liberty of the slave we must not fail to include the power of true Christian prayer. When slavery shall cease, it will be by such instruments and influences as shall exhibit God's hand and heart in the work. Its downfall will have been achieved so largely through natural causes, so largely through reasons as broad as nations, that it will be apparent to all men that God led on the emancipation; man being only one element among the many. Therefore, we have every encouragement to direct our prayers without ceasing to God that he will restrain the wrath of man, inspire men with wisdom, overrule all evil laws, and control the commerce of the globe, so that the poor may be protected, that the bond may become free, that the ignorant may become wise, that the master and slave may respect each other, and that at length we may be an evangelized and Christian people. May God, in his own way and time, speed the day!

AGAINST A COMPROMISE OF PRINCIPLE.*

"And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."—Luke iv. 17–19.

THESE words are remarkable, to-day, for their meaning and for their historical position. The first sermon which Christ made, upon entering his public ministry, was this one at Nazareth, where he had been brought up. That he chose these words in entering upon his mission—these words, of all the Law, of all the Psalms, and of all the Prophets—gives them peculiar significancy. And, when we consider their contents, they become yet more memorable, since they were the charter and index of his mission,—the text not only of his sermon, but of his life. Christ came to save the world,—not laws, not governments, not institutions, not dynasties, but the *people*. The fulfillment of his mission is to be looked for in the condition of nationalities and the character of peoples. Though peace breathe balm over all the world, and every law is obeyed, and every government rides among the people as a man-of-war dressed for holiday upon a tranquil sea, there is no reason for rejoicing if the people are ignorant and their capacities are undeveloped, if they are mean and sordid, and their morals, like a Chinese foot, are cramped too small to walk upon. But though there be wars and rumors of war, revolutions and tumults, the world is pros-

*Thanksgiving Day, November 29, 1860.

perous if by these convulsions the race is freed from oppression, thoroughly aroused, and incited to bolder enterprise and to nobler moral character.

We are, then, to study the advance of Christ's kingdom in the whole aspect of the world. The Church is of the people. God's Church includes the whole human race. Our separate churches are but doors to the grand spiritual interior. The good men who love God and man with overruling affection, of all nations, and of every tongue, are the true Church.

To-day we are assembled to give thanks for national mercies. I need not remind you of the year that is closing. Who knew, when January set her cold, calm face toward the future, that she was the herald of such a summer? When was there ever a year so fertile? so propitious to all industry? It has been a procession of rejoicing months, flower-wreathed and fruit-laden,—a very holiday year!

The soil awoke with new ardor; everything that lived by the soil felt the inspiration. Every root, and every blade, and every stem, and every bough has this year tasked itself for prodigal bounty. Except a narrow strip, this continent has been so blessed with husbandry as to make this year memorable even among years hitherto most eminent. The meadow, the tilled fields, the grazing pastures, the garden, the vineyard, the orchard, the very fence-row berry-bushes and wild wall-vines, have been clothed with unexampled bounty and beauty. Nature seems to have lacked messengers to convey her intents of kindness, and the summer, like a road surprised with quadruple freights, has not been able to find conveyance for all its treasures. The seas have felt the divine ardor. The fishermen never reaped such harvests from the moist furrows of the ocean as this year. These husbandmen of the sea, who reap where they have not sowed and grow rich upon harvests which they have not tilled, have this year put in the crooked hook for their sickle with admiring gladness for the strange and unwonted abundance of the deep.

All the sons of God rejoice, and all good men rejoice. It

needs but one element to complete the satisfaction. If we could be sure that this is God's mercy, meant for good, and tending thereto, we should have a full cup to-day. That satisfaction is not denied us. The Mayor of New York, in a public proclamation, in view of this prodigal year, that has heaped the poor man's house with abundance, is pleased to say that there is no occasion apparent to him for thanksgiving. We can ask no more. When bad men grieve at the state of public affairs, good men should rejoice. When infamous men keep fast, righteous men should have thanksgiving. God reigns and the Devil trembles. Amen. Let us rejoice!*

But it is not now to these topics that I shall confine my remarks. I propose to glance at other reasons for thanksgiving.

1. The advantage and increasing influence of nations which in the main tend to conserve human liberty, and the decadence and dwindling of those nations that have flourished by exaction and tyranny, is matter of gratula-

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*Mayor Fernando Wood's proclamation is such a curiosity of wickedness, even in the annals of New York city, that we append it:—

"MAYOR'S OFFICE, New York, November 24, 1860.

"PROCLAMATION.—In accordance with custom and the proclamation of the Governor of the State, it becomes my duty, as Mayor, to recommend to the people of this city the observance of THURSDAY, the 29th inst., as a day of 'Thanksgiving and Prayer.'

"While in my judgment the country, either in its political, commercial, or financial aspect, presents no features for which we should be thankful, we are yet called upon by every consideration of self-preservation to offer up to the Father of all mercies devout and fervent prayer, for his interposition and protection from the impending evils which threaten our institutions and the material interests of the people.

"Therefore, acknowledging our dependence on Almighty God, and deeply sensible of our own unworthiness, let the day set apart as Thanksgiving be observed by the people of this city as one of humiliation and supplication,—not omitting in our prayers the expression of the hope that those who have, in violation of the Federal compact, unpatriotically and unwisely influenced these injuries upon us, may be the only sufferers by their own wickedness and folly.

"[L. S.] Given under my hand and seal, this day and year aforesaid.

"FERNANDO WOOD, *Mayor*."

tion. It should make good men glad when wicked men and wicked nations grow weak.

2. The emergence of the common people to that degree of political power that makes it necessary now for the whole of Western Europe to ask their permission for the establishment of any throne or monarchy is cheering and auspicious. Crowns were once made of gold beaten out on the people's backs. Now the strongest crowns are made of paper,—the paper votes of the common people. Therein we rejoice, and will rejoice.

3. The resurrection of Italy is another memorable event of the year. I see as many tokens of a Divine presence in Italy as of old there were in the emancipation and conduct of the Israelites from Egypt. That such a conjunction of events should have taken place; that such a monarch as Victor Emmanuel, who almost reconciles republicans to kings, should have sat waiting; that such a consummate statesman, of noblest patriotism, as Cavour, should have been prepared and waiting; that such a hero, simple, true, pure, disinterested, self-sacrificing, skillful, and lion-like, as Garibaldi, should have come at the hour, are marks of the planning of God. Men never devise such combinations. It would have been significant had either of these men come singly. That all should have come together,—a soldier to beat down the old despotism, a statesman to organize the new liberty, a just and patriot king to preside over the people's government, and a people, divided for centuries, but now at last united, —this reveals the mind and will of God. Let us rejoice!

4. The growing moderation of the Russian monarchy, the quiet improvement of the people, the emancipation of the serfs, ought to engage the attention and receive the sympathy of every Christian people. There is a great work begun in Russia. This gigantic nation, the antithesis of America politically and geographically, is, like her, almost half a globe of herself. The end we cannot now even suspect. Prophets are dead. God no longer tells beforehand what he is going to do. But, by the clearing that has been made for the foundations, by the materials that are gathering, and by the workmen that are employed, we judge that

no mean structure is about to arise to the glory of God. There is an immense History now in birth. May the unmeasured future be for Humanity, Justice, and Piety!

5. In the rest of the world there are signs, but more remote, of good. Heathen nations are growing weaker, Christian nations are growing stronger. The nations of Heathenism are imbecile. The nations of Christianity are of vigorous stock, and have a future. Already Christian nations rule the world. Who may war, how long, for what, with whom, depends upon the will of Christian peoples. There is a Christian police around this globe!

6. Our own land has not been behind. In this march of nations our country has kept step. We know it by the victory of ideas, by the recognition of principles instead of mere policies, by the ascendency of justice, and by the ratifying rage of all who love oppression and oppressors.

To-day should not be profaned by partisan congratulations;* but we should be ungrateful to God, who has guided us through peril and darkness, and at length brought us forth into illustrious victory, if we did not to-day remember, with profound gratitude and devout thanksgiving, the resurrection of the spirit of liberty from the graves of our fathers!

The tree of life, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations, has been evilly dealt with. Its boughs have been lopped, and its roots starved till its fruit is knurly. Upon its top had been set scions of bitter fruits, that grew and sucked out all the sap from the better branches. Upon its trunk the wild boar of the forest had whetted his tusks.

But now again it blooms. Its roots have found the river, and shall not want again for moisture; the grafts of poisonous fruits have been broken off or have been blown out; mighty spearmen have hunted the wild swine back to his thickets, and the hedge shall be broken down no more round about it. The air is fragrant in its opening buds, the young fruit is setting. God has returned and looked upon it, and behold, summer is in all its branches!

To some it may seem that the light in this picture is too

* The national election of November, 1860, had resulted in the choice of Abraham Lincoln as President, practically giving the national voice for the non-extension of slavery.

high, and that the background is not dark enough. I do not wish you to think that the background is not dark; for it is. There is excitement. There is brewing mischief. The clouds lie lurid along the Southern horizon. The Caribbean Sea, that breeds tornadoes and whirlwinds, has heaped up treasures of storms portentous, that seem about to break. Let them break! God has appointed their bounds. Not till the sea drives back the shore, and the Atlantic submerges the Continent, will this tumult of an angry people move the firm decrees of God. He who came to open prison doors, to deliver captives, to loose those that are bound,—he it is that is among us. We are surrounded by airy hosts greater than those which the prophet of old saw filling the mountains. God is with us. The very rage of wickedness shows his presence.

While we tremble, then, let us rejoice; not triumph, nor boast, nor make invidious comparisons, nor throw fuel of passions into the flames already too hot. But, with a sober, temperate, and beneficent joy, let us give thanks to God, that he has begun to recall this nation from a course that would have wrought utter destruction; and that now, though waves are beating, and the tempest is upon the ship, she has changed her course, and heads right away from the breakers and the sand!

But be sure that, in these times, there can be no safe navigation except that which clings to great universal principles. Selfish interests, if they are our pilots, will betray us. Vainglory will destroy us. Pride will wreck us. Above all, the fear of doing right will be fatal. But Justice and Liberty are pilots that do not lose their craft. They steer by a divine compass. They know the hand that holds the winds and the storms. It is always safe to be right; and our business is not so much to seek peace as to seek the causes of peace. Expedients are for an hour, but principles are for the ages. Just because the rains descend and winds blow, we cannot afford to build on shifting sands. Nothing can be permanent and nothing safe in this exigency that does not sink deeper than politics or money. We must touch the rock, or we shall never have firm foundations.

I. Our prosperity had its beginning and continuance in Natural Laws. God's will in nature and in human society is the source of human strength and human wisdom. No matter how many are with you, if your councils are in the face of divine principles. Peace, regardless of equity, is a treacherous sleep, whose waking is death. It is not half so necessary to have a settlement as it is to have a *right* settlement. In the end, right political economy will work out prosperous national economy; and if for want of faith in the safety of rectitude you abandon sound and proved principles, or let them go by default, all your good intentions will not save you from national misrule and national wasting and destruction. The mariner who should take refuge in the Maelstrom, thinking it a safe harbor, would learn quickly that good intentions are good follies when men run against natural law. And to think that this nation has been prospered merely on account of the skill, the wisdom, or the arrangements and combinations of men, is the worst of infidelities. While papers and parties are in full outcry, and nostrums are advertised, and scared politicians are at their wits' ends, (without having gone far, either,) and men of weak minds are beside themselves, and imbeciles stand doubting in the streets, know ye that the way of peace is simple, accessible, and easy. Be still. Stand firm! Have courage to wait. Money is insane. Fear is death. Faith in justice, and in rectitude, and trust in God, will work out safety. The worst is over. Our Northern apathy to freedom and our greed of commerce are a thousand times more dangerous than Southern rage and threat. Moral bankruptcy will ruin us all. No other bankruptcies will harm us!

Let us have firm courage, kindness of temper, willingness to make concessions in things of mere policy, but no concession of principles, no yielding of moral convictions, no paltering with our consciences. Thirty pieces of silver bought Christ and hung Judas. If you sell your convictions to Fear, you give yourself to a vagabond. If you sell your conscience to Interest, you traffic with a fiend. The fear of doing right is the grand treason in times of danger. When

you consent to give up your convictions of justice, humanity, and liberty, for the sake of tranquillity, you are like men who buy a treacherous truce of tyrants by giving up their weapons of war. Cowards are the food of despots.

When a storm is on the deep, and the ship labors, men throw over the deck-load; they cast forth the heavy freights, and ride easier as their merchandise grows less. But in our time men propose to throw overboard the compass, the charts, the chronometer, and sextant, but to keep the freight!

For the sake of a principle our fathers dared to defy the proudest nation on the globe. They suffered. They conquered. We are never tired of praising them. But when *we* are called to stand firm for principle, we tremble, we whine, we evade duty, and shuffle up a compromise, by which we may sell our conscience, and save our pocket.

It is rank infidelity, and, at such a time as this, stupendous infatuation, to suppose that the greatness of this nation ever sprung from the wisdom of expediency, instead of the power of settled principles. Your harbor did not make you rich; you made the harbor rich. Your ships did not create your commerce; your commerce created your ships; and you created your commerce. Your stores did not make traffic. Your factories did not create enterprise. Your firms, your committees, your treaties, and your legislation did not create national prosperity. Our past greatness sprung from our obedience to God's natural and moral law. We had men trained to courage, to virtue, to wisdom. And manhood,—*manhood*,—MANHOOD,—exercised in the fear of God, has made this nation. Men are God's vicegerents; and if they will govern as he governs, then they shall be creators, too, in this world. The reason we have prospered in days past is not that we have known how to duck and dodge and trim; it is not that we have known all the minute ways of microscopic statesmanship: it is because we have known just enough to see the way in which natural law and God's kingdom were going, and to follow them. It is a simple thing; it is no secret; and accursed be he that counsels the people to seek peace

and prosperity by abandoning the causes of it, and that leads them into destruction by leading them into the arms of a tinseled folly!

II. Let no man be foolishly fearful of excitement. Our age marks the growth of the world by this: that excitement is now wholesome. When men low down in the scale begin to be stirred, the most active part is excited, which is passion. But when men have outgrown barbarism, and live in moral and intellectual elements, then excitement rouses up the higher nature. Among a savage people, excitement works downward and rages; among a Christian and civilized people, it works upward and toward peace. Excitements among a thinking people tend to clearer convictions, to surer intuitions, to more heroic purposes, and loftier enthusiasms. Do not be afraid because the community teems with excitement. Silence and death are dreadful. The rush of life, the vigor of earnest men, the conflict of realities, invigorate, cleanse, and establish truth. Our only fear should be lest we refuse God's work. He has appointed this people, and our day, for one of those world-battles on which ages turn. Ours is a pivotal period. The strife is between a dead past and a living future; between a wasting evil and a nourishing good; between *Barbarism* and *Civilization*.

The condition of the common people always measures the position of any nation on the scale of civilization. The condition of Work always measures the character of the common people. It is not where the head is, but where the feet are, that determines a nation's position. By ascertaining where the working people are in the North and in the South, you can determine the respective positions of these two sections of our country. I need not tell you what is the relative position of these two extremes and opposites on any scale of Christian civilization.

The Southern States and the Northern alike found poisonous seed sown in colonial days. The North chose to weed it out. The South determined to cultivate it, and see what it would bear. The harvest-time has now come.

We are reaping what we sowed. They sowed the wind, and they are about to reap the whirlwind. Let us keep in view the causes of things. Our prosperity is the fruit of the seed that we sowed, and their fears, their alarms, their excitements, their fevers, their tumults, and their rages are the fruit of the seed that they sowed. Ours is wholesome; theirs is poisonous. All, now, that we demand is, *that each side shall reap its own harvest.*

It is this that convulses the South. They wish to reap fruits of liberty from the seed of slavery. They wish to have an institution which sets at naught the laws of God, and yet be as refined and prosperous and happy as we are, who obey these laws; and since they cannot, they demand that we shall make up to them what they lack. The real gist of the controversy, as between the greatest number of Southern States and the North, is simply this. The South claims that the United States government is bound to make slavery as good as liberty for all purposes of national life. That is the root of their philosophy. They are to carry on a wasting system, a system that corrupts social life in its very elements, to pursue a course of inevitable impoverishment, and yet, at every decade of years, the government is, by some new bounty and privilege, to make up to them all the waste of this gigantic mistake! And our national government has been made a bribed judge, sitting on the seat of authority in this land, to declare bankruptcy as good as honesty; to declare wickedness as good as virtue; and to declare that there shall be struck, from period to period, a rule that will bring all men to one common municipal and communal prosperity, no matter what may be the causes that are working out special evils in them.

The Southern States, then, have organized society around a rotten core,—slavery: the North has organized society about a vital heart,—liberty. At length both stand mature. They stand in proper contrast. God holds them up to ages and to nations, that men may see the difference. Now that there is a conflict, I ask which is to yield? Causes having been true to effects, and effects true to

causes; these gradually unfolding commercial and political and moral results having been developed in the two great opposing extremes of this country, the time has come in which they are so brought into contact that the principle of the one or the principle of the other must yield. Liberty must discrown her fair head; she must lay her opal crown and her diamond scepter upon the altar of Oppression; or else Oppression must shrink, and veil its head, and depart. Which shall it be? Two queens are not to rule in this land, one black and the other white; one from below and the other from above. Two influences are not to sit in culminated power at the seat of influence in this nation, one dragging and pulling toward the infernal, and the other drawing and exciting toward the supernal. No nation could stand the strain to which it would be subjected under such a state of things.

There is a Divine impulsion in this. Those who resist and those who strive are carried along by a stream mightier than mere human volition. Whether men have acted well or ill, is not now the question; but simply this: *On which side will you be found?* This controversy will go on. No matter what *you* do, God will carry out his own providences with you or without you, by you or against you. You cannot hide or run away, or shift the question, or stop the trial. Complaints are useless, and recriminations foolish and wicked.

The distinctive idea of the Free States is Christian civilization, and the peculiar institutions of civilization. The distinctive idea of the South is barbaric institutions. In the North mind, and in the South force, rules. In the North every shape and form of society in some way represents liberty. In the South every institution and element of society is tinged and pervaded with slavery. The South accepts the whole idea of slavery, boldly and consistently. The North will never have peace till she with equal boldness accepts liberty.

While liberty and slavery are kept apart, and only run upon parallels, there may be peace. But there is no way in which they can be combined; there is no unity made

up of these deadly antagonisms. And all devices, and cunning arrangements, and deceitful agreements, are false and foolish.

The truth that men cannot hush, and that God will not have covered up, is the irreconcilable difference between liberty and slavery! Which will you advocate and defend?

There are three courses before us:—

1. To go over to the South.
2. To compromise principles.
3. To maintain principles upon just and constitutional grounds, and abide the issue.

1. Shall we, then, obliterate from our statute-books every law for liberty? Shall we rub down and efface every clear and distinctive feature of liberty? Shall we assume that one is just as good as the other,—slavery and freedom? Are we, for the sake of peace, to go over to the South, yield our convictions, and our moral influences, and our whole soul and body of teaching and conviction?

This course is not to be thought of for a moment, whatever it may be theoretically considered. As a matter of fact, you know, and I know, and everybody knows, that there will be no change in the convictions of the North. We have reaped too bountifully from the seed we have sown, to change. Our method of moral and political tillage will be the same as heretofore.

2. Shall we then compromise? We are told that Satan appears under two forms: that when he has a good fair field, he is out like a lion, roaring and seeking whom he may devour; but that when he can do nothing more in that way, he is a serpent, and sneaks in the grass. And so, it is Slavery open, bold, roaring, aggressive, or it is Slavery sneaking in the grass, and calling itself Compromise. It is the same devil under either name.

If by compromise is only meant forbearance, kindness, well-wishing, conciliation, fidelity to agreements, a concession in things, not principles, why, then we believe in compromise; — only that is not compromise, interpreted by the facts of our past history! We honestly wish no harm to the South or its people: we honestly wish them

all benefit. We wish no harm to their commerce; none to their manufactures; none to their husbandry; none to their schools and colleges; none to their churches and families; none to their citizens, who are bone of our bone and blood of our blood, and who are in many eminent respects united to us in a common historic glory. We are far from wishing them diminution or feebleness; so far from it we most heartily and sincerely, and with much more earnestness than they reciprocate, wish them riddance of their trouble. We neither envy nor covet their territory. We are not jealous of their honors. We would that they were doubled, and doubly purified. All that belongs to the South; all that with liberalest construction was put in the original bond, shall be hers. Her own institutions were made inviolate in all her States. The basis of representation in the South was made broader than in the North, and property, as well as citizens, sends representatives to Washington. We will not complain. The common revenue and the common force of the nation protect them against intestine revolt. Let it be so. The Constitution gives them liberty to retake their fugitive slaves wherever they can find them. Very well. Let them. But when the *Congress* goes beyond the Constitution, and demands, on penalty, that citizens of free States shall help, and render back the flying slave, we give a blunt and unequivocal refusal. We are determined to break any law that commands us to enslave or re-enslave a man, and we are willing to take the penalty. But that was not in the original bond. That is a parasitic egg, laid in the Constitution by corrupt legislation or by construction.

We do not ask to molest the South in the enjoyment of her own institutions. But we will not be made constables to slavery, to run and catch, to serve writs, and return prisoners. No political hand shall rob her. We will defend her coast; we will guard her inland border from all vexations from without; and in good faith, in earnest friendship, in fealty to the Constitution and in fellowship with the States, we will, and with growing earnestness to the end, fulfill every just duty, every honorable agreement,

and every generous act, within the limits of truth and honor; all that, and no more,—*no more*, though the heavens fall,—*no more*, if States unclasp their hands,—*no more*, if they raise up violence against us,—NO MORE!

We have gone to the end. There is no need of compromise in this matter, then. It is a plain, simple matter. It is never mystified except when bad men have bad ends to accomplish, and bring up a mist over it.

Let us look things right in the face, then, and speak some plain truths. We are approaching times when men will not hear what they will listen to now; so let us drop the seed beforehand.

1. The secret intentions of those men who are the chief fomenters of troubles in the South cannot in anywise be met by compromise. They dread as much as we hate it. What do those men that are really at the bottom of this conspiracy mean? Nothing more or less than this: Southern empire for slavery, and the re-opening of the slave-trade as a means by which it shall be fed. Free commerce and enslaved work is their motto. They will not yet say it aloud. But that is the whispered secret of men in Carolina, and men outside of Carolina. Their secret purpose is to sweep westward like night, and involve in the cloud of their darkness all Central America, and then make Africa empty into Central America, thus changing the moral geography of the globe. And do you suppose any compromise will settle that design, or turn it aside, when they have made you go down on your knees, and they stand laughing while you cry with fear because you have been cozened and juggled into a blind helping of their monstrous wickedness?

They mean slavery. They mean an Empire of Slavery. They don't any longer talk of the *evil* of slavery. It is a virtue, a religion! It is justice and divine economy! Slaves are missionaries. Slave-ships bring heathen to plantation-Christianity. They imagine unobstructed greatness when servile hands shall whiten the plains from the Atlantic to the Pacific with cotton. Carolina despises compromise. She means no such thing as liberty. She

does not believe in the word. It is rubbed out. It is gone from her constitution and from her Bible. Its spirit is departed from her legislature and her church.

And do you think, poor simple peeping sparrow, that you can build your poor moss and hair nest of compromise on the face of the perpendicular cliff, that towers a thousand feet high, with the blackness of storms sweeping round its top, and the thunder of a turbulent ocean breaking upon its base,—and God, more terrible than either, high above them, meaning Justice and Retribution!

2. But in so far as those States are concerned that are contiguous to Carolina, and do not mean these things, even for them compromise can never reach, nor even any longer mollify, the causes of complaint; for I hold that the causes are inherent in them, not in us. And they are endless. If you cure one, another will spring up in its place. You cannot compromise with them except by giving up your own belief, your own principles, and your own honor. Moral apostasy is the only basis on which you can build a compromise that will satisfy the South!

No compromise will do good that does not go back to the nature of things, and change moral qualities. To be of any use, compromise must make the slaves contented, slavery economical, Slave States as prosperous as Free States. Compromise must shut the mouth of free speech, or it will send the shafts of truth vibrating into the midst of slavery. Compromise must cure the intolerance of the plantation, the essential tyranny of slave-owners. It must make evil as prosperous as good, enforced drudgery as fruitful as free labor.

What compromise can there be between sickness and health? Between violence and peace? Between speech for liberty and speech for despotism? There may be peace between opposites, but no harmony, no compromise. If the South is fixed in her servile institutions, the North must be equally firm in her principles of liberty.

You cannot prevent, in the present state of this land, the departure of the children of oppression. You might as well attempt to prevent the tides of the Atlantic ocean.

You might as well attempt to prevent vegetation in the tropics. Till the heavens be no more, and their orbs cease to draw, men will aspire, and will follow aspiration. There is too much light in the North, and even in the darkness of the plantation, to keep men in slavery. When one man gains his freedom, twenty men will know it, and to gain theirs will do what he did. Every hour there will be men who will take their life in their hands and risk all for liberty. It is of no use to tell the South that it shall not be so. It is of no use to whisper to them, and say, "Your trouble shall cease; we will fix this matter to your satisfaction." God never made brick or trowel by which to patch up that door of deliverance. By night and by day slaves will flee away and escape.

Compromise is a most pernicious sham. To send compromises to the South would be like sending painted bombs into the camp of an enemy, which, though harmless in appearance, would blow up and destroy them. Suppose you tell the people there that when their fugitives come North they shall be surrendered? Will you not please to catch them first? You know you cannot. There are five hundred men that run through the Northern States where there is one that stops or is turned back. They know it, you know it, we all know it! The radical nature of the feelings of the North is such that they will hurry on the black man and trip his hunter. If the managers of parties, the heads of conservative committees, say to the South, "Be patient with us a little longer, do not punish us yet, let down the rod and the frown, spare us for a short season, and we will see that your slaves are returned to you," do you suppose there will be a fulfillment of the promise? You know there will not. I know there will not. I would die myself, cheerfully and easily, before a man should be taken out of my hands when I had the power to give him liberty, and the hound was after him for his blood. I would stand as an altar of expiation between slavery and liberty, knowing that through my example a million men would live. A heroic deed, in which one yields up his life for others,

is his Calvary. It was the lifting up of Christ on that hill-top that made it the loftiest mountain on the globe. Let a man do a right thing with such earnestness that he counts his life of little value, and his example becomes omnipotent. Therefore it is said that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. There is no such seed planted in this world as good blood.

I see that my words are being reported; and as free speech may get into Charleston, some men there may see what I say; and let me say this to my Southern brethren: We mean to observe the Constitution, and keep every compact into which we have entered. There are men that would deceive you. They are your enemies and ours alike. They would tell lies to you, but we will not stand up and indorse them. I tell you that as long as there are these Free States; as long as there are hills in which men can hide, and valleys through which they can travel; as long as there is a loaf in the cabin, and water in the cruse; as long as there is blood in the veins, and humanity in the heart,—so long the fugitive will not want for sympathy and help to escape!

I say, again, that we are bound, as men of truth and conscience, to look this matter in the face, and ask, "Is there any benefit to be expected from compromises?" My friends, we are not reasoning about a matter of which we have had no experience. From the beginning we have been living on compromises. Now there is a history, and we can make scientific inductions from facts, and know the results of certain courses. Do you suppose that if, knowing what you know now, you had sat in the original Convention to frame the Constitution, you would have made compromises? Persons say, "Are you wiser than your fathers?" Yes! A man that is not wiser than his father, ought not to have had such a father, if his father was wise! Our fathers, when they laid the foundations of that structure, did the best that the wisdom of that time would enable them to do; and they were wise men,—much wiser, doubtless, for their time, than we are for ours. But, nevertheless, we may know now, better than they

did then, what their wisest course would have been. When Carolina refused to come into the Confederacy except on the ground of certain favors to slavery, then was the time to have said to her, "Stay out."

Do you suppose that when Carolina infamously said, "I will not come in unless you give me leave to traffic in slaves from 1790 till 1808,"—do you suppose that then it was wise for our fathers to give her what she demanded? I do not blame them; they acted up to the best light they had; but if we, knowing the facts that we know now, had done what they did, we should have been infamous.

When, later, the compromise of 1850 was set on foot, there were not wanting, as there are not wanting now, men who lifted up their voices in favor of compromise; and I think that very few who saw the effects of compromise at that time believe it to be a cure. They promised finality. They took renewed courage, and with a strong arm of injustice destroyed a compromise still anterior to theirs,—namely, the Missouri Compromise,—itself a wickedness only paralleled by that which destroyed it. It ought not to have been made; but after it was made, it should have been removed only for purposes of liberty, and not for purposes of oppression. We sold our birthright for a mess of pottage, and the pottage was then stolen!

We have had, then, a long experience of the virtues and merits of compromise; and what has been the result, except growing demands, growing impudence, growing wickedness, and increasing dissatisfaction, until at last excitements that used to come once in twenty years began to come at every ten, and now once in four years, and you cannot elect a President strictly according to constitutional methods, without having this nation imperiled, banks shaken, stores overturned, panics created, and citizens terrified? You have come to that state in which the whole nation is turmoiled, and agitated, and driven hither and thither, on account of the evil effects of compromise.

It is asked, "What shall we do?" We should speak the

truth about our feelings, and about our intentions. The North should have nothing to do with half-way measures or half-way men. A whole man is good if he is imperfect; but a half-way man has no place in heaven, he has no place in hell, and he is not wanted on earth! We do not want half-way measures, nor half-way men. We want true men, who will say to the South: "The North loves liberty, and will have it. We will not aggress on you. Keep your institutions within your own bounds: we will not hinder you. We will not take advantage to destroy, or one whit to abate, your fair political prerogatives. You have already gained advantages of us. These we will allow you to hold. You shall have the Constitution intact, and its full benefit. The full might and power of public sentiment in the North shall guarantee to you everything that history and the Constitution give you. But if you ask us to augment the area of slavery; to co-operate with you in cursing new territory; if you ask us to make the air of the North favorable for a slave's breath, we will not do it! We love liberty as much as you love slavery, and we shall stand by our rights with all the vigor with which we mean to stand by justice toward you."

In short, the North cannot love slavery or cease to love liberty; she cannot conceal her sentiments or restrain their moral power; she cannot prevent the irritating contrast between Free States and Slave States; she cannot prevent the growing intelligence of slaves, nor their love of liberty, nor their disposition to seek it, nor the sympathy that every generous soul must feel, nor the humane and irresistible wish that they may succeed in obtaining freedom; we cannot sympathize with the hounds that hunt them, nor with the miscreants employed to witness against them, nor with the disgraced Federal officers that are bribed with double fees to convict them: the North cannot either permit her own citizens—colored men, Christians, honest and industrious, and many of them voters a thousand times better fitted for the franchise than the ignorant hordes of imported white men that have cheated their way against law and morals to the exercise of the vote—to be subject to seizure as slaves under the odious and ruthless provisions of an in-

sulting Fugitive Slave Law, without providing for them State protection; we will not assist in inflicting upon free territory an evil which we abhor, and which we believe to be the greatest blight that can curse a people; we will not accept the new-fangled and modern doctrine that slavery is national and universal instead of the doctrine of our fathers of the Revolution and of the Federal Constitution, who regarded slavery as local, existing not in the right of a national law, but only by force of special law; certainly we will not apostatize from the faith of our fathers only for the sake of committing disgraceful crimes against liberty!

Let not the South listen to any man who pretends that the North will look kindly or compromisingly upon slavery. In every other respect we may be depended upon for all sympathy, aid, and comfort. In this thing we shall give the strictest and most literal obedience to those constitutional requirements which we hate while we obey, and beyond bare and meager duty we will not go a step.

Now, can any man believe that peace can come by *compromise?* It is a delusive hope. It is a desperate shift of cowardice. It will begin in deceit and end in anger. Compromises are only procrastinations of an inevitable settlement with the added burden of accumulated interest. Our political managers only renew the note with compound interest, and roll the debt over, and over, until the interest exceeds the principal. It is time for a settlement. We may as well have it now as ever. We shall never be better prepared. It will never be so easy as now. It would have been easier ten years ago, and yet easier ten years before that. Like an ulcer, this evil eats deeper every day. Unless soon cauterized or excised, it will touch the vitals, and then the patient dies!

The supreme fear of Northern cities is pecuniary. But even for money's sake, there should be a settlement that will stay settled. Compromises bury troubles, but cannot keep down their ghosts. They rise, and walk, and haunt, and gibber. We must bury our evils without resurrection. Let come what will,—secession, disunion, revolted States,

and a ragamuffin empire of bankrupt States, confederated in the name of liberty for oppression, or whatever other monstrosity malignant fortune may have in store,—nothing can be worse than this endless recurring threat and fear,—this arrogant dragooning of the South,—this mercantile cringing in the North. Every interest cries out for Rest. It scarcely matters how low we begin. We have a recuperative enterprise, a fertile industry, a wealth of resources, which will soon replace any waste. Let the gates of a permanent settlement be set up in bleak and barren granite, and we will speedily cover them with the evergreen ivy of our industry. But perpetual uncertainty is destructive of all business. That is not a settlement that only hides, that adjourns, that trumps up a compromise against the known feelings of both parties, and which must inevitably fall to pieces as soon as the hands that make it are taken off. Shall every quadrennial election take place in the full fury of Southern threats? Is the plantation-whip to control our ballot-boxes? Shall Northern sentiment express itself by constitutional means, at the peril of punishment? Must panic follow elections? and bankruptcy follow every expression of liberty? And what are the precious advantages which the North reaps, which make it worth her while to undergo such ignominy and such penalty?

Every advantage that can be reckoned belongs to the North. Ours is the population. Ours is free labor. Ours is a common people not ashamed of toil, and able to make Work a badge of honor. Ours is popular intelligence, competitive industry, ingenuity and enterprise. We put the whole realm and wealth of Freedom and Civilization against Slavery and Barbarism, and ask what have we to fear? If secession and separation must come,—which God forbid!—which can best bear it, Freedom or Slavery?

The North must accept its own principles and take the consequences. Manliness demands this,—Honor demands it. But if we will not heed worthier motives, then Interest demands it. If even this is not strong enough for commercial pusillanimity, then Necessity, inevitable and irresistible, will drive and scourge us to it!

When night is on the deep, when the headlands are obscured by the darkness, and when storm is in the air, that man who undertakes to steer by looking over the side of the ship, over the bow, or over the stern, or by looking at the clouds or his own fears, is a fool. There is a silent needle in the binnacle, which points like the finger of God, telling the mariner which way to steer, and enabling him to outride the storm, and reach the harbor in safety. And what the compass is to navigation, that is moral principle in political affairs. Whatever the issue may be, we have but one thing to do, and that is to look where the compass of God points, and steer that way. You need not fear shipwreck when God is the pilot.

The latter-day glory is already dawning. God is calling to the nations! The long-oppressed are arousing. The despotic thrones are growing feeble. It is an age of liberty. The trumpet is sounding in all the world, and one nation after another is moving to the joyful sound, and God is mustering the great army of liberty under his banners! In this day, shall America be found laggard? While despotisms are putting off the garments of oppression, shall she pluck them up and put them on? While France and Italy, Germany and Russia, are advancing toward the dawn, shall we recede toward midnight? From this grand procession of nations, with faces lightened by liberty, shall we be missing? While they advance toward a brighter day, shall we, with faces lurid with oppression, slide downward toward the pit which gapes for injustice and crime?

Let every good man arouse and speak the truth for liberty. Let us have an invincible courage for liberty. Let us have moderation in passions, zeal in moral sentiments, a spirit of conciliation and concession in mere material interests, but unmovable firmness for principles; and—foremost of all political principles—for Liberty!

OUR BLAMEWORTHINESS.*

"And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow, and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."—Mark iv. 37–39.

AT the close of a laborious day, our Saviour entered a ship, upon the lake of Gennesaret, to cross to the other side. Wearied by his great tasks of mercy, which had filled the day, he fell asleep. Meantime, a sudden and violent wind, to which that lake is even yet subject, swept down from the hills, and wellnigh overwhelmed them. They were not ignorant of navigation, nor unacquainted with that squally sea. Like good men and true, doubtless, they laid about them. They took in sail, and put out oars, and, heading to the wind, valiantly bore up against the gale, and thought nothing of asking help till they had exerted every legitimate power of their own. But the waves overleaped their slender bulwarks, and filled the little vessel past all bailing.

Then, when they had done all that men could do, but not till then, they aroused the sleeping Christ and implored his succor. Not for coming to him did he rebuke them, but for coming with such terror of despair, saying to them, Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith? He out-

*During the winter of 1859–60 the South and its Democratic allies at the North were industriously charging the unhappy state of the country upon the Republican party, and imputing it to excesses and fanaticisms in the name of liberty. This sermon was preached January 4, 1861, the Fast Day appointed by President Buchanan. It was intended to show that, while the nation undoubtedly had ample reason for fasting, humiliation, and confession, this reason was, not that too much had been done for liberty, but too little.

breathed upon the winds, and their strength quite forsook them. He looked upon the surly waves, and they hasted back to their caverns. There is no tumult in the heavens, on the earth, nor upon the sea, that Christ's word cannot control. When it pleases God to speak, tempestuous clouds are peaceful as flocks of doves, and angry seas change all their roar to rippling music.

This nation is rolling helplessly in a great tempest. The Chief Magistrate in despair calls us to go to the sleeping Saviour, and to beseech his Divine interference. It may be true that the crew have brought the ship into danger by cowardice or treachery; it may be true that a firm hand on the wheel would even yet hold her head to the wind, and ride out the squall. But what of that?

Humiliation and prayer are never out of order. This nation has great sins unrepented of; and whatever may be our own judgment of the wisdom of public men in regard to secular affairs, we cannot deny that in this respect they have hit rarely well. Instead of finding fault with the almost only wise act of many days, let us rather admire with gratitude this unexpected piety of men in high places.

This government is in danger of subversion; and surely, while the venerable Chief Magistrate of this nation, and all the members of his Cabinet, are doubtless this day religiously abstaining from food, according to the proclamation, and humbly confessing their manifold sins, it would ill become us to go unconcerned and negligent of such duties of piety and patriotism. Nor need we be inconveniently frank and critical. What if some shall say that fasting is a poor substitute for courage, and prayer a miserable equivalent for fidelity to duty? What if the national authorities have not only appointed the Fast, but afforded sufficient material in their own conduct for observing it? It is all the more necessary on that account that we should pause, and humble ourselves before God, and implore his active interference.

But however monstrous the pretense of trouble may be, the danger is the same. Government is in danger of subversion. No greater disaster could befall this continent or

the world; for such governments fall but once, and then there is no resurrection. Since there is no famine in the land, no pestilence, no invasion of foreign foe, no animosity of the industrial classes against each other, or against their employers, whence is our danger? from what quarter come these clouds, drifting with bolts of war and destruction? Over the Gulf, to the South, the storm hangs lurid! From the treacherous Caribbean Sea travel the darkness and swirling tornadoes!

What part of this complicated Government has at last broken down? Is it the legislative? the judicial? the executive? Has experience shown us that this costly machine, like many another, is more ingenious than practicable? Not another nation in the world, not a contemporaneous government, during the past seventy-five years, can compare, for regularity, simplicity of execution, and for a wise and facile accomplishment of the very ends of government, with ours. And yet, what is the errand of this day? Why are we observing a sad Sabbath? a day of humiliation? a day of supplication? It is for the strangest reason that the world ever heard. It is because the spirit of liberty has so increased and strengthened among us, that the Government is in danger of being overthrown! There never before was such an occasion for fasting, humiliation, and prayer! Other nations have gone through revolutions to find their liberties. We are on the eve of a revolution to put down liberty! Other people have thrown off their governments because too oppressive. Ours is to be destroyed, if at all, because it is too full of liberty, too full of freedom. There never was such an event before in history.

But however monstrous the pretense, the danger is here. In not a few States of this Union reason seems to have fled, and passion rules. To us who have been bred in cooler latitudes and under more cautious maxims, it seems incredible that men should abandon their callings, break up the industries of the community, and give themselves up to the wildest fanaticism, at the expense of every social and civil interest, and without the slightest reason or cause in their relations to society and to the country, past or future.

Communities, like individuals, are liable to aberrations of mind. Panics and general excitements seem to move by laws as definite as those which control epidemics or the pestilence. And in one portion of our land such an insanity now rules. Cities are turned into camps. All men are aping soldiers. For almost a thousand miles there is one wild riot of complaint and boasting. Acts of flagrant wrong are committed against the Federal Government. And these things are but the prelude. It is plainly declared that this Government shall be broken up, and many men mean it; and that the President elect* of this great nation shall never come to the place appointed by this people. Riot and civil war, with their hideous train of murders, revenges, and secret villanies are gathering their elements, and hang in ominous terror over the capital of this nation.

Meanwhile, we have had no one to stand up for order. Those who should have spoken in decisive authority have been—*afraid!* Severer words have been used; it is enough for me to say only that in a time when God, and providence, and patriotism, and humanity demanded courage, they had nothing to respond but fear. The heart has almost ceased to beat, and this Government is like to die for want of pulsations at the center. While the most humiliating fear paralyzes one part of the Government, the most wicked treachery is found in other parts of it. Men advanced to the highest places by the power of our Constitution, have employed their force to destroy that Constitution. They are using their oath as a soldier uses his shield, to cover and protect them while they are mining the foundations, and opening every door, and unfastening every protection by which colluding traitors may gain easy entrance and fatal success. Gigantic dishonesties, meanwhile, stalk abroad almost without shame. And this Puritan land, this free Government, these United States, like old Rome in her latest imperial days, helpless at the court, divided among her own citizens, overhung by hordes of Goths and Barbarians, seems about to be swept with the fury of war.

If at such a solemn crisis as this men refuse to look at

*Abraham Lincoln, who had been elected in the November previous.

things as they are; to call their sins to remembrance; to confess and forsake them; if they shall cover over the great sins of this people, and confess only in a sentimental way, (as one would solace an evening sadness by playing some sweet and minor melody,) then we may fear that God has indeed forsaken his people. But if we shall honestly confess our real sins; if we propose to cleanse ourselves from them; if we make prayer not a substitute for action, but an incitement to it; if we rise from our knees this day more zealous for temperance, for honesty, for real brotherhood, for pure and undefiled religion, and for that which is the sum and product of them all, regulated liberty to all men, then will the clouds begin to break, and we shall see the blue shining through, and the sun, ere long, driving away the tumultuous storm, shall come back in triumph.

1. It is well, then, that every one of us make this day the beginning of a solemn review of his own life, and the tendencies of his own conduct and character. A general repentance of national sins should follow, rather than precede, a personal and private conviction of our own individual transgressions. For it has been found not difficult for men to repent of other people's sins; but it is found somewhat difficult and onerous to repent of one's own sins. We are all of us guilty before God of pride, of selfishness, of vanity, of passions unsubdued, of worldliness in manifold forms, and of strife. We have been caught in the stream, and swept out into an ocean of thoughts and feelings which cannot bear the inquest of God's judgment-day. And we have lived in them almost unrebuked. Each man will find his own life full of repentable sins unrepented of.

2. We should take solemn account of our guilt in the great growth of social laxity and vice and crime in our great cities. We have loved ease rather than duty. Every American citizen is by birth a sworn officer of state. Every man is a policeman. If bad men have had impunity, if the vile have controlled our municipal affairs, if by our delinquencies and indolence justice has been perverted, and our cities are full of great public wickedness, then we cannot put the guilt away from our own consciences. We have

a partnership in the conduct of wicked men, unless we have exhausted proper and permissible means of forestalling and preventing it. Every citizen of such a city as this, looking upon intemperance, upon lewdness, upon gambling, upon the monstrous wickednesses that ferment at the bottom of society, or beat in its arteries, should feel that he has some occasion to repent of his own delinquency and moral indifference. We are responsible for existing evils in such a nation as ours, in as far as they might have been prevented or limited by our resolute influence.

3. We may not refuse to consider the growth of corrupt passions in connection with the increase of commercial prosperity. Luxury, extravagance, ostentation, and corruption of morals in social life have given alarming evidence of a premature old age in a young country. The sins of a nation are always the sins of certain central passions. In one age they break out in one way, and in another age in another way; but they are the same central sins, after all. The corrupt passions which lead in the Southern States to all the gigantic evils of slavery, in Northern cities break out in other forms, not less guilty before God, because of a less public nature. The same thing that leads to the oppression of laborers among us leads to oppression on the plantation. The grinding of the poor, the advantages which capital takes of labor, the oppression of the farm, the oppression of the road, the oppression of the shop, the oppression of the ship, are all of the same central nature, and as guilty before God as the more systematic and overt oppressions of the plantation. It is always the old human heart that sins, North or South; and the natures of pride and of dishonesty are universal. We have our own account to render.

4. There is occasion for alarm and for humiliation before God, in the spread of avarice among our people. The intense eagerness to amass wealth; the growing indifference of morals as to methods of acquisition; the gradual corruption of the moral sense, so that property and self-interest dominate the conscience and determine what is right and wrong; the use of money for bribery of electors and elected;

the terrible imputations which lie against many of our courts, that judges walk upon gold in securing place, and then sit upon gold in the judgment-seat; the use of money in legislation; and the growing rottenness of politics from the lowest village concern to matters of national dimension, from constables to the Chief Magistrate of these United States:—is this all to be confessed only in a single smooth sentence?

Such is the wantonness and almost universality of avarice as a corrupting agent in public affairs, that it behooves every man to consider his responsibilities before God in this matter. The very planks between us and the ocean are worm-eaten and rotting, when avarice takes hold of public integrity; for avarice is that sea-worm, ocean-bred, and swarming innumerable, that will pierce the toughest planks, and bring the stoutest ships to foundering. Our foundations are crumbling. The sills on which we are building are ready to break. We need reformation in the very beginnings and elements of society. If in other parts of our land they are in danger of going down by avarice in one form, we are in danger of going down by avarice in another form.

Our people are vain, and much given to boasting; and because they love flatteries, those deriving from them honor and trust are too fond of feeding their appetite for praise. Thus it comes to pass that we hear the favorable side of our doings and character, and become used to a flattering portrait. Men grow popular who have flowing phrases of eulogy. Men who speak unpalatable truths are disliked; and if they have power to make the public conscience uncomfortable, they are said to abuse the liberty of free speech,—for it is the liberty of fanning men to sleep that is supposed to be legitimate; the liberty of waking men out of sleep is supposed to be license! And yet we shall certainly die by the sweetness of flattery; or, if we are healed, it must be by the bitterness of faithful speech. There is tonic in the things that men do not love to hear; and there is damnation in the things that wicked men love to hear. Free speech is to a great people what

winds are to malarial regions, which waft away the elements of disease, and bring new elements of health. Where free speech is stopped, miasma is bred, and death comes fast.

5. But upon a day of national fasting and confession, we are called to consider not alone our individual and social evils, but also those which are national. And justice requires that we should make mention of the sins of this nation on every side, past and present. I should violate my own convictions, if, in the presence of more nearly present and more exciting influences, I should neglect to mention the sins of this nation against the Indian, who, as much as the slave, is dumb, but who, unlike the slave, has almost none to think of him, and to speak of his wrongs. We must remember that we are the only historians of the wrongs of the Indian,—we that commit them. And our history of the Indian nations of this country is like the inquisitor's history of his own trials of innocent victims. He leaves out the rack, and the groans, and the anguish, and the unutterable wrongs, and puts but his own glozing view in his journal. We have heaped up the account of treachery and cruelty on their part, but we have not narrated the provocations, the grinding intrusions, and the misunderstood interpretations of their policy, on our part. Every crime in the calendar of wrong which a strong people can commit against a weak one has been committed by us against them. We have wasted their substance; we have provoked their hostility, and then chastised them for their wars; we have compelled them to peace ignominiously; we have formed treaties with them only to be broken; we have filched their possessions. In our presence they have wilted and wasted. A heathen people have experienced at the hands of a Christian nation almost every evil which one people can commit against another.

Admit the laws of race; admit the laws of advancing civilization as fatal to all barbarism; admit the indocility of the savage; admit the rude edges of violent men who form the pioneer advance of a great people, and the intrinsic difficulties of managing a people whose notions and customs and laws are utterly different from our own, and

then you have only explained how the evil has been done, but you have not changed the fact nor its guilt. The mischief has been done, and this is simply the excuse. It is a sorry commentary upon a Christian nation, and indeed upon religion itself, that the freest and most boastfully religious people on the globe are absolutely fatal to any weaker people that they touch. What would be thought of a man who, when he became converted to Christianity, was dangerous to the next man's pocket? What would be thought of a man who grew dangerous in the ratio of his moral excellence? And what must be the nature of that Christianization which makes this Republic a most dangerous neighbor to nations weaker than itself? We are respectful to strength, but thieves and robbers to weakness. It is not safe for any to trust our magnanimity and generosity. We have no chivalry. We have avarice; we have haughty arrogance; we have assumptive ways; and we have a desperate determination to live, to think only of our own living, and to sweep with the besom of destruction whatever occupies the place where we would put our foot.

Nor is this confined to the Indian. The Mexicans have felt the same rude foot. This nation has employed its gigantic strength with almost no moral restriction. Our civilization has not begotten humanity and respect for others' rights, nor a spirit of protection to the weak. Nor can we excuse ourselves by declaring that these wanton cruelties have been inspired by Southern counsels, and perpetrated by Southern influence, and that they are the legitimate fruit of that unholy system of slavery which for fifty years has swayed the government of this nation. These facts are undoubtedly true. But we must not forget that we permitted the outrages. Resistance was feeble. Protests were mild. We preferred to suffer such wrongs upon the weak, rather than imperil our peace and commercial prosperity by a resolute resistance.

It is quite in vain to say that the land from which we sprung did the same that we are doing. A wicked daughter is not excused because she had a wicked mother. We

boast of the Anglo-Saxon race; and if bone and muscle, and indomitable sense of personal liberty, and a disposition to do what we please, are themes for Christian rejoicing, then the Anglo-Saxon may well rejoice. There are sins that belong to races; there are sins that belong to peoples; there are sins that belong to generations of the same people; and the sins that I have enumerated are sins that belong to our stock.

But God never forgets what we most easily forget. Either moral government over nations is apocryphal, or judgments are yet to be visited upon us for the wrongs done to the Indian, and to our weak and helpless neighbors.

6. But I am now come to the most alarming and most fertile cause of national sin,—slavery. We are called by our Chief Magistrate to humble ourselves before God for our sins. This is not only a sin, but it is a fountain from which have flowed so many sins that we cannot rightly improve this day without a consideration of them.

In one and the same year, 1620, English ships landed the Puritans in New England and negro slaves in Virginia,—two seeds of the two systems that were destined to find here a growth and strength unparalleled in history. It would have seemed almost a theatric arrangement, had these oppugnant elements, Puritan liberty and Roman servitude,—(for, whatever men may say, American slavery is not Hebrew slavery; it is Roman slavery. We borrowed every single one of the elemental principles of our system of slavery from the Roman law, and not from the old Hebrew. The fundamental feature of the Hebrew system was that the slave was a man, and not a chattel, while the fundamental feature of the Roman system was that he was a chattel, and not a man. The essential principle of the old Mosaic servitude made it the duty of the master to treat his servants as men and to instruct them in his own religion, and in the matters of his own household; while the essential principle of Roman servitude allowed the master to treat his servants to all intents and purposes as chattels, goods), — it would have seemed, I say, almost a theatric arrangement had

these oppugnant elements, Puritan liberty and Roman servitude, divided the land between them, and, inspiring different governments, grown up different nations, in contrast, that the world might see this experiment fairly compared and worked out to the bitter end.

But it was not to be so. The same government has nourished both elements. Our Constitution nourished twins. It carried Africa on its left bosom, and Anglo-Saxdom on its right bosom; and these two, drawing milk from the same bosom, have waxed strong, and stand today federated into the one republic. One side of the body politic has grown fair and healthy and strong; the other side has grown up as a wen grows, and a wart, vast, but the vaster the weaker. We have yielded new territory to this terrible disease. They have demanded, and we have permitted, concessions, legislative compromises, constructions. Peace and friendship have been the ostensible pleas. The ambition of political parties and the short-sighted interests of commerce have been the real and active motives of this wicked consent!

We who dwell in the North are not without responsibility for this sin. Its wonderful growth and the arrogance of its claims have been in part through our delinquency. As our business to-day is not to find fault with the South, I am not discussing this matter with reference to them at all, but only with reference to our own individual profit. Because the South loved money, they augmented this evil; and because the North loved money, and that quiet which befits industry and commerce, she has refused to insist upon her moral convictions, in days past, and yielded to every demand carrying slavery forward in this nation. You and I are guilty of the spread of slavery unless we have exerted, normally and legitimately, every influence in our power against it. If we have said, "To agitate the question imperils manufacturing, imperils shipping, imperils real estate, imperils quiet and peace," and if, then, we have sacrificed purity and honesty,—if we have bought the right to make money here by letting slavery spread and grow there,—we have been doing just the

same thing that they have. It has been one gigantic bargain, only working out in different ways, North and South. It is for us just as much as for them that the slave works; and we acquiesce. We clothe ourselves with the cotton which the slave tills. Is he scorched? is he lashed? does he water the crop with his sweat and tears? It is you and I that wear the shirt and consume the luxury. Our looms and our factories are largely built on the slave's bones. We live on his labor. I confess I see no way to escape a part of the responsibility for slavery. I feel guilty in part for this system. If the relinquishment of the articles which come from slave labor would tend even remotely to abridge or end the evil, I would without hesitation forego every one; but I do not see that it would help the matter. I am an unwilling partner in the slave system. I take to myself a part of the sin; I confess it before God; and pray for some way to be opened by which I may be freed from that which I hate bitterly.

But this state of facts makes it eminently proper for us to confess our sin, and the wrong done to the slave. All the wrongs, the crimes of some, the abuse of others, the neglect, the misuse, the ignorance, the separations, the scourgings, — these cannot be rolled into a cloud to overhang the South alone. Every one of us has something to confess. Those who have been most scrupulous, if God should judge their life, their motives, and their conduct, would find that they, too, had some account in this great bill of slavery. The whole nation is guilty. There is not a lumberman on the verge of Maine, not a settler on the far distant northern prairies, not an emigrant on the Pacific shore, that is not politically and commercially in alliance with this great evil. If you put poison into your system in any way, there is not a nerve that is not affected by it; there is not a muscle that does not feel it; there is not a bone, nor a tissue, nor one single part nor parcel of your whole body, that can escape it. And our body politic is pervaded with this deadly injustice, and every one of us is more or less, directly or indirectly, willingly or unwillingly, implicated in it. We have a great deal to confess before we

cast reproaches upon the South. And while I hold Southern citizens to the full and dreadful measure of their guilt before God, and would, if I were settled there, tell them their sin as plainly as I tell you your sin, it is for us to-day, and here, to consider our own part in this matter; and to that I shall speak during the residue of my remarks.

Originally, we were guilty of active participation in slavery. It seems very strange to take up the old Boston books and read the history of slavery in Boston. We of the North early abandoned the practice of holding slaves. But it is said that ours is a cheap philanthropy; that, having got quit of our slaves by selling them, we turn round and preach to the South about the sin of holding theirs. There is nothing more false than such a charge. There is nothing more illustrious in the history of the State of New York, and of the Northern States generally, than the method by which they freed themselves from slavery. This State decreed liberty at a certain period, making it an offense, the penalty attached to which no one would willingly inherit, for a man to convey away, or in any manner whatsoever to sell out of the State, a person held as a slave; and if a man, anticipating the day of emancipation, wished to make a journey to the South with his slaves, he had to give bonds for their return before he went away, and an account when he came back, if they did not come with him. Nothing could have been more humane than the provision that the slave should not be sold out of the State of New York, but should be emancipated in it. And what is true of New York in this respect, is true of the States generally that emancipated their slaves.

But we of the North participated in the beginnings, and we are in part guilty of the subsequent spread of the system of slavery. When our government came into our hands, after the struggle of the Revolution, we had gone through such a schooling, that the head, the conscience, and the heart of this nation, in the main, were right on the subject of human liberties. And at the adoption of the Federal Constitution, nearly seventy-five years ago, it might be said that, with local and insignificant exceptions,

there was but one judgment, one wish, and one prophetic expectation; namely, that this whole territory should be dedicated to liberty, and that every compliance or compromise was not to be made in the interest of oppression, but was to be made only to give oppression time to die decently. That was the spirit and intent of every concession or compromise that was made.

The schools, the academies, the colleges, the intelligence, the *brain* of this nation, at that time, were in the North,—and in the North I include all the territory north of Mason and Dixon's line. Churches, religious institutions, those moral elements that always went with the posterity of the Puritans, were then also in the North. When our Constitution was adopted,—when the wheels of our mighty Confederacy were adjusted, and the pendulum began to swing,—at that time the public sentiment was in favor of liberty. All the institutions were prepared for liberty, and all the public men were on the side of liberty. And to the North, because she was the brain,—to the North, because she was the moral center and heart of this Confederacy,—was given this estate; for in this twenty-five or thirty years the North predominated in the councils of the nation, and fixed its institutions, as the South has fixed its policy since. What, then, having this trust put into her hands, is the account of her stewardship which the North has to render? If now, after three quarters of a century have passed away, God should summon the North to his judgment-bar and say, "I gave you a continent in which, though there was slavery, it was perishing; I gave you a nation in which the sentiment was for liberty and against oppression; I gave you a nation in which the tendencies were all for freedom and against slavery; I gave you the supreme intelligence; I gave you the moral power in a thousand pulpits, a thousand books, a thousand Bibles, and said, 'Take this nation, administer it, and render up your trust';"—if now, after three quarters of a century have passed away, God should thus summon the North to his judgment-bar, what would be the account which she would have to render?—the North, that was strongest in the head

and in the heart, and that took as fair a heritage as men ever attempted to administer? To-day liberty is dishonored and discrowned, and slavery is rampant, in this nation. And do you think to creep out of the responsibility and say, "We are not to blame?" What have you been doing with your intelligence, your books, your schools, your Bibles, your missionaries, your ministers? Where, where is the artillery that God Almighty gave you, park upon park, for use in this contest, provided and prepared for that special emergency? Much as I love the North,—and I love every drop of Puritan blood that the world ever saw, because it seems to me that Puritan blood means blood touched with Christ's blood,—I take to myself part of the shame, and mourn over the delinquency of the North, that, having committed to it the eminent task of preserving the liberties of this nation, it has suffered them to be eclipsed. For to-day there are more Slave States than there were States confederated when this nation came together. And instead of having three or four hundred thousand slaves, we have more than four millions; instead of a traffic suppressed, you and I are witnesses to-day of a traffic to be reopened,—of rebellion, treasonable war, bloodshed, separate independence, for the sake of reopening the African slave-trade. So came this country into the hands of the North in the beginning, and so it is going out of her hands in the end. There never was such a stewardship; and if this Confederacy shall be broken up, if the Gulf States shall demand a division of the country, and the intermediate States shall go off, and two empires shall be established, no steward that has lived since God's sun shone on the earth will have such an account to render of an estate taken under such favorable auspices, as the North will have to render of this great national estate which was committed to her trust. It is an astounding sin! It is an unparalleled guilt! The vengeance and zeal of our hearts toward the South might be somewhat tempered by the reflection that we have been so faithless and so wicked.

That is not the worst. That is the material side. We have stood with all the elements of power, boasting of our

influence, and really swaying, in many respects, the affairs of this continent; and yet we have not only seen this tremendous increase of slavery, but we have permitted the doctrines of liberty themselves to be stricken with leprosy.

And to-day, *to-day*, TO-DAY, if you were to put it to the vote of this whole people, I do not know that you could get a majority for any doctrine of liberty but this: that each man has a right to be himself free. The great doctrine of liberty is concisely expressed by the Declaration of Independence; and it is this: that all men are free, born with equal political rights, of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. And there is no true right that is not founded on this doctrine: That liberty which is good for me is indispensable for everybody. A right love of liberty inspires a man to say, "I will have it and everybody shall have it." That is a poor love of liberty that makes a man a champion for the liberty of those that are capable of asserting their own liberty. But I doubt whether you could get a popular vote for the liberty of all men, if the Africans were known to be included. Why should you? I am ashamed of what I must speak. The pulpit has been so prostituted, and so utterly apostatized from the very root and substance of Christianity, that it teaches the most heathen notions of liberty; and why should you expect the great masses of men to be better informed on this subject than its preachers are? Do you believe that George Washington, were he living, would now be able to live one day in the city of Charleston, if he uttered the sentiments that he used to hold? He would be denounced as a traitor, and swung up on the nearest lamp-post. Do you suppose that one single man that signed the Declaration of Independence, if living, could go through the South to-day repeating the sentiments contained in that document? The lives of the signers of the Declaration of Independence would not be worth one day's lease in Alabama, Louisiana, Carolina, or Florida, if they were there to say the things plainly which they said when they framed this government, so utterly have the South vomited up their political views; so radically have they changed their notions. Was this

country committed to our care? and is such the lesson that we have taught our pupils? Shall the schoolmaster render back the scholars that he undertook to teach, with their minds debauched, and say that he was not responsible for what they learned? And if any part of the country was responsible for the education of the whole, it was the free-schooled, million-churched North. The result of our instruction is this: slavery has spread gigantically, and the doctrine of liberty is so corrupted, that to-day nothing is more disreputable in the high places of this nation than that very doctrine. And at last, when the sleeper, long snoring, having been awaked, raised himself up, and, like all new zealots, somewhat intemperately made crusade for liberty, the land was so agitated, and with such surprise was this expression of the public sentiment of the North received, that the Chief Magistrate of this nation has declared that the advocates of the old colonial, original, constitutional doctrines of human rights were the cause of all the trouble!

But this is not all. The most serious, the most grievous charge is yet to be made upon the North. So far have we been delinquent in the trust that God committed to us, that from the very fountain out of which flowed, as from the heart of Christ, the first drops that were to cleanse men from oppressions, has been extracted in our day, and in our North very largely, the whole spirit of humanity which breathes freedom.

It ill becomes, I think, one profession to rail against another, or the members of the same profession to rail against each other. I have no accusations to make against any; but I will forsake my profession, for the time being, and stand as a man among men, to lift up my voice, with all my heart and soul, against any man who, professing to be ordained to preach, preaches out of Christ's Gospel the doctrines of human bondage. If the Bible can be opened that all the fiends of hell may, as in a covered passage, walk through it to do mischief on earth, I say, blessed be infidels! If men can make the Bible teach me to disown childhood; if men can make the Bible teach me that it is

lawful to buy and sell men, that marriage is impracticable between slaves, that laws cannot permit any custom which would hinder the easy sale of such property; if the Bible can be made the sacred document and constitutional guaranty of a system which makes it impossible that a man should receive education, because intelligence is costly, and swells the slave to a stature not convenient for selfish economy; if a man can take the Bible and lay it in the path over which men are attempting to walk from Calvary up to the gate of heaven;—then I declare that I will do by the Bible what Christ did by the Temple: I will take a whip of cords, and drive out of it every man that buys and sells men, women, and children; and if I cannot do that, I will let the Bible go, as God let the Temple go, to the desolating armies of its adversaries. And I do not wonder that, after so long an experience of the world, men who bombard universal humanity, men who plead for the outrage of slavery, men who grope to find under crowns and scepters the infamous doctrines of servitude,—I do not wonder that they are pestered with the idea of man's infidelity. Why, that minister who preaches slavery out of the Bible is the father of infidelity! Sometimes men become infidel to the Church for the sake of fidelity to religion. The Bible may be so interpreted by a besotted priesthood, that plain men may be driven from the Book for their very faith in its essential contents. Every abomination on earth has been at one time or another justified from the Bible! Thus men learn to hate the Bible, not for what it is in reality, but because it is made the bulwark of oppression; and they spurn it that they may answer the call of God in their own nature,—for to be free is a part of the sovereign call and election that God has given to every man who has a sense of his birthright and immortality. And in a community where the minister finds reason in the Bible for slavery, you may depend upon it that one of two things will take place: either there will be an inquisition to redeem the Bible from such abominable prostitution, or else the Bible will be spurned and trodden under the feet of men.

"I came to open the prison to them that are bound," said Christ; and that is the text on which men justify shutting them and locking them. "To proclaim liberty to the captives;" and that is the text out of which men spin cords to bind men, women, and children. "To set at liberty them that are bruised;" and that is the Book from out of which they argue, with amazing ingenuity, all the infernal meshes and snares by which to keep men in bondage. It is pitiful.

Now what has been the history of the Book but this: that wherever you have had an untrammeled Bible, you have had an untrammeled people; and that wherever you have had a Bible shut up, you have had a shut-up people? Where you have had a Bible that the priests interpreted, you have had a king. Where you have had a Bible that the common people interpreted; where the family has been the church; where father and mother have been God's ordained priests; where they have read its pages freely from beginning to end without gloss or commentary, without the church to tell them how, but with the illumination of God's Spirit in their hearts;—there you have had an indomitable yeomanry, a state that would not have a tyrant on the throne, a government that would not have a slave or a serf in the field. Wherever the Bible has been allowed to be free, wherever it has been knocked out of the king's hand, and out of the priest's hand, it has carried light like the morning sun, rising over hill and vale, round and round the world; and it will do it again! And yet there come up in our midst men that say that the Bible is in favor of slavery. And as men that are about to make a desperate jump go back and run before they jump, so these men have to go back to the twilight of creation and take a long run; and when they come to their jump, their strength is spent, and they but stumble!

It is in consideration of this wanton change which has taken place (and which ought never to have been permitted to take place, in view of the instruments that God put into our hands, and in view of the solemn responsibility that he has put upon us),—it is in consideration of this change

which has taken place in the moral condition of the country, and in the opinions of this people respecting the great doctrine of liberty, and the worse change which has in part corrupted the Church at its very core, that I argue to-day the necessity of humiliation and repentance before God.

I shall first confess my own sin. Sometimes men think I have been unduly active. I think I have been indolent. In regard to my duty in my personal and professional life, I chide myself for nothing more than because I have not been more alert, more instant in season and out of season. If sometimes in intemperate earnestness I have wounded the feelings of any, if I have seemed to judge men harshly, for that I am sorry. But for holding the slave as my brother; for feeling that the Spirit of God is the spirit of liberty; for loving my country so well that I cannot bear to see a stain or a blot upon her; for endeavoring to take the sands from the river of life wherewith to scour white as snow the morals of my times, and to cleanse them to the uttermost of all spot and aspersion,—for that I have no tears to shed. I only mourn that I have not been more active and zealous, and I do not wish to separate myself from my share of the responsibility. I am willing to take my part of the yoke and burden. I will weep my tears before God, and pray my prayers of sincere contrition and penitence, that I have not been more faithful to liberty and religion in the North and the whole land.

But be sure of one thing: He that would not come when the sisters sent, but tarried, has come, and the stone is rolled away, and he stands by the side of the sepulcher. He has called, "Liberty, come forth!" and, bound yet hand and foot, it has come forth; and that same sovereign voice is saying, "Loose him, and let him go!" and from out of the tomb, the dust, the night, and the degradation, the better spirit of this people is now emerging at the voice of God. We have heard his call, we know the bidding, and Death itself cannot hold us any longer; and there is before us, we may fain believe, a new lease of life, a more blessed national existence. That there will not be

concussions, and perhaps garments rolled in blood, I will not undertake to say: there may be some such things as these; but, brethren, this nation is not going to perish. This Union is not going to be broken and shivered like a crystal vase that can never be put together again. We are to be tested and tried; but if we are in earnest, and if we stand, as martyrs and confessors before us have stood, bearing witness in this thing for Christ, know ye that ere long God will appear, and be the leader and captain of our salvation, and we shall have given back to us this whole land, healed, restored to its right mind, and sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Love God, love men, love your dear fatherland; to-day confess your sins toward God, toward men, toward your own fatherland; and may that God that loves to forgive and forget, hear our cries and our petitions which we make, pardon the past, inspire the future, and bring the latter-day glory through a regenerated zeal and truth, inspired by his Spirit, in this nation. Amen, and amen.

II

CIVIL WAR

THE BATTLE SET IN ARRAY.*

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."—Exod. xiv. 15.

MOSES was raised up to be the emancipator of three millions of people. At the age of forty, having, through a singular providence, been reared in the midst of luxury, in the proudest, most intelligent, and most civilized court on the globe, with a heart uncorrupt, with a genuine love of his own race and people, he began to act as their emancipator. He boldly slew one of their oppressors. And, seeing dissension among his brethren, he sought to bring them to peace. He was rejected, reproved, and reproached; and finding himself discovered, he fled, and, for the sake of liberty, became a fugitive and a martyr. For forty years, uncomplaining, he dwelt apart with his father-in-law, Jethro, in the wilderness, in the peaceful pursuits of a herdsman. At eighty—the time when most men lay down the burden of life, or have long laid it down—he began his life-work. He was called back by the voice of God; and now, accompanied by his brother, he returned, confronted the king, and, moved by Divine inspiration, demanded, repeatedly, the release of his people. The first demand was sanctioned by a terrific plague; the second, by a second terrible judgment; the third, by a third frightful devastation; the fourth, by a fourth dreadful blow; the fifth, by a fifth desolating, sweeping mischief. A sixth, a seventh, an eighth, and a ninth time, he demanded their release. And when was there ever, on the face of the earth, a man that, once having power, would let it go till life itself went with it? Pharaoh, who is the grand type of oppressors, held on in spite of the Divine command and of the Divine

* Preached April 14, 1861, during the siege of Fort Sumter.

punishment. Then God let fly the last terrific judgment, and smote the first-born of Egypt; and there was wailing in every house of the midnight land. And then, in the midst of the first gush of grief and anguish, the tyrant said, "Let them go! let them go!" And he did let them go; he shoved them out; and they went pell-mell in great confusion on their way, taking up their line of march, and escaped from Egypt.

But as soon as the first anguish had passed away, Pharaoh came back to his old nature,—just as many men whose hearts are softened and whose lives are made better by affliction, come back to the old way of feeling and living, as soon as they have ceased to experience the first effects of the affliction,—and he followed on after the Israelites. As they lay encamped—these three millions of people, men, women, and children—just apart from the land of bondage, near the fork and head of the Red Sea, with great hills on either side of them, and the sea before them, some one brought panic into the camp, saying, "I see the signs of an advancing host! The air far on the horizon is filled with rising clouds!" Presently, through these clouds, began to be seen glancing spears, mounted horsemen, and a great swelling army. Such, to these lately enslaved, but just emancipated people, was the first token of the coming adversary. Surely, they were unable to cope with the disciplined cohorts of this Egyptian king. They, that were unused to war, that had never been allowed to hold weapons in their hands, that were a poor, despoiled people not only, but that had been subjected to the blighting touch of slavery, had lost courage. They did not dare to be free. And there is no wonder, therefore, that they reproached Moses, and said, "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?"

I have no doubt that, if Pharaoh's courtiers had heard that, they would have said, "Ah! they do not want to be free. They do not believe in freedom."

"Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness? Wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us, to carry us forth out of Egypt?"

Were these people miserable specimens of humanity? They were just what slavery makes everybody to be.

"Is not this the word that we did tell thee in Egypt, saying, Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians?"

They would rather have had peace with servitude, than liberty with the manly daring required to obtain it.

"For it had been better for us to serve the Egyptians, than that we should die in the wilderness."

That is just the difference between a man and a slave. They would rather have lived slaves, and eaten their pottage, than to suffer for the sake of liberty; a *man* would rather die in his tracks, than live in ease as a slave.

These, then, were the people that Moses undertook to emancipate, and this was the beginning of Moses's life-work.

"And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not, stand still"—

That was wrong, but he did not know any better.

"Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show you to-day: for the Egyptians, whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more forever. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace."

He was a little too fast. He was right in respect to the result, but wrong in respect to the means.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

They were, after all, to do something and dare something for their liberty. No standing still, but going forward!

"Lift up the rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it; and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea."

You recollect the rest. They walked through the sea that lay as a protecting wall on either side of them. They reached the other side. They were divided from the camp of the Egyptians by a fiery cloud, and the Egyptians could not touch them. And what was the fate of the Egyptians?

They attempted to follow the children of Israel through the sea, when the waters closed together, and their host was destroyed.

God has raised up many men, at different periods of the world, to bring his cause forth from its various exigencies. Wherever a man is called to defend a truth or a principle, a church or a people, a nation or an age, he may be said to be, like Moses, the leader of God's people. And in every period of the world God has shut up his people, at one time or another, to himself. He has brought their enemies behind them, as he brought the Egyptians behind the children of Israel. He has hedged them in on either hand. He has spread out the unfordable sea before them. He has so beset them with difficulties, when they were attempting to live for right, for duty, and for liberty, that they have been like Israel.

When men stand for a moral principle, their troubles are not a presumption that they are in the wrong. Since the world began, men that have stood for the right have had to stand for it, as Christ stood for the world, suffering for victory.

In the history which belongs peculiarly to us, over and over again the same thing has occurred. In that grand beginning struggle in which Luther figured so prominently, he stood in a doubtful conflict. He was in the minority; he was vehemently pressed with enemies on every side; nine times out of ten during his whole life the odds were against him. And yet he died victorious, and we reap the fruit of his victory.

In one of the consequences of that noble struggle, the assertion in the Netherlands of civil liberty and religious toleration, the same thing took place. Almost the entire globe was against this amphibious republic, until England cared for them; and England cared for them very doubtfully and very imperfectly. All the reigning influences, all the noblest of the commanding men of the Continent, were against them. The conflict was a long and dubious one, in which they suffered extremely, and conquered through their suffering.

In the resulting struggle in England, which was borrowed largely from the Continent,—the Puritan uprising, the Puritan struggle,—the same thing occurred. The Puritans were enveloped in darkness. Their enemies were more than their friends. The issue was exceedingly doubtful. Their very victory began in apparent defeat. For when at last, wearied and discouraged, they could no longer abide the restriction of their liberty in England, they fled away to plant colonies upon these shores. On the sea did they venture, but the ocean, black and wild, before they left it was covered with winter.

In every one of these instances darkness and the flood lay before the champions of truth and rectitude. God in his providence said to them, though they were without apparent instrumentalities, "Go forward! Venture everything! Endure everything! Yield the precious truths never! Live forever by them! Die with *them*, if you die at all."

The whole lesson of the past, then, is that safety and honor come by holding fast to one's principles; by pressing them with courage; by going into darkness and defeat cheerfully for them.

And now our turn has come. Right before us lies the Red Sea of war. It is red indeed. There is blood in it. We have come to the very edge of it, and the Word of God to us to-day is, "Speak unto this people that they go forward!" It is not of our procuring. It is not of our wishing. It is not our hand that has struck the first stroke, nor drawn the first blood. We have prayed against it. We have struggled against it. Ten thousand times we have cried, "Let this cup pass from us!" It has been overruled. We have yielded everything but manhood, and principle, and truth, and honor, and we have heard the voice of God saying, "Yield these never!" And these not being yielded, war has been let loose upon this land.

Now, let us look both ways into this matter, that we may decide what it is our duty to do.

1. There is no fact susceptible of proof in history, if it be not true that this Federal Government was created for

the purposes of justice and liberty; and not liberty, either, with the construction that traitorous or befooled heads are attempting to give it,—liberty with a devil in it! We know very well what was the breadth and the clarity of the faith of those men who formed the early constitutions of this nation. If there was any peculiarity in their faith, it was that their notion of liberty was often extravagant. But there was no doubtfulness in their position. And the instruments which accompanied and preceded it, and the opinions of the men that framed it, put this fact beyond all controversy: that the Constitution of the United States was meant to be as we now hold it, as we now defend it, as we have held it, and as we have been defending it. And at length even this is conceded, as I shall have occasion to say further on, by the enemies of liberty in this country. The Vice-President of the so-called Southern Confederacy has stated recently that there was a blunder made in the construction of our Constitution on this very truth of universal liberty, thus admitting the grand fact that that immortal instrument, as held by the North, embodies the views of those who framed it; and that those views are unmistakably in favor of liberty to all.

2. There can be no disputing the fact that, from commercial and political causes, an element of slavery which had a temporary refuge in the beginning in this land swelled to an unforeseen and unexpected power, and for fifty years has held the administrative power of the country in its hands. No man acquainted with our politics hesitates to say, that while the spirit of liberty first suggested our national ideas and fashioned our national institutions, after that work was done the government passed into the hands of the slave-power; and that that power has administered these institutions during the last fifty years for its own purposes, or in a manner that has been antagonistic to the interests of this country.

3. Against this growing usurpation for the last twenty-five years there has been rising up and organizing a proper legal constitutional opposition, wishing not the circumscription or injury of any section in this land, but endeav-

oring to keep our institutions out of the hands of despotism and on the side of liberty. For twenty-five years there has been a struggle to see to it that those immortal instruments of liberty should not be wrested from their original intent,—that they should be maintained for the objects for which they were created.

4. What are the means that have been employed to maintain our institutions? Free discussion. That, simply. We have gone before the people, in every proper form. For twenty years of defeat, though of growing influence, we have argued the questions of human rights and human liberty, and the doctrines of the Constitution and of our fathers; and we have maintained that the children should stand where the fathers did. At last the continent has consented. We began as a handful, in the midst of mobs and derision and obloquy. We have gone through the experience of Gethsemane and Calvary. The cause of Christ among his poor has suffered as the Master suffered, again and again and again; and at last the public sentiment of the North has been revolutionized. What! revolutionized away from the doctrines of the fathers? No; back to the doctrines of the fathers. Revolutionized against our institutions? No; in favor of our institutions. We have taken simply the old American principles. That is the history very simply stated. The children have gone back to the old landmarks. We stand for the doctrines and instruments that the fathers gave us.

5. The vast majority of this nation are now on the side of our American institutions, according to their original intent. We ask only this: that our government may be what it was made to be,—an instrument of justice and liberty. We ask no advantages, no new prerogatives, no privileges whatsoever. We merely say, "Let there be no intestine revolution in our institutions, but let them stand as they were made, and for the purposes for which they were created." Is there anything unreasonable, anything wrong in that? Is it wrong to reason? Is it wrong to discuss? Is it wrong to go before a free people with their own business, and, in the field, in the caucus, in the assembly,

in all deliberative bodies, to argue fairly, and express the result by the American means,—the omnipotence of the vote? Is that wrong? It is what we have been doing for the last few years. By the prescribed methods of the Constitution, and in the spirit of liberty which it embodied and evoked, we have done our proper work. Before God we cleanse our hands of all imputation of designing injustice or of seeking wrong. We have not sought any one's damage. We have aimed at no invidious restrictions for any. We have simply said, "God, through our fathers, committed to us certain institutions, and we will maintain them to the end of our lives, and to the end of time."

6. Seven States, however, in a manner revolutionary not only of government, but in violation of the rights and customs of their own people, have disowned their country and made war upon it! There has been a spirit of patriotism in the North; but never, within my memory, in the South. I never heard a man from the South speak of himself as an American. Men from the South always speak of themselves as Southerners. When I was abroad, I never spoke of myself as a Northerner, but always as a citizen of the United States. I love our country; and it is a love of the country, and not a love of the North alone, that pervades the people of the North. There has never been witnessed such patience, such self-denial, such magnanimity, such true patriotism, under such circumstances, as that which has been manifested in the North. And in the South the feeling has been sectional, local. The people there have been proud, not that they belong to the nation, but that they were born where the sun burns. They are hot, narrow, and boastful,—for out of China there is not so much conceit as exists among them. They have been devoid of that large spirit which takes in the race, and the nation, and its institutions, and its history, and that which its history prophesies,—the prerogative of carrying the banner of liberty to the Pacific from the Atlantic.

Now, these States, in a spirit entirely in agreement with their past developments, have revolutionized and disowned

the United States of America, and set up a so-called government of their own. Shall we, now, go forward under these circumstances?

For the first time in the history of this nation there is a deliberate and extensive preparation for war, and this country has received the deadly thrust of bullet and bayonet from the hands of her own children. If we could have prevented it, this should not have taken place. But it is a fact! It hath happened! The question is no longer a question of choice. The war is brought to us. Shall we retreat, or shall we accept the hard conditions on which we are to maintain the grounds of our fathers? Hearing the voice of God in his providence saying, "Go forward!" shall we go?

I go with those that go furthest in describing the wretchedness and wickedness and monstrosity of war. The only point on which I should probably differ from any is this: that while war is an evil so presented to our senses that we measure and estimate it, there are other evils just as great, and much more terrible, whose deadly mischiefs have no power upon the senses. I hold that it is ten thousand times better to have war than to have slavery. I hold that to be corrupted silently by giving up manhood, by degenerating, by becoming cravens, by yielding one right after another, is infinitely worse than war. Why, war is resurrection in comparison with the state to which we should be brought by such a course. And although war is a terrible evil, there are other evils that are more terrible. In our own peculiar case, though I would say nothing to garnish it, nothing to palliate it, nothing to alleviate it, nothing to make you more willing to have it, nothing to remove the just abhorrence which every man and patriot should have for it, yet I would say that, in the particular condition into which we have been brought, it will not be an unmixed evil. Eighty years of unexampled prosperity have gone far toward making us a people that judge of moral questions by their relation to our convenience and ease. We are in great danger of becoming a people that shall measure by earthly rules,—by the lowest standard of

a commercial expediency. We have never suffered for our own principles. And now if it please God to do that which daily we pray that he may avert,—if it please God to wrap this nation in war,—one result will follow: we shall be called to suffer for our faith. We shall be called to the heroism of doing and daring, and bearing and suffering, for the things which we believe to be vital to the salvation of this people.

On what conditions, then, may we retreat from this war, and on what conditions may we have peace?

1. We may do it on condition that two-thirds of this nation shall implicitly yield up to the dictation of one-third. You can have peace on that ground. Italy could have had peace at the hands of Francis II. They had nothing to do but to say to that tyrant, "Here is my neck, put your foot on it," to obtain peace. The people of Hungary may have peace, if they will only say to him of Vienna, "Reign over us as you please; our lives are in your hands." There is never any trouble in having peace, if men will yield themselves to the control of those that have no business to control them. Two-thirds of this nation unquestionably stand on the side of the original articles of our Constitution and in the service of liberty, and one-third deny and reject them. Now if the two-thirds will give up to the one-third, we can have peace—for a little while.

2. We can have peace if we will legalize and establish the right of any discontented community to rebel, and to set up intestine governments within the government of the United States. Yield that principle, demoralize government, and you can have peace—for a little while. You cannot yield that principle and not demoralize government. And if it is right for seven States on the Gulf to secede, it is the right of seven States on the Lakes. If it is the right of seven States on the Lakes, it is the right of five or three States on the Ohio River. If it is the right of a number of States, it is the right of one State. And if it is the right of any State, there is not a State, a half of a State, a county, or a town, that has not the same right. It is the right of disintegration. It is a right that aims at the

destruction of the attraction of governmental cohesion. It is a right that invalidates all power in government. And if you will grant this right; if you will consent to have this government broken up; if you are willing that our country should degenerate to the condition of wrangling and rival States,—you can have peace—for a little while.

3. We can have peace if we will agree fundamentally to change our Constitution, and, instead of maintaining a charter of universal freedom, to write it out as a deliberate charter of oppression.

Mr. Stephens, the Vice-President of the so-called Confederate States, declared, in a formal speech, that our Constitution was framed on a fundamental mistake, inasmuch as it took it for granted that men were born for freedom and equality. They have expunged the doctrine of universal liberty, and put in its place the doctrine of liberty for the strong and servitude for the weak. It is said that the African race, by reason of their nationality and savagism, are not fit for liberty, and that the white race, by reason of their nationality and civilization, are fit to govern them. It is merely a plea that weak persons are not fit to take care of themselves, and that strong persons are fit to take care of them; and it is a plea that is just as applicable to any other peoples as to the Anglo-Saxons and the Africans. It is simply a doctrine that might makes right. It may be stated in this form: "You are weak and I am strong, and I am therefore your lawful master." If it is good for the Africans and the Anglo-Saxons, it is good for all other races. And if it is good in reference to races, it is good in reference to individuals. Therefore there is not a workman, there is not a poor man, there is not a man that is low in station, at the North, who is not interested in this matter, who is not touched in his rights, and who is not insulted by the spirit that is latent in the new Constitution of the so-called Confederate States. It holds that there is appointed of God a governing class and a class to be governed,—a class that are born governors because they are strong and smart and well-to-do, and a class that are born servants because they are poor and weak and unable

to take care of themselves. Now take that glorious, flaming sentence in the Declaration of Independence, which asserts the right of every man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and which pronounces that right to be alike inalienable to all,—take that and strike it out, and put in its place this infernal article of the new Constitution of the Southern States, and you can have peace—for a little while. There is no trouble about having peace. What an unreasonable people we are! If we will only pay enough for peace we can have it.

This diabolical principle is also deliberately held and advocated by the churches of the South. The Southern churches are all sound on the question of the Bible, and infidel on the question of its contents! They believe that this is God's Book; they believe that this Book is the world's charter; and they believe that it teaches the religion of servitude. Every sermon that I have received within the last year from the South has been a various echo of this one atrocious idea, held in common with all the despotic preachers of Europe. Any man that has read Robert South's sermons, has read over and over again all the arguments contained in the raw, jejune productions of Southern clerical advocates for oppression. In all the discussions between Milton and Salmasius, and in all the writings of Roman priests that have sought to bolster up sacerdotal rule, these arguments have been put forth far more ably than our unscholarly Southerners have put them forth. But this is the ground which has been taken by the Christian Church of the South: that in Christ Jesus all men are not created equal,—that white masters are, but that black servants are not!

And that is not all. Not only is this new government framed on this ground, and not only have all the churches of the South taken this ground, so that it may be said of the Southern Confederacy as it was said of one of the old revolted tribes, "They have a priest to their house," but there has just now been raised up in the North a club of the same kind,—a society for the promotion of *national unity*, on the basis of a change of our national instruments

of government. This society proposes to restore peace to this country. And how? Exactly as you restore uniformity of color in a room where some things are red, some blue, and some yellow,—by blowing the light out so that in darkness all things will be of the same color! We are very much divided in this land, one part believing in liberty, and the other believing in servitude; and it is proposed to bring these two parts together in unity, by destroying the distinction between them. What is this society's own statement, as contained in the letter which they have put forth with their articles? They make this formal assertion: that that portion of our original Declaration of Independence which makes all men free and equal has been misinterpreted, or is false. They endeavor to say it softly, but it is a thing that cannot be said softly. To breathe it, to whisper it, makes it louder than thunder!

Indeed, it is true that men are not physiologically equal. No man ever believed that they were. They do not weigh alike. They differ in respect to bone and tissue. They are not the same as regards mental caliber. Their dynamic forces are different. They are not capable of exerting the same amount of political influence. In the nations of Europe it was held that the royal head, *jure Divino*, had privileges which the nobles had not; that there belonged to the nobles prerogatives which did not belong to the commonalty; and that the political rights of the great common people were to be graduated according to their status in society. But our fathers said, God gives the same political rights to all alike. The people are king, and the people are nobles. They are equal in this: that they all stand before the same law of justice, and that justice is to be the same to one as to another. The richest and the poorest, the wisest and the most ignorant, the highest and the lowest, are on an equality before the law. The Declaration of Independence taught simply that every man born into life was born with such dignities, with such a nature conferred upon him, that, as a child of God, he has a right to confront government and legislature and laws, and say, "I demand, in common with every other man, equal justice,

equal protection, to life, to liberty, and in the pursuit of happiness." And this is what our society in the North for the promotion of national unity undertake, in their first article, to say is a lie!

Now, you can have your American eagle as you want it. If, with the South, you will strike out his eyes, then you shall stand well with Mr. Davis and Mr. Stephens of the Confederate States; if, with the Christians of the South, you will pluck off his wings, you shall stand well with the Southern churches; and if, with the new peace-makers that have risen up in the North, you will pull out his tail-feathers, you shall stand well with the society for the promotion of national unity! But when you have stricken out his eyes so that he can no longer see, when you have plucked off his wings so that he can no longer fly, and when you have pulled out his guiding tail-feathers so that he can no longer steer himself, but rolls in the dirt a mere buzzard, then will he be worth preserving? Such an eagle it is that they mean to depict upon the banner of America!

Now if any man is fierce for peace, and is willing to pay the price demanded for it, he can have it. On those conditions you can have peace as long as the Jews did. For three guilty days they were rid of the Saviour, and then he rose from the grave, with eternal power on his head, and beyond all touch of weakness or death, then ascended on high to the Source of eternal power, there to live, and to live forever!

4. We must accordingly, if we go on to purchase peace on these terms, become partners in slavery, and consent, for the sake of peace, to ratify this gigantic evil. We cannot wink at it. We are called to bear overt witness either for or against it. Every State in this Union, according to the new Constitution, must be open to slavery. It is the design of not a few men at the North to make this the issue at the next election: whether we shall not reconstruct this government according to the Constitution of the Confederate States, one feature of which is that slavery shall have liberty to go wherever it pleases,—that slavery shall have the right of incursion to any part of this country. If

you consent to such a reconstruction as is proposed, you must open every one of your States to the incoming of slavery. Not only that, but every territory on this continent is to be opened to slavery. We are called to take the executive lancet, and the virus of slavery, and lift up the arm of this virgin continent and inoculate it with this terrific poison. If you will do these things, you are to be permitted to escape war.

5. Next in order must of course be silence. When we have gone so far, we shall no longer have any right of discussion, of debate, of criticism,—we shall no longer have any right of *agitation*, as it is called.

On these conditions we may have peace. If we reject these conditions we are to have separation, demoralization of government, and war.

Now are you prepared to take peace on these conditions? You will not get it on any other conditions. If you have peace, you are to stigmatize the whole history of the past; you are to yield your religious convictions; you are to give over the government into the hands of factious revolutionists; you are to suppress every manly sentiment, and every sympathy for the oppressed. Will you take peace on such a ground as that? So far as I myself am concerned, I utterly abhor peace on any such grounds. Give me war redder than blood, and fiercer than fire, if this terrific infliction is necessary that I may maintain my faith of God in human liberty, my faith of the fathers in the instruments of liberty, my faith in this land as the appointed abode and chosen refuge of liberty for all the earth! War is terrible, but that abyss of ignominy is yet more terrible!

What, then, if we will go forward in the providence of God, and maintain our integrity, are the steps that are before us?

1. Instead of yielding our convictions, it is time to cleanse them, to deepen them, to give them more power, to make them more earnest and more religious. There is no reason, now, why we should compromise. There is nothing to be gained by compromising. And it is time that parents should talk on the great doctrine of human

rights in the family, and indoctrinate their children with an abhorrence for slavery, and a love for liberty. It is time for schools to have their scholars instructed in these matters. It is time for every church to make its pews flame and glow with enthusiasm for freedom, and with hatred for oppression. While the air of the South is full of pestilent doctrines of slavery, accursed be our communities if we will not be as zealous and enthusiastic for liberty as they are against it! If their air is filled with the storm and madness of oppression, let ours be full of the sweet peace and love of liberty!

2. We must draw the lines. A great many men have been on both sides. A great many men have been thrown backward and forward, like a shuttle, from one side to the other. It is now time for every man to choose one side or the other. We want no shufflers; we want no craven cowards; we want *men;* we want every man to stand forth, and say, "I am for liberty, and the Constitution, and the country, as our fathers gave them to us," or else, "I am against them."

Thousands, thank God, of great men have spoken to us; but I think that the war-voice of Sumter has done more to bring men together, and to produce unity of feeling among them on this subject, than the most eloquent-tongued orator.

We must say in this matter, my friends, as Christ said, "He that is not for us is against us." I will have no commerce, I will not cross palms with a man that disowns liberty in such a struggle as is before us! I will not give him shelter or house-room—except as a convicted sinner; then I will take him, as the prodigal was taken, in his rags and nakedness! But so long as he stands up with impudent face against the things that are dearest to God's heart, and dearest to the instincts of this people, I shall treat him as what he is,—a *traitor!* There ought to be but one feeling in the North, and that ought to be a feeling for liberty, which should sweep through the land like a mighty wind.

3. We must not stop to measure costs,—especially the

costs of going forward,—on any basis so mean and narrow as that of pecuniary prosperity. We must put our honor and religion into this struggle. God is helping you; for, no matter how much you deplore the state of things, you cannot help yourselves. You may take counsel with your Till and Safe and Bank, you may look at your accounts on both sides, but your talking and looking will make no difference with your affairs. The time is past in which these things could be of any avail. This matter must now be settled. You must have a part in settling it. The question is whether that shall be a manly or an ignoble part!

There are many reasons which make a good and thorough battle necessary. The Southern men are infatuated. They will not have peace. They are in arms. They have fired upon the American flag! That glorious banner has been borne through every climate, all over the globe, and for fifty years not a land or people has been found to scorn it, or dishonor it. At home, among the degenerate people of our own land, among Southern citizens, for the first time, has this glorious national flag been abased, and trampled to the ground! It is for our sons reverently to lift it, and to bear it full high again,to victory and national supremacy! Our arms, in this peculiar exigency, can lay the foundation of future union, in mutual respect. The South firmly believes that *cowardice* is the universal attribute of Northern men! Until they are most thoroughly convinced to the contrary, they will never cease arrogancy and aggression. But if now it please God to crown our arms with victory, we shall have gone far toward impressing Southern men with salutary respect. Good soldiers, brave men, hard fighting, will do more toward quiet than all the compromises and empty, wagging tongues in the world. Our reluctance to break peace, our unwillingness to shed blood, our patience, have all been misinterpreted. The more we have been generous and forbearing, the more thoroughly were they sure that it was because we dared not fight!

With the North is the strength, the population, the courage. There is not elsewhere on this continent that breadth of courage—the courage of a man in distinction

from the courage of a brute beast—which there is in the free States of the North. It was General Scott who said that the New Englanders were the hardest to get into a fight, and the most terrible to meet in a conflict, of any men on the globe.

We have no braggart courage; we have no courage that rushes into an affray for the love of fighting. We have that courage which comes from calm intelligence. We have that courage which comes from broad moral sentiment. We have no anger, but we have indignation. We have no irritable passion, but we have fixed will. We regard war and contest as terrible evils; but when, detesting them as we do, we are roused to enter into them, our courage will be of the measure of our detestation. You may be sure that the cause which can stir up the feelings of the North sufficiently to bring them into such a conflict, will develop in them a courage that will be terrific to the men who have to meet it. I could wish no worse punishment to those that decry the courage of the North, than that they shall have to meet her when she is once brought out and fairly in the field.

4. We must aim at a peace built on foundations so solid, of God's immutable truth, that nothing can reach to unsettle it. Let this conflict between liberty and slavery never come up again. Better have it thoroughly settled, though it take a score of years to settle it, than to have an intermittent fever for the next century, breaking out at every five or ten years. It is bad, you say. That has nothing to do with the point. Your house is on fire, and the question is, What will you do? You are in the struggle, and the question is, Will you go through it in the spirit of your ancestors, in the spirit of Christians and patriots, in the spirit that belongs to the age of the world in which you live, and settle it so that it shall not be in the power of mischief to unsettle it? Or will you dally? Will you delay? I know which you will do. *This question is now going forward* to a settlement.

5. Let not our feelings be vengeful nor savage. We can go into this conflict with a spirit just as truly Christian as

any that ever inspired us in the performance of a Christian duty. Indignation is very different from anger; conscience from revenge. Let the spirit of fury be far from us; but a spirit of earnestness, of willingness to do, to suffer, and to die, if need be, for our land and our principles,—that may be a religious spirit. We may consecrate it with prayer.

All through the struggle of the Revolution, men there were that preached on the Sabbath, and when not preaching went from tent to tent and performed kind offices to those that were sick or wounded, cheered those that were in despondency, encouraged those whose trials were severe, and led or accompanied their brethren to those conflicts which achieved liberty.

I believe that the old spirit will be found yet in the Church; and that in that patriotism which dares to do as well as teach, laymen and officers and pastors will be found no whit behind the Revolutionary day.

It is trying to live in suspense, to be in the tormenting whirl of rumor, now to see the banner up, and now to see it trailing in the dust. Early yesterday things seemed inauspicious. Toward evening all appeared calm and fair. To-day disastrous and depressing rumors were current. This evening I came hither sad from the tidings that that stronghold which seemed to guard the precious name and lasting fame of the noble and gallant ANDERSON had been given up; but since I came into this desk I have received a dispatch from one of our most illustrious citizens, saying that Sumter is reinforced, and that Moultrie is the fort that has been destroyed. [*Tremendous and prolonged applause, expressed by enthusiastic cheers, clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs.*] But what if the rising sun to-morrow should reverse the message? What if the tidings that greet you in the morning should be but the echo of the old tidings of disaster? You live in hours in which you are to suffer suspense. Now lifted up, you will be prematurely cheering, and now cast down, you will be prematurely desponding. Look forward, then, past the individual steps, the various vicissitudes of experience, to the glorious end

that is coming! Look beyond the present to that assured victory which awaits us in the future.

Young men, you will live to see more auspicious days. Later sent, delayed in your voyage into life, you will see the bright consummation, in part at least, of that victory of this land, by which, with mortal throes, it shall cast out from itself all morbific influences, and cleanse itself from slavery. And you that are in middle life shall see the ultimate triumph advancing beyond anything that you have yet known. The scepter shall not depart. The government shall not be shaken from its foundations.

Let no man, then, in this time of peril, fail to associate himself with that cause which is to be so entirely glorious. Let not your children, as they carry you to your burial, be ashamed to write upon your tombstone the truth of your history. Let every man that lives and owns himself an American, take the side of true American principles;—liberty for one, and liberty for all; liberty now, and liberty forever; liberty as the foundation of government, and liberty as the basis of union; liberty as against revolution, liberty, against anarchy, and liberty, against slavery; liberty here, and liberty everywhere, the world through!

When the trumpet of God has sounded, and that grand procession is forming; as Italy has risen, and is wheeling into the ranks; as Hungary, though mute, is beginning to beat time, and make ready for the march; as Poland, having long slept, has dreamt of liberty again, and is waking; as the thirty million serfs are hearing the roll of the drum, and are going forward toward citizenship,—let it not be your miserable fate, nor mine, to live in a nation that shall be seen reeling and staggering and wallowing in the orgies of despotism? We, too, have a right to march in this grand procession of liberty. By the memory of the fathers; by the sufferings of the Puritan ancestry; by the teaching of our national history; by our faith and hope of religion; by every line of the Declaration of Independence. and every article of our Constitution; by what we are and what our progenitors were,—we have a right to walk foremost in this procession of nations toward the bright future.

THE NATIONAL FLAG.*

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Psalms lx. 4.

FROM the earliest periods nations seem to have gone forth to war under some banner. Sometimes it has been merely the pennon of a leader, and was only a rallying signal. So, doubtless, began the habit of carrying banners, to direct men in the confusion of conflict, that the leader might gather his followers around him when he himself was liable to be lost out of their sight.

Later in the history of nations the banner acquired other uses and peculiar significance from the parties, the orders, the houses, or governments, that adopted it. At length, as consolidated governments drank up into themselves all these lesser independent authorities, banners became significant chiefly of national authority. And thus in our day every people has its peculiar flag. There is no civilized nation without its banner.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belong to the nation that sets it forth. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-colored Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried, but never dead, principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth

* Delivered to two companies of the "Brooklyn Fourteenth," many of them members of Plymouth Church. The Church on that day contributed $3,000 to aid in the equipment of this Regiment.

the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely: there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

This nation has a banner, too; and until recently wherever it streamed abroad men saw day-break bursting on their eyes. ~~For until lately~~ the American flag has been a symbol of Liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope to the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion, and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles, or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of Dawn. It means *Liberty;* and the galley-slave, the poor, oppressed conscript, the trodden-down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and prediction of God,—"The people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."

Is this a mere fancy? On the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of American Independence was confirmed and promulgated. Already for more than a year the Colonies had been at war with the mother country. But until this time there had been no American flag. The flag of the mother country covered us during all our colonial period; and each State that chose had a separate and significant State banner.

In 1777, within a few days of one year after the Declaration of Independence, and two years and more after the war began, upon the 14th of June, the Congress of the

Colonies, or the Confederated States, assembled, and ordained this glorious National Flag which now we hold and defend, and advanced it full high before God and all men, as the Flag of Liberty. It was no holiday flag, gorgeously emblazoned for gayety or vanity. It was a solemn national signal. When that banner first unrolled to the sun, it was the symbol of all those holy truths and purposes which brought together the Colonial American Congress!

Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner. The Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Jays, the Franklins, the Hamiltons, the Jeffersons, the Adamses,—these men were all either officially connected with it or consulted concerning it. They were men that had taken their lives in their hands, and consecrated all their worldly possessions—for what? For the doctrines, and for the personal fact, of liberty,—for the right of *all* men to liberty. They had just given forth to the world a Declaration of Facts and Faiths out of which sprung the Constitution, and on which they now planted this new-devised flag of our Union.

If one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him, It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant; it means the whole glorious Revolutionary War, which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny, to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known,—the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

In solemn conclave our fathers had issued to the world that glorious manifesto, the Declaration of Independence. A little later, that the fundamental principles of liberty might have the best organization, they gave to this land our imperishable Constitution. Our flag means, then, all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant. Our flag carries American ideas, American history and American feelings. Beginning with the Colonies, and coming down

to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man.* Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty: not lawlessness, not license; but organized, institutional liberty,—liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

This American flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not an atom of crown was allowed to go into its insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by the people for the people. *That* it meant, *that* it means, and, by the blessing of God, *that* it shall mean to the end of time!

For God Almighty be thanked! that, when base and degenerate Southern men desired to set up a nefarious oppression, at war with every legend and every instinct of old American history, they could not do it under our bright flag! Its stars smote them with light like arrows shot from the bow of God. They must have another flag for such work; and they forged an infamous flag to do an infamous work, and, God be blessed! left our bright and starry banner untainted and untouched by disfigurement and disgrace! I thank them that they took another flag to do the Devil's work, and left our flag to do the work of God! [Applause.] So may it ever be, that men that would forge oppression shall be obliged to do it under some other banner than the Stars and Stripes.

If ever the sentiment of our text, then, was fulfilled, it has been in our glorious American banner:

"Thou hast given a banner *to them that fear thee.*"

Our fathers were God-fearing men. Into their hands God committed this banner, and they have handed it down to us. And I thank God that it is still in the hands of men that fear him and love righteousness.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, *that it may be displayed.*"

And displayed it shall be. Advanced full against the morning light, and borne with the growing and glowing day, it shall take the last ruddy beams of the night, and

from the Atlantic wave, clear across with eagle flight to the Pacific, that banner shall float, meaning all the liberty which it has ever meant! From the North, where snows and mountain ice stand solitary, clear to the glowing tropics and the Gulf, that banner that has hitherto waved shall wave and wave forever,—every star, every band, every thread and fold significant of Liberty! [*Great applause.*]

[*The speaker paused to check the too demonstrative enthusiasm of the audience, and continued:*] I do not doubt your patriotism. I know it is hard for men that are full of feeling not to give expression to it; yet excuse me if I request you to refrain from demonstrations of applause while I am speaking. It is not because I think Sunday too good a day, nor the church too holy a place for patriotic Christian men to express their feelings at such a time as this, and in behalf of such sentiments, but because by too frequent repetition applause becomes stale and common, that I make this request. Besides, outward expression is not our way. We are rather of a silent stock. We let our feelings work inwardly, so that they may have deeper channels and fuller floods.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed *because of the truth.*"

Because of that very truth we will display it! Not in mere national pride, not in any wantonness of vanity, not merely because we have been reared to honor it, not because we have an hereditary reverence for it, but with a full intelligence of what it is and what it means, and because we love the truth that is written in lines of living light all over it, we will advance it and maintain it against all comers from earth and hell.

The history of this banner is all on ~~the side of rational liberty~~. Under it rode Washington and his armies,—Washington, much beloved and much abused by those that are his eulogists, who have described all that he was except his love of liberty, which has been forgotten. But Washington would be like a man without a heart, if you left out of him that high, almost imperial chivalric love of

liberty for every human being. Under this banner rode he and his armies. Before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point. It floated over old Fort Montgomery, as over another Montgomery* it shall float! When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner. It cheered our army, driven out from around New York, and in their painful pilgrimages through New Jersey. Sacred State of New Jersey! small, but comely and rich and imperishable in the drops of precious blood that have redeemed her sainted soil from barrenness. In New Jersey more than in almost every other State grows the *trailing-arbutus*. Methinks it is sacred drops of Pilgrim blood that come forth in beauteous flowers on this sandiest of soils, for this sweet blossom that lays its cheek on the very snow is the true Pilgrim's *Mayflower!* This banner streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton, and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation. When South Carolina, in the Revolutionary struggle, utterly forgot what she never well remembered, courage and personal liberty, and yielded herself,—the only one, ignominious and infamous, of all the Revolutionary band of States, that gave in an adhesion again to the British government,—when she forgot courage and personal liberty, and yielded herself up, and made her peace, solitary and alone, with British generals, then it was this banner that led on the Virginia forces who conquered both the British and Carolinian armies, and brought the State again into our confederacy. Alas that the head should become the tail! Alas that old Virginia, that brought back the recreant South Carolina, should be tied to, and be dragged about the rebel camp at the tail of that same South Carolina!

*At that time Montgomery, Alabama, was the capital of the Southern Confederacy, afterwards removed to Richmond, Virginia.

And when at length the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington, while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggle ended with victory.

It waved thus over that whole historic period of struggle, and over the period in which sat that immortal Convention that framed our Constitution. It cheered the hardy pioneers who then began to go forth and explore the Western wilds, in all their desperate strifes with savage Indians. It was to them a memorial and symbol of comfort. Our States grew up under it. And when our ships began to swarm upon the ocean, to carry forth our commerce, and, inspired by the genial flame of liberty, to carry forth our ideas, and Great Britain arrogantly demanded the right to intrude her search-warrants upon American decks, then up went the lightning flag, and every star meant liberty and every stripe streamed defiance.

The gallant fleet of Lake Erie,—have you forgotten it? The thunders that echoed to either shore were overshadowed by this broad ensign of our American liberty. Those glorious men that went forth in the old ship *Constitution* carried this banner to battle and to victory. The old ship is alive yet. The new traitors of the South could not burn her; they did not sink her; and she has been hauled out of the reach of hostile hands and traitorous bands. Bless the name, bless the ship, bless her historic memory, and bless the old flag that waves over her yet!

The Perrys, the Lawrences, the Biddles, the McDonoughs, the Porters, and a host of others whose names cannot die,—do you forget that they fought under this national banner, and fought for liberty?

How glorious, then, has been its origin! How glorious has been its history? How divine is its meaning! In all the world is there another banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once in all the earth, made to stoop to despotism! Never, —did I say? Alas! Only to that worst despotism, South-

ern slavery, has it bowed. Remember, every one of you, that the slaveholders of the South, alone of all the world, have put their feet upon the American flag!

And now this banner has been put on trial! It has been condemned. For what? Has it failed of duty? Has liberty lost color by it? Have moths of oppression eaten its folds? Has it refused to shine on freemen and given its light to despots? No. It has been true, brave, loyal. It has become too much a banner of liberty for men who mean and plot despotism. Remember, citizen! remember, Christian soldier! the American flag has been fired upon by Americans, and trodden down because it stood in the way of slavery! This is all that you have reaped for your long patience, for your many compromises, for your generous trust and your Christian forbearance! You may now see through all the South just what kind of patriotism slavery breeds! East of the mountains I suppose you might travel through all Washington's State and not see one star nor one stripe. Thank God, Washington is dead, and has not lived to see the infamy and the disgrace that have fallen upon that recreant State! In all North Carolina I fear you shall find not one American flag. In Florida you shall not find one. In Georgia, I know not, except in the mountain fastnesses, if there be one. With a like exception, there is not one in Alabama. Neither is there one in repudiating Mississippi, nor in Louisiana, nor in Texas, ungrateful, nor in Arkansas. In all this waste and wilderness of States this banner has gone down, and a miserable counterfeit, a poor forgery, has been run up upon the recreant pole, to stand in the stead of the glorious old Revolutionary, historic American flag! And how is it in the great middle brood of States? As a star is obscured for an instant by a passing cloud, and then shines forth again, so in Maryland the flag and its stars were hid for a day, but they now flame out once more. Maryland is safe. All honor to Delaware; she has never flinched. In Kentucky and Tennessee and Missouri the banner is at half-mast, uncertain whether it will go up or down. And of all these States I can say, with all my heart and soul, in the language of the

Apocalypse: "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." God hates lukewarm patriotism, as much as lukewarm religion; and we hate it too. We do not believe in hermaphrodite patriots. We want men to be *men*, from the crown of their head to the sole of their foot, and to say *No* to oppression, and *Yes* to liberty, and to say both as if thunder spoke!

But this is not the worst,—that this banner should have been lowered by the hands of recreants. It was upon these streaming bars and upon these bright stars that every one of that immense concentric range of guns was aimed, when Sumter was lifted up in the midst, almost like another witnessing Calvary; and that flag which Russia could not daunt, nor France intimidate, nor England conquer, has gone down beneath the fire of treacherous States within our own Union! And do you know that when it was fallen, in the streets of a Southern city, it was trailed, hooted at, pierced with swords? Men that have sat in the Senate of the United States ran out to trample upon it; it was fired on and slashed by the mob; it was dragged through the mud; it was hissed at and spit upon; and so it was carried through Southern cities! That our flag, which has found on the ocean, in the Indian Islands, in Sumatra, in Japan, in China, and in all the world, no enemies, either barbarian or civilized, that dared to touch it with foul aspersion,—that this flag should, in our own nation, and by our own people, be spit upon, and trampled under foot, is more than the heart of man can bear!

And what is its crime? If it had forgotten its origin, if it had gone over to oppression, if it had set these stars like so many blazing jewels in the tiara of imperial despotism, I should not have wondered at its going down. If it had been recreant to its trust of ideas of liberty, I should have expected to see it go down. But it has not failed to defend liberty. Have there been quartered on its armorial bearings any bastard symbols significant of oppression? None. It is guilty of nothing but of too much liberty. Its stars have too much promise in them for those that are

born slaves; and its stripes stream too bright a light to those that sit in darkness. That is the crime of our national banner.

And now God speaks by the voice of his providence, saying, "Lift again that banner! Advance it full and high!" To your hand, and to yours, God and your country commit that imperishable trust. You go forth self-called, or rather called by the trust of your countrymen and by the Spirit of your God, to take that trailing banner out of the dust and out of the mire, and lift it again where God's rains can cleanse it, and where God's free air can cause it to unfold and stream as it has always floated before the wind. God bless the men that go forth to save from disgrace the American flag!

Accept it, then, in all its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the government. It is the free people that stand in the government on the Constitution. Forget not what it means; and for the sake of its ideas, rather than its mere emblazonry, be true to your country's flag. By your hands lift it; but let your lifting it be no holiday display. It must be advanced "*because of the truth.*"

That flag must go to the capital of this nation; and it must go not hidden, not secreted, not in a case or covering, but streaming abroad, displayed, bright as the sun, clear as the moon, terrible as an army with banners! For a single week that disgraceful crook,* that shameful circuit, may be needful; but the way from New England, the way from New York, the way from New Jersey and Pennsylvania to Washington, *lies right through Baltimore;* and that is the way the flag must and shall go! [*Enthusiastic cheers.*] But that flag, borne by ten thousand and thrice ten thousand hands, from Connecticut, from Massachusetts (God bless the State and all her men!), from shipbuilding Maine, from old Granite New Hampshire, from the Vermont of Bennington and Green-Mountain-Boy patriotism, from Rhode Island, not behind any in zeal and patriotism, from

* The route through Baltimore was closed, and for weeks Washington was reached through Annapolis.

New York, from Ohio, from Pennsylvania and New Jersey and Delaware, and the other loyal States,—that flag must be carried, bearing every one of its insignia, to the sound of the drum and the fife, into our national capital, until Washington shall seem to be a forest, in which every tree supports the American banner!

And it must not stop there. The country does not belong to us from the Lakes only to Washington, but from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. The flag must go on. The land of Washington shall see Washington's flag again. The land that sits in darkness, and in which the people see no light, shall yet see light dawn, and liberty flash from the old American banner! It must see Charleston again, and float again over every fort in Charleston harbor. It must go further, to the Alligator State, and stand there again. And sweeping up through all plantations, and over all fields of sugar and rice and tobacco, and every other thing, it must be found in every State till you touch the Mississippi. And, bathing in those waters, it must go across and fill Texas with its sacred light. Nor must it stop when it floats over every one of the States. That flag must stand, bearing its whole historic spirit and original meaning, in every Territory of this nation!

Have you not had enough mischief of slavery? Do you not see what men it breeds? It hatches cockatrice's eggs. Slavery breeds traitors in the masters and miserable slaves in the subjects. Slavery is the abominable poison that has circulated in the body politic, and corrupted this whole nation almost past healing. Blessed be God there is a medicine found!

Now, having had experience, and having seen what slavery does to the slave (and what it does to the slave is the least part of the evil. The slave is to be envied in the comparison. I would to God that the white man were half as little hurt by slavery); seeing how it blights the heart's core; how it corrupts the most sacred sentiments; how it brings down natures born for better things to the degradation of despotism,—having seen these things, can you,—I ask every man that has conscience, or reason, or

hope, or fear, or love in his soul,—can you meet God Almighty's judgment, or the inquiring eye of God, if while you live you permit that evil to roll unchecked three thousand miles to the Pacific Ocean? Let, then, this banner go again into every recreant State, and float over every inch of territory, saying, "Defiance to slavery; all hail to liberty!"

Nor is it enough that our flag shall stand and merely reassert its authority. It is time now that that banner shall do as much for each man in our own country as it will in every other land on the globe. If I go to Constantinople, and a mob threatens me, that banner shines like lightning out of heaven, and I am safe. If I go to Jerusalem, or among the Bedouin Arabs, I have but to show that symbol, and I am safe. If I go to Africa, and skirt its coasts among the natives, and exhibit the colors of my country, I am safe. I can go around the globe under the protection of this flag. But it is denied me to go to Washington. I cannot go from my door to the capital of this nation, because the *American flag does not defend Americans on their own soil.* I cannot go to Virginia nor North Carolina, nor South Carolina, nor Florida, nor Georgia, nor Alabama, nor Mississippi, nor Louisiana, nor Texas, nor Arkansas, nor to most of Kentucky and of Tennessee. We have not had a government for fifty years that dared to do a thing that slavery did not wish to have done. I suppose that within the last twenty years uncounted multitudes of men have been mulcted in property, mobbed, hung, murdered, for whose wrongs and blood no government has ever made any inquisition. It is permitted, to this hour, to one man to maltreat, to murder, to rob, to strip, to destroy another man, in Nashville, in Memphis, in New Orleans, in Mobile, in Charleston, and even in Richmond, close up under the eye of government. There has never been an hour for the last twenty-five years when government would lift a voice or stretch out a hand to protect Northern men against the outrages committed upon them by men at the South. Now I demand that, when the American flag is next unfurled in South Carolina, it shall protect *me* there, as it protects a South Carolinian in New York. I demand that it

shall protect me in Mobile, as it protects a Mobilian here. I demand that this shall be a common country, and that all men shall enjoy the imperishable rights which the Constitution guarantees to every American citizen. I demand that there shall be such a victory of this flag as shall make the whole and undivided land the common possession of all and every one of its citizens!

If any man asks me whether I will consent to a compromise, I reply, Yes. I love compromises; they are dear to me—if I may make them. Give me a compromise that shall bring peace. Let me say, "Hang the ringleading traitors; suppress their armies; give peace to their fields; lift up the banner, and make a highway in which every true American citizen, minding his own business, can walk unmolested; free the Territories, and keep them free,"—that is our compromise. Give to us the doctrine of the fathers, renew the Declaration of Independence, refill the Constitution with the original blood of liberty, destroy traitors and treason, make the doctrine of secession a byword and a hissing; make laws equal; let that justice for which they were ordained be the same in Maine or Carolina, to the rich and to the poor, the bond and the free,—and thus we will *compromise.*

But as long as compromise means yokes on us and license to them, silence for liberty and open-mouthed freedom to despotism, so long compromise is a Devil's juggle; no man that is a freeman and a Christian should be caught in any such snare as that. I ask for nothing except that which the fathers meant. I ask for the fulfillment of Washington's prayer. I ask for the carrying out of the designs of those sacred men that sat in conclave at Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and framed our immortal Constitution. I ask for liberty in New York, in Carolina, in Alabama, in every State and in every Territory. I ask for it throughout the whole land. I ask no Northern advantage. It is a mere geographical accident that liberty is in the North. It is not because it is the North, but because the North is free, that I ask for the ascendency of Northern principles.

Ah! that Daniel Webster had lived to see what we do,—that strong man whose faith failed him in a fatal hour of ambition! I will read from a speech of his better days one of the noblest passages that ever issued from the uninspired pen of man. It is appropriate for this hour:—

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured,—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards*,—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

God grant it! *God grant it!*

You live in a civilized age. You go on a sacred mission. The prayers and sympathies of Christendom are with you. You go to open again the shut-up fountains of liberty, and to restore this disgraced banner to its honor. You go to serve your country in the cause of liberty; and if God brings you into conflict ere long with those misguided men of the South, when you see their miserable, new-vamped banner, remember what that flag means,—Treason, Slavery, Despotism; then look up and see the bright stars and the glorious stripes over your own head, and read in them Liberty, *Liberty*, LIBERTY!

And if you fall in that struggle, may some kind hand wrap around about you the flag of your country, and may you die with its sacred touch upon you. It shall be sweet to go to rest lying in the folds of your country's banner, meaning, as it shall mean, "Liberty *and* Union, now and forever."

We will not forget you. You go forth from us not to be easily and lightly passed over. The waves shall not close over the places which you have held; but when you return, —not as you go, many of you inexperienced, and many of you unknown,—you shall return from the conquests of liberty with a reputation and a character established forever to your children and your children's children. It shall be an honor, it shall be a legend, it shall be a historic truth; and your posterity shall say: "Our fathers stood up in the day of peril, and laid again the foundations of liberty that were shaken; and in their hands the banner of our country streamed forth like the morning star upon the night."

God bless you!

THE CAMP, ITS DANGERS AND DUTIES.*

"For the Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp, to deliver thee, and to give up thine enemies before thee; therefore shall thy camp be holy; that he see no unclean thing in thee, and turn away from thee." —Deut. xxiii. 14.

THAT Christian people should learn to dread the camp is not strange. The evils which have gone along with armies, the dangers of moral infection in military camps, are not imaginary, and are perhaps not less than our greatest fears would lead us to believe them to be. And yet it ought not to be forgotten that these evils are vincible, and that, though real, they may be overcome. There are no circumstances where Christian courage may not gain a victory over the sharpest temptations. It should not be forgotten that the world is indebted to camp life for institutions which have done more to infuse order and civilization among men than any legislation. God's people lived in military camps for full half a century. In camps Moses promulgated the Hebrew code. In the camp they began to practice the matchless elements of the Hebrew Commonwealth. In the camp the slavish habits which they had contracted were gradually worn off, their idolatrous tendencies were at last repressed, and their national education began. Perhaps the purest, most orderly and well-regulated period of the Hebrew history was that of their early camp life. More brilliant periods there were, under David and Solomon; but I doubt if ever there was, on the whole, a more moral period. Nor will a study of the rules and regulations of that life be unprofitable even now. For while Moses has nothing to teach us in strictly military matters, he has anticipated almost every effort of

* Preached in May, 1861.

science for health, cleanliness, order, and good civic economy, striving, with imperfect means, to be sure, to do that which, with more perfect instrumentalities, science is now accomplishing.

Our text shows the influences upon which this effort was based. Religion was brought to bear, with its appropriate influences, upon camp life.

There can be no doubt that camp morals, subsequently to this epoch, and in other nations, have deserved all the ill repute which they have acquired. Nor can we suppose camp life ever, under the most favorable circumstances, to be as conducive to virtue as is the family state in civic communities.

But we must not look upon it as always and necessarily so great an evil as it was in the past ages of European military history. Camps do not need to continue to be what they have hitherto been. For the world has advanced. Every method of living has advanced. We know better what to do, we know how to do better, and we are doing better, in every element of life, than did ages past. The morals of the common people, and of soldiers, who spring from them, are eminently better than they used to be. The circumstances under which war is conducted are much changed, and changed much for the better. Experience, and the facilities for organizing and supplying armies, have removed many of the temptations to evil. At least, they have made it unnecessary for men to be wicked.

It has been the policy of this nation to discourage standing armies. It is a wise policy, and it never appeared so wise as now. Standing armies are always dangerous; and I can hardly doubt that, had there been a hundred thousand soldiers subject to the control of those wicked men just ejected from this government, our liberties would have been in peril. They would have been suppressed, to be acquired again only by crossing a Red Sea of blood. We owe much of our salvation to the fact that there was not a military power in the hands of an Administration imbecile in all but corruption. Everything else had been got ready

to overthrow the government but this infernal enginery of a standing army.

The theory of our people has been, that, as the common people framed their government, administer their government, and are the sources of power and of political influence in that government, so and in like manner the common people shall be their own soldiers, and do their own fighting, when it is necessary. War will not be unnecessarily provoked when the men that provoke the war are obliged themselves to wage it.

But with great wisdom two provisions have been made. First, the common people have been enrolled as a militia, and made to have some little idea of combination and drill. It has not been much, it has been just enough to subject them to the ridicule of professional blatterers; nevertheless, it has been sufficient. And whenever the common people of this land have been called upon for the defense of things that were worth fighting for, they have brought the conflict to a successful issue.

Next, public military academies have given the most rigid and thorough education to men selected from every State. And thus we have an intelligent and hardy common people, somewhat acquainted with the rudiments of army formations, and of the duties of soldiers, for a foundation; and for leaders, men of scientific military education.

And now, when war breaks out with us, the camp is both better and worse than European camps and camps of other countries. It is better, or may be, because it is made up, not of professional soldiers without civil sympathies, cut off from pursuits of ordinary life, but of citizens, pervaded with the sympathies of citizens; of men who go to war as one of life's duties, alternative duties, and not as their vocation. And such men ought to make better soldiers than others, more moral and more manly.

It is worse, because in regular armies, and among soldiers trained for years, there is an education toward neatness and order and economy of living which a body of volunteers suddenly gathered together are not likely to

have. In the Mexican war, if I remember correctly, the deaths by sickness in the volunteer regiments were more than one hundred per cent. greater than in the regular army; showing the difference beween practiced skill in living and the inexperience of the volunteers.

Such, with its faults, and with possible excellences, is the American military system. It is not our business now so much to subject it to criticism, as to accept it with its duties and responsibilities. For, in the providence of God, war is upon us. It is quite immaterial whether we wish it or not, whether we think it might have been avoided, or whether every step on either side has been the wisest. The past is past. Let the dead bury their dead. War, I repeat, is upon us. The army is collecting. Various camps are forming. The question for the whole Christian community is this: What is the duty of this country toward its camps?

It is not enough, then, that we should simply encourage men to volunteer in their country's cause, clothe them, equip them, get them off, and then consider them as no longer on our hands. It is a part of our duty to equip them, and see that they are well fitted out, and to send them off under good auspices; but we must also consider ourselves responsible for the continued well-being of that army which we send forth to do, not *their* work, but *our* work. It is not enough for us to do some things. That great army that is gathering around the government of this nation, to maintain its sacred laws and principles, must be adopted by all Christian men at home, and must be provided for, not simply in clothes and food, but in education and in morals. We must see to it that physically they are well equipped, and we must see to it that that moral care which comes from material sources (and there is a good deal of it) is provided; but when we have provisioned and clothed and equipped the men, and put them beyond the reach of physical want, we have but just begun to discharge our duties toward them.

The army must feel that it is not a thing separated from society, and different from it. It is only the arm of society stretched out, not cut off, but joined to the body, receiving

circulation from it yet, and in vital sympathy with it. That we may better understand our duties, I will point out some of the dangers to which our men are liable, and some of the measures by which these dangers may be averted.

1. As armies are formed, it must necessarily be the case that they shall come together in an ill-assorted and socially unfit manner. But a young man ought to learn how to live with men differing in every respect from himself. A young man must learn to live with men; with men mixed and various, good and bad, of all dispositions and habits; and surely, if a man does not learn it in the army, it is because he is not apt to learn. One can scarcely conceive of men brought together with less principle of assortment than in volunteer regiments. Many are ruined in learning this lesson; and many are ruined that need not have been, had some one taught them, warned them, and encouraged them to maintain their own individuality. Old and young are huddled together Some of strong will and others of an impressible disposition are brought in contact with each other, and you know which will receive the dent. The hard and the soft are side by side. Among them are the proud man, that receives no impressions from others, and the approbative man, that stands on his own root by a slender stem, and nods and bobs in the wind like a rush or daisy. It is a good school, if it did not spoil so many for the sake of making a few. But so it is. The army is so formed that the first lesson, and the first danger, is that of living with men who are entirely unlike themselves.

2. There is a sudden change of all the habits of life. Men become their own cooks, their own chambermaids, their own seamstresses, and their own washerwomen. Tables, linen, china cups, and delf plates disappear. Men go down to camp life to become almost savage in the simplicity of domestic economies. No beds receive them such as they have been accustomed to. No such relations of table and social intercourse as they have previously enjoyed are enjoyed by them now. They seem to have been stripped bare of the refinements of civilized society. All influences calculated to promote the exterior and physical

proprieties of life seem to be removed from them. These things are apt to beget great carelessness and rudeness, and even a positive barbarism, unless they are resisted and counteracted.

It seems as though there were very little religious influence in a clean face, a clean skin, and a comely garb; but there is a good deal of simple moral influence in these things. When a man does not care for the neatness of his person, nor for the ordinary proprieties and economies of life, he is verging toward the barbarous state. It is so even with men of moral stamina and settled characters; but how much more, if character is unfashioned and habits unformed!

3. The restraints, the affections, the softening influences of the household, are taken away from the soldier in the camp. No man can imagine the difference which this makes till he has seen it and felt it. Men that at home are not only moral and decorous, but who are without temptation or desire to be anything else, when away from home do things so utterly out of character that they seem not to be the same persons. There is, it may be said, a sort of mania or insanity that falls on men away from home. Men that at home not only do not drink, but do not want to, when they go away from home and the restraints of the family to reside for weeks, do drink and become intoxicated. Men that at home are never subject to vagrant thoughts, almost lose the power of regulated thought away from home. No one imagines how much he is upheld by the moral influences of those about him, and how little by his own will and character, till he goes abroad alone. When a man goes to England, he says, "There is not a man in this whole kingdom who will know what I do," and he has a morbid curiosity to know how he will feel under such and such circumstances, and he does things that he never did before, to satisfy that curiosity. A man in Paris who knows there is not another man in Paris that knows him, is not the same man that he was in New York. That is to say, he is subject to temptations and influences that he never would have been subject to at home. When men

that are patterns of morality in the village come to New York in spring and fall, to do business, they are not always patterns of morality. They seem to slough moral habits for the time being. Those that deal with them know it. It would not do for them to treat this or that man at home as they treated him the last time they were in New York. It would produce an uproar in the church, or an explosion in the family! It is not because they are hypocrites that they deport themselves in one way at home and in another way abroad; it is not because they are insincere; it is because men *are* stronger at home surrounded with friends, responsible to a public sentiment, sustained by example and social sympathies, than when they are left standing alone. It is so good to the soul and to the morals to be surrounded by those who bear sweet affinities and relationships, that when a man has them he is well, and when he has not he is sick or feeble. It is not surprising that young men should feel as older men have felt, since the world began, when removed from social restraints and domestic influences.

To this must be added the almost necessary rudeness of a womanless state. If God were to take the sun and moon and stars out of the heavens, the chances for husbandry would be what, if God were to take woman out of life, would be the chances for refinement and civilization. Woman carries civilization in her heart. It springs from her. Her power and influence mark the civilization of any country. A man that lives in a community where he has the privileges of woman's society, and is subject to woman's influence, is almost of necessity refined, more than he is aware of; and when men are removed from the genial influence of virtuous womanhood, the very best degenerate, or feel the deprivation.

There is something wanting in the air when you get west of the Alleghany Mountains on a sultry day of summer. The air east of the mountains is supplied with a sort of pabulum from the salt water of the ocean, by which one is sustained in the sultriest days of midsummer. Now what this salt is to the air, that is woman's influence to the

virtue of a community. You breathe it without knowing it. All you know is that you are made stronger and better. And a man is not half a man unless a woman helps him to be!

One of the mischiefs of camp life is that women are removed from it. The men may not know what it is that lets them down to a lower state of feeling, or what that subtle influence was that kept them up to a higher state of refinement, but it is the absence of woman in the one case, as it was the presence of woman in the other. Woman is a light which God has set before man to show him which way to go, and blessed is he who has sense enough to follow it!

4. To this must be added the evils which are liable to spring out of the interplay and alternation of idleness and excessive exertion in camp life. Men whose habits are regular are half saved to begin with. A man who has an order of business which brings something to be done every hour, which fills every hour with occupation, is a match for the Devil. Satan finds plenty of mischief for idle hands to do, and very little for busy hands. But men whose calling is spasmodic, who use up their strength in a few hours, and then fall back upon indolence and self-indulgence, are peculiarly in danger. You shall find that those workmen who are excessively taxed,—glass-blowers, foundrymen, the boat hands on our Western rivers, expressmen, and the like,—who have, during one or two hours, to do work enough for eight or ten men to each man, and who are obliged to concentrate the whole energy of their life and power for this brief period, and then fall back upon five or six indolent hours, are the men that are most in danger, and that are most apt to be reckless, wild, daring, and physically self-indulgent. Experience will show that while regular and successive industries, which furnish employment for every hour, conduce to morals, excessive labor for a few hours, followed by long intervals of indolence, is demoralizing. No man can go through the experience of such labor and alternate indolence and come out sound and well.

Now this is peculiarly the experience of the camp. The drill goes for nothing: that is mere play. But with camp life comes the long march to-day, and the lying still for three or four days; the desperate conflict, with all its excitement for a few hours, and the rest for the ensuing week; long periods of inactivity, interspersed with occasional intensifications of activity. These things shake the habits of the whole moral fabric of a man. Morbid appetites spring up from such irregularities. The body ceases to perform its normal functions, the tendencies of life are different, and the whole character is changed.

5. We must remember that the aim and end of war is physical violence. Now men cannot be associated with objects of violence and not receive collateral moral impressions from them. If men are educated, and if they bear with them a stern will, and look upon war as a terrible but necessary evil, they may go through it and escape unharmed. Such a man as Anderson can go through the most dreadful experiences of war and come out a Christian, a humane, a gentle man. Where a man brings a heart and a faith into experiences like these he may avoid harm, as they did who went through the fire without even the smell of fire upon their garments; but raw, unenlightened, untrained natures cannot but be hardened and depraved by them. A man, however, cannot tell what effect they will have upon him till he is brought into the midst of them. Some are cured of cruelty by the sight of blood. They revolt from it with the whole force of their being. Some have a natural tendency to it; and when they come into the exercise of it they speedily sink into degeneracy, and drag others down with them. At any rate, this living for an end of violence must affect the whole moral nature. A life supremely devoted to resistance, to contention, to destruction, must be full of dangers.

6. We must consider the peculiar danger of camps in producing intemperance. So great is this danger that we might almost compromise, and say, "Give us release from that, and we will run the risk of every other one." The desire of excitement, for various reasons, is nowhere else,

aps, so great as in the camp. Where, for instance, are to prepare themselves for hard and successive :, it is not unnatural that they should seek to rouse up · energies with strong drink. And where men have : through severe and long continued labor, where they been deprived of their appropriate food, where they been exposed to extremes of heat or cold, where they been taxed with a harassing watch or a desper- ight, where all their habits have been irregular, then ing is more natural than that they should seek to re- their wasted strength by intoxicating drinks. But the lgence in the use of ardent spirits for such purposes is al indulgence. I think the distinction between the : and wrong use of alcoholic stimulants lies simply in The man that uses them for producing digestion, or . to promote prompt and efficient action of the natural tions of the system, is using them medicinally; but nan that uses them either for the purpose of unnatu- exciting the physical energies, or for the purpose of iring the waste of those energies by excessive exertion, ing them fatally. If you use them for the sake of fit- yourself to make a brilliant speech, you use them ly. If you use them in order that you may supply the ıgth you want for an emergency, you use them fatally. if you use them for the purpose of making up for the ıgth that you have lost in any severe undertaking, use them fatally. If you use them either to create ɜr, or to compensate for the exhaustion of power, of l or body, you violate the laws of nature, and so use ı fatally. When Paul said to Timothy, "Use a little for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities," oubtless referred to the fact that Timothy had the ɪepsia, and that a little wine might help his digestion, that it was through good digestion that he was to have l blood, good nerves, and good muscles! But if a keeps a fiery stream of stimulus pouring upon his ı for the purpose of increasing its activity, he is a ced man, and his name is already written down in the : of death. When men are severely taxed, there is

nothing more natural than that they should clutch at anything that will afford them momentary relief. And any indulgence in this practice is apt to be fatal, because when spirituous liquors have been taken for one thing, they will naturally be taken for others.

The dullness, the weariness, the *ennui* of camp life is greatly alleviated by the social festive glass.

The pernicious influence of example in the matter of drinking will also be felt in the camp. The young man who is not wont to drink may be led to do it because he has not the moral courage to resist the temptation under which he is brought. A young man in the ranks naturally wants to stand well with the officers, a young officer naturally wants to stand well with his superior officers, one that is weak naturally wants to stand well with those that are stronger than himself, and there is danger that many will fall into the habit of drinking for the sake of gaining favor. A man that is superior in any respect to his fellows has great power of persuasion over them, and can, if he be intemperate, do much toward drawing them into intemperance.

Could intoxicating drinks be kept away from camps, one-half of their dangers would be obviated. And for any one that is going forth to meet the temptations of camp life, I had almost said I would sum up in one simple word of remembrance a talisman of safety,—*Temperance*, absolute temperance. There are other dangers of the camp, but there are so many connected with this that we almost forget the rest, and say that you will be safe if you are strictly temperate.

Why, I think war kills more after it is over than during its continuance. It is not the man who comes home limping on one usable leg that is most damaged: it is the man that comes home with two legs and two arms, and with no use for them. It is not the man who comes home pierced through so as to be all his life an invalid, that war most damages; it is the man that, pierced through with the liquid shot, comes reeling and staggering home to be worse than useless. And I say to every one that has anything

to do with the camp, for the love of God, for the love of man, for the sake of patriotism, and for the salvation of those that are imperiled, take care of the young men, that they do not become drunkards!

7. There is an evil to be dreaded from the contagion of bad men in camp life. I am not referring to gross and shamelessly bad men. When a man becomes shamelessly bad, he becomes comparatively harmless. It is not the thing with poison scattered all over the outside that endangers anybody; it is the cake that is poison, but is sweetened and not seen to be poison; it is the liquor that is poisoned at the bottom, and is not suspected of being poisoned. I do not know, so far as my personal inspection is concerned, but certain companies that have been raised in New York are saints prepared for glory, but the papers do represent them as being made up of quite another class of men, and that they will leave New York wonderfully purified when they go forth to do a patriot's duty in a distant State! But if there should be found in the volunteer force a burglar, a thief, a scoundrel, a culprit, he is not the man to be very dangerous to young men. Do you suppose a virtuous young man is going to learn pocket-picking in the camp? Do you suppose a young man is going to learn stealing there? These things do not come by contagion. They are the final results of insidious causes. They are the desperate ends of fair beginnings. They are the holes through which men go out of our sight into perdition. It is not the endings, but the beginnings, that are to be guarded against.

The men that are dangerous in camps are not bloated drunkards, shameless gamblers, and such as they. But an accomplished officer, a brilliant fellow, who knows the world, who is gentle in language, who understands all the etiquettes of society, who is fearless of God, who believes nothing in religion, who does not hesitate with wit and humor to jeer at sacred things, who takes an infernal pleasure in winding around his finger the young about him, who is polished and wicked, and walks as an angel of light to tempt his fellow-men, as Satan did to tempt our first

parents,—if there be in the camp such a one, he is the dangerous man! And the camp is full of such ones. The worst of it is that the young do not suspect them till it is too late to avoid them. There is a sort of dynamic influence that superior natures exert upon inferior ones. It is said that a cat can fascinate a bird, and that a snake fascinates its own victims. There is no doubt that one human being can fascinate another. There is no doubt that one man built in a certain way has almost complete ascendency over another man built in a different way. This fact is fearfully illustrated in the camp by the contamination of the young and inexperienced under the influence of bad men with whom they come in contact.

I shall not mention the petty vices of lawlessness that grow up in war. When men are assaulting an enemy and overrunning an enemy's territory, when a town having resisted them, they have by the strength of their right hand broken through all obstacles and taken possession of it, they are not apt to be too respectful of the rights of those that are at their mercy. Rapine and thefts and various violence grow up under such circumstances.

I shall mention but one other danger, and that only indirectly has a moral bearing upon this subject,—I mean the danger of neglecting to observe the laws of health. I have been very much affected in seeing how men that are gathered into our regiments live. You and I that live in ceiled houses, and have changes of apparel for all the seasons, —spring, summer, autumn, and winter,—and many of them for each season, can scarcely form a conception of the poverty and destitution of many laboring men, but particularly foreigners, who enlist in the army. When their shoes give out, they have to make a special campaign to get another pair. When their hat gives out, they wear it still. When their coat gives out, they get another if they can. How little these men know of the laws of health! How little they know of the economies of life! Now hurry a thousand, or ten thousand of these men, by land and water away from home, oblige them to be irregular in their habits, give them poor food miserably cooked, let them

after a long, fagging day's journey go to camp so tired that they can hardly see, and throw themselves down under the first bush or tree, no matter whether the ground is wet or dry, so that when they wake up they feel as though a ramrod had been run through their arms and their legs,—and is it to be wondered at that multitudes of them sicken and die? The hospitals that receive the sick from armies are a commentary on the knowledge that prevails among men respecting the laws of health. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the sickness of camp life is owing to the fact that men do not know how to take care of themselves. Were I a chaplain in the army, while I would preach and distribute books and tracts, and do special ministerial work, I would, in the main, see to it that the health of the soldiers was not neglected. I would explain to them health-laws, and urge them to observe them, and watch over them as tenderly as a mother watches over her child. And to any man that is going as chaplain I would say, Take care of your men's health. For although health is not religion, religion is very much dependent on health. A candle is not a candlestick, but a candle without a candlestick is of little account. If a man is going to keep his soul alight, he must have a good body to hold it in. And one important duty of the sanctuary is to teach the ignorant and unknowing of these matters which are so vital to their prosperity.

Thus much on that side. Allow me a few words now to those who go.

There are going out in all our companies not a few who, thank God, have been religiously trained, and are themselves professors of religion, and yet more who, though they may not be professors of religion, are really moral and virtuous men. I exhort all such that they should see eye to eye; that they should find each other out; that they should band together for the right. Where two men come together on the ground of moral principle, there is a church. Where two men associate themselves together for the purpose of promoting a moral cause, there is a church. An ocean is nothing but an aggregate of drops; and every

drop is a factor of that ocean. And large churches are nothing but collections of multitudinous drops. But where there are two men united in a Christian work there is a church; and there ought to be in every regiment and company and platoon a little church. If in any regiment or company or platoon there are two men that are moral and good, they ought to stand out at once and take ground for goodness and morality. It is a shame to see how fearlessly bad men take ground for iniquity, and how shy good men are of avowing religion. There ought to be a bold stand taken in favor of virtue by the good in each one of the various companies. If there is not such a stand taken in Company C of the Fourteenth Regiment, I shall be ashamed of my preaching. We have sent out fifteen or twenty young men that are distributed through the companies of another regiment; but we have sent more in this particular regiment, because they have remained later upon our hands. And I expect that there will be a real moral influence exerted through the regiment by the young men that are in it who have gone out of this church.

There ought to be in the camp a provision made to supply the wants of the men in the intervals of drill and conflict. I have spoken of the temptations of indolence. We shall be utterly delinquent in duty if we make no provision of reading for them. They have nothing to do; their camp-fire is burning; the sun has just sunk below the horizon; they sit in groups here and there; the story-teller is in vogue; the man who has the most fluent tongue, and who is the most amusing, is the man that is popular,—not the man that retires to his tent, or at a little distance, to commune with God; but the entertaining man, the man that knows how to lessen the tedium of the hour. This gives ascendency to dangerous men. But if every day there was something to read, this evil would be in a great measure overcome. A daily newspaper has become almost as necessary to us at home as our daily food! The want will be felt in camp. We cannot eat our breakfast without a morning paper; nor our supper without an evening paper; and I should not be surprised if before long

we should think we could not get our dinner without a noon paper. Of course Bibles and Testaments will go with the men, but there ought to be other reading for them. We have at least two Tract Societies; and it seems to me that, while they send some tracts, and a few books, they could not put the greater proportion of their funds to so good a use as that of subscribing for good sound papers, to be read by the soldiers during leisure hours, or while sitting in the doors of their tents. There is a moral influence in such reading. Not only does it occupy their leisure hours, but it takes them out of the dangers of camp life, and carries them back to their homes, and leads them to think of father and mother, and sisters and brothers, and childhood. It abolishes distance. It annihilates separation. It quickens their memory and awakens their imagination. It prevents them from losing their identity. See that the men have books and papers enough. And if the great publishing houses feel as if it is not in their line to give secular reading-matter, there ought to be organizations formed by which the camp shall be filled with newspapers. The most efficacious secular book that ever was published in America is the newspaper!

In other ways there should be kept alive sympathy between the camp and the community; between the camp and home. Ah! the chaplain may go round and talk to the men as much as he pleases, but I tell you, the things that work most powerfully on them are the thoughts of home and friends that pass through their minds when they sit with their elbows on their knees, and with their eyes shut, and say to themselves, "My mother is singing," or, "My father is praying." Those golden threads that go forth out of the much-weaving mother's heart; those threads of love and domesticity that never break by long stretching, that go around and around the globe itself and yet keep fast hold,—these, after all, are the things that work most powerfully on men!

Now, let them be supplied with tokens, mementos, remembrancers, from those that are left behind. When the soldier looks upon the little things that have been sent him

by dear ones at home, he cannot suppress his tears. But do you suppose it is because he has a few luxuries? It is not the things themselves that he cares for. As likely as not he gives these away to his comrades. But loving hearts were prompted to send them to him, and kind hands placed them in the box! They are evidences of affectionate regard cherished for him. All these things work wonders in the camp.

Let us take care of those that go out from among us. It would be a shame if this Christian community, having sent forth young men to fight the battles of the country, should forget them. You have but just begun your duty toward them. The most serious part of that duty is to take care of the camp!

My Christian friends, I have the utmost confidence, I need not tell you, in the American principle of self-government. Anything on God's earth can be done by an intelligent, virtuous, self-governing people; and though monarchies cannot have camps without mischief, the American people can civilize and Christianize the camp. I roll the responsibility of doing this upon our churches, and assume my part of the responsibility. It will be a shame to our civilization and Christianity if we are not able to take these camps in the arms of a sanctifying faith, and lift them above those corrupting tendencies which are inseparable from war. I hope to see those who go from this church come back, not only as good as they go, but better, more manly, more fearless for the right. I do not expect that there will be any castaways among them. I do not believe that one of them will be a deserter from the faith. I feel assured that they will all be more confirmed soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ,—and they will be better soldiers of him by as much as they are good soldiers of their country.

Now let us acknowledge our obligations in this matter, and take hold of hands and discharge those obligations. While you thank God that he has raised up so many that are willing and eager to defend our country, and although you have contributed liberally of your means to prepare

them to go, you must remember that your duty toward them has but just begun to be performed. You must follow them with your prayers, morning, noon, and night. Not only that, you must see that their wants are provided for, and, more than all other things, that their moral wants are provided for. The church and camp must work together in this great emergency.

May God speed them that go forth! Every morning, when I have arisen, for a week or ten days past, I have rushed down expecting to hear the tocsin of the battle. But as some lurid days that have thunders in them will not storm, but hold themselves aloof, and gather copper color in the sky, because the bolt is to fall with more terrific violence; so it seems to me that in the impressive silence which prevails the storm of battle is only collecting, and collecting, because the great conflict is coming ere long like God's thunder-crack! When it does come I have not the least doubt as to where victory will issue; I have not the least doubt as to which side will triumph. I foresee the victory. I rejoice in it, in anticipation; not because it is to be on our side, but because it has pleased God, in his infinite mercy, to make liberty our side; not because we are North and they are South, but because we have civilization and they have barbarism, because we stand on the principle of equity and liberty, and they stand on the principle of slavery and injustice. It will be a moral victory more than a military victory.

May God speed the day, give the victory, crown it with peace, restore unity, and make it more compact and enduring because freed from this contamination, this poison, in our system!

MODES AND DUTIES OF EMANCIPATION.*

"And after a time he returned to take her, and he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion; and, behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in the carcass of the lion."—Judges xiv. 8.

SAMSON was on an errand of love. He was interrupted by a lion, which he slew; for love is stronger than any lion. He gained his suit; but, alas! everything went by contraries thereafter. The woman whose love was at first sweeter to him than honey, betrayed him. She was his lion. Whereas, on his way to her he found that bees had possession of the real lion's carcass, and had filled it with honey. And so, in the end, the lion was better to him than his wife.

But how full of suggestions is this incident. Who would have looked for honey behind a lion's paws? While he was yet roaring and striking at Samson, there seemed very little likelihood of his finding a honeyed meal in him. But if lions bravely slain yield such food, let them become emblems! The bee signifies industry, among all nations; and honey is the very ideal of sweetness.

To-day war is upon us. A lion is on our path. But, being bravely met, in its track shall industry settle, and we shall yet fetch honey from the carcass of war. You will not object, then, if, to-day, I bring you honey from this lion's body.

At first, and to unhopeful souls, it would seem as if no day of Thanksgiving ever were so sadly planted. Nor will I undertake to persuade you that there are no evils to bemoan: there are many. But the evils are transient, super-

* Thanksgiving Day, November 26, 1861.

ficial, and vincible; the benefits are permanent, radical, and multiplying.

Not long ago we were a united nation. Our industry was bringing in riches as the tides of the ocean; and no man could imagine the manhood of a continent whose youth was so august.

Now, a line of fire runs through from east to west, and more than half a million men confront each other with hostile arms. Villages are burned; farms are deserted; neighbors are at bloody variance; industry stands still through fifteen States, or only forges implements of war. The sky at night is red with camp-fires; by day the ground trembles with the tramp of armies. Yet, amid many great and undeniable evils, which every Christian patriot must bitterly lament, there are eminent reasons for thankfulness, several of which I shall point out to you.

I. Since we must accept this war, with all its undeniable evils, it is a matter for thanksgiving that the citizens and their lawful government of these United States can appeal to the Judge of the universe and to all right-minded men, to bear witness that it is not a war waged in the interest of any base passion, but, truly and religiously, in the defense of the highest interests ever committed to national keeping. It is not, on our side, a war of passion; nor of avarice; nor of anger; nor of revenge; nor of fear and jealousy.

We hold that the territory of these United States is common to all its inhabitants; and is, not simply a possession, but a trust. Unless by the deliberate decision of the lawfully assembled people of these United States, constitutionally expressed, that territory may neither be abandoned, alienated, nor partitioned. We hold it in trust for the Future. Is it the duty of New York to defend its territory against foes without, and evil men within, from the Lake to Montauk Point? Is it the duty of each New England State to defend every foot within its jurisdiction? In like manner, and for the same reasons, but in greater force, it is the duty of all the States collectively to maintain the integrity of the national domain. It is not a question of

whether we will or will not. By the appointed and appropriate methods of the Constitution that question has been taken from our hands. It is not subject to our volition. But we are bound, by that silent oath which every man assumes who comes to years of maturity as a citizen, to maintain inviolate the territory of these United States.

It is the duty of the citizens, also, to stand up for their government; to protect its just authority; to maintain all its attributes; and to see to it that its jurisdiction is not restricted except by those methods which have been predetermined and agreed upon in that Constitution on which it stands.

But in our particular case, the reasons for maintaining the government in all its ample jurisdiction are intensified beyond all measuring by the fact that the dangers which are threatening it arise, confessedly and undeniably, *not* from a perversion of the principles of our Constitution in our hands, nor from an oppressive administration of our government under these principles, but because a large body of men, gradually infected with new political doctrines, in their nature irreconcilable with the *root principle* of our government, have determined to overthrow it, that they may change its fundamental principles. We are not left to infer this. There is this merit in Southern politicians, that they are frank and open in the declaration of their political doctrines. The best head among them is that of Mr. Stephens; and he declares in the most unequivocal manner that the object of this rebellion is to introduce new principles in government. I shall read from him.

"The new Constitution has put at rest *forever* all the agitating questions relating to our peculiar institutions,—African slavery as it exists among us,—the proper status of the negro in our form of civilization."

We shall see whether it has put them at rest "forever" or not.

"*This was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution.* JEFFERSON, in his forecast, had anticipated this, as the 'rock upon which the old Union would split.' He was right.

What was conjecture with him, is now a realized fact. But whether he fully comprehended the great truth upon which that rock *stood* and *stands*, may be doubted, *The prevailing ideas entertained by him, and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old Constitution, were, that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically.*"

I thank him for that testimony.

"It was an evil they knew not well how to deal with; but the general opinion of the men of that day was, that, somehow or other, in the order of Providence, the institution would be evanescent and pass away. This idea, though not incorporated in the Constitution, was the prevailing idea at the time."

This, you understand, is from the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens.

"The Constitution, it is true, secured every essential guaranty to the institution while it should last, and hence no argument can be justly used against the constitutional guaranties thus secured, because of the common sentiment of the day. *Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. They rested upon the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error.* It was a sandy foundation, and the idea of a government built upon it,—when the 'storm came and the wind blew, it fell.' *Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas.*"

I thank him for his candor.

"*Its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition.*"

What a corner-stone that is for a government!

"*This, our new government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth.*"

And I will take the leave so far to interpolate his speech as to say that it will be the last! Further on he says (it is such excellent reading that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of edifying you):—

"May we not therefore look with confidence to the ultimate universal acknowledgment of the truths upon which our system

rests? It is the first government ever instituted upon principles in strict conformity to nature, and the ordination of Providence, in furnishing the materials of human society. Many governments have been founded upon the principles of certain classes; but the classes thus enslaved were of the same race, and in violation of the laws of nature. Our system commits no such violation of nature's laws. The negro by nature, or by the curse against Canaan, is fitted for that condition which he occupies in our system. The architect, in the construction of buildings, lays the foundation with the proper material,—the granite,—then comes the brick or the marble. The substratum of our society is made of the material fitted by nature for it, and by experience we know that it is the best, not only for the superior, but for the inferior race, that it should be so. It is, indeed, in conformity with the Creator. *It is not for us to inquire into the wisdom of his ordinances, or to question them.* For his own purposes he has made one race to differ from another, as he has made 'one star to differ from another in glory.' The great objects of humanity are best attained when conformed to his laws and decrees, in the formation of governments as well as in all things else. Our Confederacy is founded upon principles in strict conformity with these laws. This stone which was rejected by the first builders '*is become the chief stone of the corner*' in our new edifice."

These words, you will remember, were spoken of the Lord Jesus Christ, when he was set at naught and rejected by the Jews, his countrymen; and this Vice-President of the so-called Confederate States of America does not hesitate to declare that slavery stands, in their new system, in the place that the Lord Jesus Christ holds in the Christian system! It is the soul and center of it. It is the foundation and corner-stone.

Dr. Smyth, of South Carolina, says:—

"What is the difficulty, and what the remedy? Not in the election of Republican Presidents. No. Not in the non-execution of the Fugitive Bill. No. But it lies back of all these. It is found in that *Atheistic Red Republican doctrine of the Declaration of Independence! Until that is trampled under foot, there can be no peace.*"

Until either that or its antagonist is trampled under foot, truly there can be no peace! Which is to go under time will show.

This is, then, mark you, a rebellion, not against an oppressive administration, but against the fundamental right of liberty in every man who has not forfeited it by crime. And it is declared, without equivocation or disguise, that the rebellion and the war are brought upon us because our Constitution contains and our government will enforce great principles of equity. The people of this nation are aroused to defend their Constitution and their government, not simply because they are assailed; but—as if Providence meant to make this conflict illustrious in the annals of the world—because they are assailed in those very respects in which they embody the latest fruits of Christianity and the latest attainments of modern civilization. The very things that belong to our age, in distinction from every age before it, are the things that are singled out and made the objects of attack. We would defend our Constitution at any rate; but when it is charged with the noblest principles as if they were crimes, it appeals for its defense to every conscience and to every heart in this land with a solemnity as of the day of judgment.

We are contending, not for that part of the Constitution which came in any way from Roman law, and expressed justice as it had been developed in the iron-hearted realm; but for that part which Christianity gave us, and which has been working forth into laws and customs for eighteen hundred years. The principle now in conflict is that very one which gives unity to history: it is that golden thread that leads us through the dark maze of nearly two thousand years, and connects us with the immortal Head of the Church,—the principle of man's rights based upon the divinity of his origin. Man from God, God a Father, and the race brothers, all alike standing on one great platform of justice and love,—the principle herein expressed has been the foundation of the struggle of eighteen hundred years; and it has been embodied (thanks to Puritan influence) in our Constitution. And this the exponent of Southern views plainly declares to be the point of offense in our government. He says, in unmeasured terms, and

with impious boldness, that it is to put down that principle that the South are up in arms to-day.

Is it no cause for thanksgiving, then, that since we must war, God has called us to battle on ground so high, for ends so noble, in a cause so pure, and for results so universal? For this is not a battle for ourselves alone. Every great deed nobly done is done for all mankind. A battle on the Potomac for our Constitution, as a document of liberty, is the world's battle. We are fighting, not merely for our liberty, but for those ideas that are the seeds and strength of liberty throughout the earth. There is not a man that feels the chain, there is not a man whose neck is stiff under the yoke, whether that man be serf, yeoman, or slave, who has not an interest in the conflict that we are set, in the providence of God, to wage against this monstrous doctrine of iniquity. There is honey in that lion!

II. It is matter of thanksgiving that we have not sought this war, but, by a long and magnanimous course, have endured shame, and political loss, and disturbance the most serious, rather than peril the Union. Indeed, I am bound to say that, so strong was the national feeling with us, and so weak with Southern men, that we made an idol of that which they trod under foot with contempt; and like idolaters we threw ourselves down at the expense of our very self-respect before our idol of the Union. I do not mean that it would have been wrong to have taken the initiative in a cause so sacred as that which impels this conflict; but if, where the end is right and the cause is sacred, it can also be shown that there has been patience, honest and long-continued effort to preserve the right by peaceful methods,—by reasoning and by moral appeal,—and that that most desperate of all remedies, war, has been forced upon us (not sought, nor wished, but accepted reluctantly) by the overt act of the rebellious States, then this patience and forbearance will give an added luster to our cause.

I make these remarks out of respect to the Christian Public Sentiment of Nations. Contiguity is raising up a new element of power on the globe; and we do not hesitate

to pay a just respect to the opinions and expectations which Christian men and philanthropists of other lands have entertained. We stand up boldly before the earnest peace men, the kind advisers, the yearning mediators, yea, and before the body of Christ,—his Church on earth,—and declare that this war, which we could not avert without giving up all that Christian civilization has set us to guard and transmit, cannot be abandoned without betraying every principle of justice, rectitude, and liberty. We do not fear search and trial before the tribunal of the Christian world! In the end, those who should have given sympathy, but have given, instead, chilling advice and ignorant rebuke, shall confess their mistake, and own our fealty to God, to government, and to mankind. When it would have swelled our sails, there was no breath of applause or sympathy. When the gale is no longer needed, and our victorious voyage is ended, we shall have incense and admiration enough! But, meanwhile, God has called us to war upon a plane higher than feet ever trod before. Though we did not seek it, but prayed against it, and with long endurance sought to avoid and avert it, and reluctantly accepted it; now that it has come, it is infinite satisfaction to know that we can stand acquitted before the Christianity of the globe in such a conflict as this. There is honey in that lion!

III. It is a matter of thanksgiving that this war promises to solve those difficult problems which have baffled the wisdom of our wisest counselors.

There stands in the Vatican at Rome a marble prophecy of America,—a noble and heroic man, on either side a lovely son, but all, father and sons, grasped in the coils of a many-times-enfolding serpent, whose tightening hold not their utmost strength can resist; and, with agonizing face, Laocoön looks up, as if his anguish said, "Only the gods can save, whose hate we have offended!"

So sat America. Around this government, and around the clustered States, twined the gigantic serpent of slavery. But here let the emblem stop. Let us hope another history than that of the fabled Greek.

Secret and open reasons many have made slavery a matter most unmanageable in our national councils. Had it been desired to test to the uttermost the power of republican institutions to sustain good government, no other conceivable trial can be imagined that would do it as this has done, and as it will do it. It gathered up into its coils almost every one of those unmanageable elements, each one of which, alone, in other lands is counted a match for human wisdom. An inferior race, separated from us by physiological badges the most marked, and upon whom rested the added stigma of servitude; a people who coming from a tropical land brought in the element of climate; whose existence, in the relations of society and government, fed every one of the fiercer passions, touched but few of the moral sentiments, and these feebly, and educated men to idleness, avarice, lust, and pride of dominion,—these poor African bondmen, in all their helplessness and weakness, were yet able to plunge this nation into troubles and difficulties, of caste, of race, of condition, of climate, and of ambitious wealth, which the strongest and the wisest knew not how to heal or to endure. War seems likely to clear up the questions that Politics could not manage.

By our organic law we were forbidden to meddle with local institutions, though they were injecting the national veins with poison. Though we saw that from these local institutions general and national influences were going forth, yet our organic principle of government would not permit us to lay our hand upon them. Neither could we bring to bear, for their suppression, in any ample degree, the moral forces by which other evils were met. No public sentiment in the North could make itself felt upon slavery: partly because no public sentiment can ever be transported from one section to another,—for ideas may travel, but influences must be developed among the people on whom they are to act,—and partly because of the ignorance that prevailed, and must always prevail, among the common people where slave institutions exist. There was also a sectional pride, a sensitive jealousy, that must have prevented access to the South of any moral influence, un-

less it had been high, pure, and commanding. But the North had no such moral sentiment. The anti-slavery feeling of the North has always lacked unity. The whole North, by the insidious influences of commerce, of politics, and of sectarian religion, has been divided into three principal sections: the lowest, composed of those that were either indifferent to slavery or who favored it; the next, and most numerous, composed of those who, believing it to be an evil, deemed themselves bound by political considerations, and by commercial interests, to forbear meddling with it; and the last, composed of the anti-slavery men of the North. These have been so divided among themselves, and so intolerant of each other's doctrines, that they may be said to have expended as much strength against each other as they have unitedly exerted against slavery itself. What public sentiment could be hoped from such a condition of the community, that would have authority, or even influence, in the South?

And so we were drifting every year; the North, partly from the force of moral considerations, but even more from the amazing folly and arrogance of Southern political management, growing more and more consolidated for liberty; and the South, changing all its original political doctrines, and carrying down, with fatal gravitation, the conscience of the Church and the convictions of a feeble ministry, was becoming every year more determined for slavery. Thus each was having less and less influence with the other.

It has pleased God, by the very infatuation of this gigantic evil, rudely to dash these two sections together. That out of this conflict liberty will come triumphant we do not for one moment doubt. That we see the beginning of national emancipation we firmly believe. And we would have you firmly to believe it, lest, fearing the loss of such an opportunity, you should over-eagerly grasp at accidental advantages, and seek to press forward the consummation by methods and measures which, freeing you from one evil, shall open the door for innumerable others, and fill our future with conflicts and immedicable trouble.

Good men in Great Britain expect us to make a Decree of Universal Emancipation. Had England, either by her government, or by the unmistakable language of the Christian public, given the South to understand that there could be no possible sympathy or help for them from slave-hating England in their nefarious rebellion, we do not believe that this conspiracy against human rights would ever have taken its present terrible proportions. Whether England meant it or not, she has influenced the South powerfully in its attack against the Federal Government, and in its determination to establish republican institutions upon the principle of slavery. And this misfortune is not remedied by the condition upon which good men in England have been pleased to promise their sympathy,—namely, that our government, assuming and usurping the proper power of the States, should pronounce a decree of universal emancipation, and convert this struggle into a war only for liberty to the African. It was not by England's sympathy that we became independent; it was not by her advice that we have grown to be her equal among the nations of the world; and we shall be able to settle our present troubles without her sympathy or succor. I am not so ungenerous as to cherish unkind feelings against the stock from which I am proud to have come. I am not surprised that the English nation, seldom able to understand foreign ideas and institutions, should be ignorant of the structure and nature of our government. We have been prepared, unfortunately, for such a course by her past conduct. The *literature* of England has been a fountain of liberty to Europe and the world; but the *government* of England, more than any other on the globe, has frowned upon nations struggling for liberty, and subsidized the despots that were seeking to crush them. It is a matter of thanksgiving to God, that we are not placed in a condition where our success depends upon her succor. Let England abide at home and twirl her million spindles, and web the globe with her fabrics. She will not be a helper, but she *shall* be a spectator. In the quick-coming end, when all our troubles are settled, she will not then ungenerously withhold from us

her admiration. When by actions and results we have proved ourselves worthy of those doctrines of human rights which God has intrusted to our advocacy and defense, in common with her, she shall give us, not, as now, ignorant advice, but, though late, a full measure of praise. Meanwhile, we shall trust in God and do without England.

It cannot be denied that this recommendation of immediate universal emancipation falls in with the Northern popular impulse. The evils of slavery have augmented to such a degree, the perils which it brings around our government have been now so strikingly revealed, that it is not surprising that men should desire at one blow to end the matter. If the Constitution of these United States, fairly interpreted, gives us the power to bring slavery to an end, God forbid that we should neglect such an opportunity for its exercise. But if that power is withheld, or can be exercised only with the most doubtful construction,—by a construction which shall not only weaken that instrument, but essentially change its nature, withdrawing from the States local sovereignty, and conferring upon Congress those rights of government which have thus been withdrawn from States,—then will not only slavery be destroyed, but with it our very government. How far our government, by a just use of its legitimate powers under the Constitution, can avail itself of this war to limit or even to bring slavery to an end, is matter for the wisest deliberation of the wisest men. If there be in the hand of the war-power, as John Quincy Adams thought there was, a right of emancipation, then let that be shown, and, in God's name, be employed! But if there be given to us no right by our Constitution to enter upon the States with a legislation subversive of their whole interior economy, not all the mischiefs of slavery, and certainly not our own impatience under its burdens and vexations, should tempt us to usurp it. This conflict must be carried on *through* our institutions, not over them. Revolution is not the remedy for rebellion. The exercise on the part of our government of unlawful powers cannot be justified, except to save the nation from absolute destruction.

The South, like an immense field of nettles, has been overrun with the pestilent heresies of State rights. Because our hands are stinging with these poisonous weeds, we shall be tempted inconsiderately to go to the opposite extreme, and to gather up the diffused powers of the State and consolidate and centralize them in the National Government. We must not forget that, while a government of confederated States sprang up, as it were, accidentally, it was yet one of those divine accidents which revealed the strongest form of government yet known to the world. No central government can ever take the place of State governments. No central heart could ever drive life-blood to the extremities of this vast empire. If all the myriad necessities and ever-growing interests of this continent are to be cared for; if the extremest State along the Russian frontier of the Northwest, or the southernmost one that neighbors Mexico, or the lacustrine States of the North, are all equally and alike to experience the benefits of good government, it must be by maintaining unimpaired in all its beneficence the American doctrine of the sovereignty of local government, except in those elements which have been clearly and undeniably transferred to the Federal Government.

Slavery is our present evil and danger, but it is not the only danger; and we firmly believe that it has passed its crisis, and is running to its end. We are not to forget that Future which rises before the prophetic vision, with promises of millennial glory. And yet every promise has its shadow. With every benefit there is a corresponding danger. When slavery shall have wasted away, we shall not then be a nation without dangers. Foes lie concealed from us, but ready to spring from unsuspected ambush. The human heart is the great human enemy. Lawless passions are the State's perpetual danger. Destroy slavery, and you have not destroyed depravity. What is slavery but one way in which lust and avarice and ambition and indolence have sought to enthrone themselves? Destroy this throne, and will you have destroyed the occupants? In the vast increase of States along the Pacific bounds, in

the numerous brood of States born in that continental intervale which the Mississippi drains, in the older States along the Atlantic coast, are there to be no more gigantic strides of ambition, no factions, no infuriated military struggles, no overgrown people drunk with prosperity? The ocean will sooner cease to be swept by storms, than this nation to be agitated by the passions of men. And while we array against these, in private, the influences of religion, the forces of education, and all the ameliorating influences of civilization, the nation itself will still need some armor of defense. That armor is the Constitution. Take that away, and this nation goes down into the field of its conflicts like a warrior without armor.

This is not a plea against immediate emancipation; it is but a solemn caution, lest, smarting from wrong, we seize the opportunity inconsiderately to destroy one evil by a process that shall leave us at the mercy of all others that time may bring.

Does any one ask me whether a law or a constitution is superior to the original principle of justice and of liberty? No; when law and constitution necessarily violate them, let them be changed; but when morality and justice and liberty may be wrought out by the Constitution, be that method chosen. Besides, plighted faith is itself in the nature of a sacred moral principle. The Constitution of these United States stands upon the plighted faith of all the several States over which it has authority. When we cannot abide by our promises, then in methods expressly provided we must withdraw the pledge and agreements, and stand apart, not only as separate peoples, but under new governments.

These reasonings are all the more imperative because we are not shut up to doubtful constructions or violent methods for the suppression of slavery. We have seen its worst periods. The strength of its evil manhood is gone. Henceforth it is a decrepit giant, growing daily more infirm. That it has been stricken with infatuation is shown by that war which it has provoked, and which will carry emancipation where slavery meant to secure new strength. What

the pen of the legislator could not do, that the sword shall do. The South have brought upon themselves what we never could have thrust upon them. There never was a more memorable instance of condign punishment following at the heels of trangression. The torch which they kindled for our destruction shall light the slaves to liberty. The true policy for slavery was to have retired their system from public view; but they have obtruded it, rather, with singular impertinence. They should have hidden it; but they have cast it before them as a very bulwark. They should have shielded it; but they have made it, rather, a shield for themselves, and compelled the armies of the United States, in striking at rebellion, to strike through the shield of slavery. Less than any other system would it bear disturbance; and yet they have brought an earthquake upon it. We have not destroyed the government that we might strike slavery; they have sought to destroy the government that they might establish slavery; and if in re-establishing again the government, the sword shall strike off the shackle, it will be but one more illustration of that overruling Providence by which the wrath of man is made to praise God. Once more the stars on our immortal flag are stars of liberty. Wherever our armies go, emancipation goes. Confiscation is the punishment of rebellion, and when applied to men, confiscation means liberty.

What do we behold? Men, not in scores, but in hundreds and thousands, set free by no act of their masters, and by no rescript of mere political authority, are held by our government. Only six months ago these men, women, and children were under the local law in the South; but now they have gone out of the hands of their local masters, and our government holds them. And how does it hold them? Are they men or chattels? Where will you find a law or a constitutional clause that gives the United States a right to look upon its subjects—human beings, endowed with intelligence, and with immortality behind that intelligence—as anything else than men? You may call them "contraband,"—you may with dexterity call

them ingenious or evasive names, but the Southern law that said "Slave" is broken! Slaves in the possession of the government of these United States can be nothing else than men. They are emancipated. There are to-day thousands and thousands of emancipated men in the possession of this government, and it is bound to treat them in some sort, if not as citizens, yet as men.

And consider what will be the effect of the disturbance as our armies advance;—what swarms will rise up so soon as liberty is given them. In so vast a system as that of slavery, so loosely compacted, and so subject to fevers and inflammations, the reasons of the very disturbances of it, of the interruption of the occupations of the slaves, must break into their own darkened minds. The drilling of them for service, the putting them to the erection of fortifications, the inuring them to work for purposes of manhood,—all these things are preparing them for freedom.

But that is not all: the South has consented to pay a premium of about two hundred millions of dollars for the encouragement of free-labor cotton! Never was there such liberality since the world began! They have said to the world, "If you will only outbid us in the market, we will give you the opportunity. We have made our profits out of cotton, but we will agree to tie up our hands for two years, and let others take the two hundred millions of dollars, and raise the cotton." So the West Indies have planted cotton; India is raising it; China is raising it; they are planting cotton on the shores of Africa; and all the world has become a cotton-field, because there is a premium offered upon cotton that industry cannot but be interested in. And the thunder that rocks us is the calm that raises cotton in other lands. There seems a peculiar beauty in that justice by which, since cotton on these shores invoked the African from Africa, cotton on the African shores shall reach out its soft white hand and strike off the shackle on these shores. As cotton has made slavery, so cotton shall cure it.

Let me, then, present, as another cause for the most profound thanksgiving, the fact that, although all the steps

and details of the process by which emancipation is to be accomplished are not yet apparent, we see the direction in which it is coming, and towards which it is traveling. War will do what peace could not; and what war leaves unaccomplished must soon come to pass from commercial reasons. For the first time since our Revolution, good men see the end of slavery near at hand!

Once more. When this great struggle is passed, it will lay the foundations of a peace firmer than we have ever had before. First, because it must extinguish that pestilent heresy of the absolute sovereignty of individual States. We are not thirty crowned sovereigns sitting in council together; we are thirty united States whose general union and whose local independence are both alike distinct and immutable. The government cannot take away the local authority of the States, and the States may not usurp or resist the Federal Government in its proper sphere. Slavery is the burglar, but absolute State Sovereignty is the crevice into which the powder was sifted that was expected to explode this government. The government must be made burglar-proof by stopping up all such seams.

In the next place, this conflict, when ended, will bring the North and the South into a better mutual knowledge and respect. They have hitherto met chiefly in two places: at the watering-place, and in Congress. The South have come hither to such places as Saratoga and Newport. The people who congregate at our fashionable watering-places are not always the best exponents of Northern society. The other place where the North and the South met was in the halls of Congress; and Heaven forbid that it should be thought that the men hitherto there have fairly represented Northern virtue or courage! But now we have sent a representative body that we are quite willing should march through the South to tell them what Northern men are, and what Northern men can do. By the time our army has gone through the Southern States, there will be a change in public opinion there, with respect to the manhood, the courage, the power, and the resources of the North. They have not respected us. They have not un-

derstood our civilization. Such is the inevitable condition of the men that slavery breeds, that they cannot understand the patience and forbearance of Christian civilization; and the thing that will best inoculate them with a proper appreciation of these matters is the armed hand. And when they find that we are courageous, a match, and more than a match, for them in arms, from that moment they will respect us. And when there is more respect in the South for the North, there will be a better chance for peace.

There are likewise causes of rejoicing for the providential events that have accompanied this struggle thus far. There have been years when, if this war had broken out, I know not how we should have maintained it. I shudder when I look back upon the condition in which the North has been. If ten years ago this struggle had been forced upon us, our foes would have been of our own household. But what a journey have we made in ten years! Not the distance from the Red Sea to the promised land was half so long as that over which we have passed. A great change has within that period taken place in the public sentiment of the North, and in the unity of good men. Since 1850 we have been going through a wonderful transformation. And not until we were in some sense prepared for it did God permit the evolution of the causes that brought to pass this crisis. And now it is a matter of thanksgiving that we are an undivided North. I do not mean that there are no reptiles that lurk and hiss; but I mean that they no sooner put their head above the earth than they are scotched! The North stands like the old Apostle who, when he threw fuel on the fire, found a viper fastened on his hand. When the spectators saw it, they thought that he was only an escaped criminal, and that he would die; but when he shook the serpent off, and suffered no harm, they thought he was a god. And so the North, standing by its fiery war, and casting on fuel, finds upon its hand vipers; but it shakes them off and suffers no harm. We are a united, infrangible, indivisible North; and just as sure as the sun rises and sets, we shall be victorious.

Nor are we to forget that as "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," as it were prefiguring the working of natural laws for God's purposes among men, so great agencies of nature have been, in this conflict, co-operating with us. Who of us that mourned and shuddered in the commercial crisis of '57 knew that God was saying, "Take in sail; put your ship in order: a great hurricane is about to fall upon you?" Nevertheless, we did put the ship in good condition; and now that the storm has fallen we understand the warning. And never was the North so well able to bear the pressure of war as now. Although individual men are failing, yet never was the North so rich, and so competent to carry on this conflict as now.

Nor was that all: it pleased God to say to the winds, that did not know the reason; and to the rains, that knew not why; and to the sun, that, traveling far and near, fulfills God's purposes unknowingly, "Make the earth teem! breed corn in every clod!" And he that made the seven years of plenty to stand against the seven years of famine in Egypt, made two years of superabundance in our land,—for what? To take the crown from the head of Cotton, and put it on the head of Corn. And why? Because this has been the peculiar boast of the South: "Cotton is king, and by its power we will bring France, with her haughty Emperor, and England, with her needy mechanics, to our terms; and then we will crush the North." We do not know what God is saying to us. I went through the cornfield,—ignorant soul that I was,—and heard the rustling of the leaves. I thought it was only the wind blowing through the corn, and I did not hear the messages. It was God speaking in a literature that was uninterpreted to me then, but which now I understand. Every field in the North lifted up its long sword-blades and prefigured victorious arms; and every wind that came said, "Liberty is coming; Emancipation is coming; Corn shall dethrone Cotton!" For now, just when manufacturing England would have required our ports to be opened, she happens to need our corn more than the cotton of the Southern States. She must feed her men before she gives their hands anything

to do. We come nearer to keeping them from starving than the South does to clothing them. And what do we see in France? The Emperor sits on his precarious seat, and finds it at present expedient to lay aside his prerogative of opening fresh budgets of expenses; and offers to restrict himself, and to economize, and to save money in various ways; while, if France had been in a condition of boundless prosperity, she might have wished to have a finger in matters here. Thus France is obliged to cut down her army. So we have guaranties for peace there, and guaranties for peace in England; and they will not stir to interfere with our affairs. This fight is to be fought out by ourselves. While preparations for this conflict have been going on, God has poured money into our coffers, and taken it away from those that might use it to our harm. He is holding back France and England, and saying to all men and nations, "Appoint the bounds! Let none enter the lists to interfere, while those gigantic warriors battle for victory! Liberty and God, and Slavery and the Devil, stand over against each other, and let no man put hand or foot into the ring till they have done battle unto death!" Amen. Even so, Lord God Almighty. It is thy decree! And it shall stand! And when the victory shall come, not unto us, not unto us, but—in the voice of thrice ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of ransomed ones, mingling with thine earthly children's gladness—unto thee shall be the praise and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE SUCCESS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.*

"So the king of the South shall come into his kingdom, and shall return into his own land. But his sons shall be stirred up, and shall assemble a multitude of great forces: and one shall certainly come, and overflow, and pass through: then shall he return, and be stirred up even to his fortress. And the king of the South shall be moved with choler, and shall come forth and fight with him, even with the king of the North: and he shall set forth a great multitude; but the multitude shall be given into his hand. And when he hath taken away the multitude, his heart shall be lifted up; and he shall cast down many ten thousands; but he shall not be strengthened by it. For the king of the North shall return, and shall set forth a multitude greater than the former, and shall certainly come after certain years with a great army and with much riches. And in those times there shall many stand up against the king of the South; also the robbers of thy people shall exalt themselves to establish the vision: but they shall fall. So the king of the North shall come, and cast up a mount, and take the most fenced cities: and the arms of the South shall not withstand, neither his chosen people, neither shall there be any strength to withstand. But he that cometh against him shall do according to his own will, and none shall stand before him; and he shall stand in the glorious land, which by his hand shall be consumed. He shall also set his face to enter with the strength of his whole kingdom. And equality"—or conditions of equality—"shall be with him; thus shall he do."—Dan. xi. 9–17.

I DO not use these words in any close historical sense. They are a very poetic and glowing description of a conflict in which, with a singular fitness to our times, both the terms North and South, and the events which were predicted, are strikingly suggestive. And although a sharp exegesis might destroy some parts of the seeming analogy, I shall consider them as a splendid poetic imagery. As such, I think you will agree with me that it is a remarkable passage, and that it not only describes the past with great ac-

* April 13, 1862, the anniversary Sunday of the attack on Fort Sumter.

curacy, but throws a blazing light upon the times that are to come. We are in the midst of times the most exciting; times that demand faith; times in which the teachings and prophecies of Scripture come with peculiar emphasis.

You will remember the scenes of one year ago. It was just such a bright and beautiful day as this has been. The air was full of news. These great cities boiled like caldrons. The people had learned that the guns had opened upon Fort Sumter. Treason was consummated! Our hearts yearned toward the brave garrison. We hoped that the leaders and their companions in arms would sustain the stronghold. Our hearts felt the cold breath of horror, when at last it was known that the flag of the Union had been assaulted. The forts that had belched their fire upon that flag had been built underneath its protection. They had carried it for years upon their flag-staff. The very guns that were flaming upon it had been founded and forged under its flowing folds. The men that aimed them had been born and reared under its protection. That flag had been the honored ensign of our people in their memorable struggle for independence. It had seen the British arms laid down before it. It had been honored in every land. Our men-of-war had borne it, without disgrace, to every part of the world. Nor was there a port upon the globe where men chose or dared to insult that national emblem. That inglorious wickedness was reserved to our own people! It was by American hands that it was dishonored, slit with balls, and trailed in the dust!

That a crime so unnatural and monstrous was then going on, makes the anniversary of this day memorable above all Sabbaths of our history. It was an infernal insurrection against liberty, good government, and civilization, on the most sacred day of the week! We shall not soon experience a like excitement again. Although but a year ago, it seems ten years. And, in ordinary history, ten years are not so full of matter as has been this single year. It is full of events visible, but yet more full of those things that do not come under corporeal observation.

Such has been the intensity of public feeling, that it has

seemed as if nothing was doing. We have chidden those in authority, and felt that due speed had not been made. But within one twelvemonth a gigantic army has been raised and drilled; all its equipments created; all the material of war produced and collected together. The cannon that now reverberate across the continent, a twelvemonth ago were sleeping ore in the mountains. The clothing of thousands was fleece upon the backs of sheep. As we look back, we can scarcely believe our own senses, that so much has been done; although, at every single hour of it, it seemed as if little was being done,—for all the speed and all the power of this great government were not so fast and eager as our thoughts and desires were.

A navy has sprung forth, almost at a word; and, stranger still, by the skill of our inventors and naval constructors, a new era has been inaugurated in naval warfare. It is probable that forts and ships have come to the end of one dispensation, and that the old is to give place hereafter to the new.

The history of this year is the history of the common people of America. It is memorable on account of the light that it throws upon them. We are fond of talking of *American ideas.* There are such things as American ideas, distinctive, peculiar, national. Not that they were first discovered here, or that they are only entertained here; but because more than anywhere else they lie at the root of the institutions, and are working out the laws and the policies, of this people.

The root idea is this: that man is the most sacred trust of God to the world; that his value is derived from his moral relations, from his divinity. Looked at in his relations to God and the eternal world, every man is so valuable that you cannot make distinction between one and another. If you measure a man by the skill that he can exhibit, and the fruit of it, there is great distinction between one and another. Men are not each worth the same thing to society. All men cannot think with a like value, nor work with a like product. And if you measure man as a producing creature—that is, in his secular relations—men

are not alike valuable. But when you measure men on their spiritual side, and in their affectional relations to God and the eternal world, the lowest man is so immeasurable in value that you cannot make any practical difference between one man and another. Although, doubtless, some are vastly above others, the lowest and least goes beyond your power of conceiving, and your power of measuring. This is the root idea, which, if not recognized, is yet operative. It is the fundamental principle of our American scheme, that is, Man is above nature. Man, by virtue of his original endowment and affiliation to the Eternal Father, is superior to every other created thing. There is nothing to be compared with man. All governments are from him and for him, and not over him and upon him. All institutions are not his masters, but his servants. All days, all ordinances, all usages, come to minister to the chief and the king, God's son, man, of whom God only is master. Therefore he is to be thoroughly enlarged, thoroughly empowered by development, and then thoroughly trusted. This is the American idea,—for we stand in contrast with the world in holding and teaching it; that men, having been once thoroughly educated, are to be absolutely trusted.

The education of the common people follows, then, as a necessity. They are to be fitted to govern. Since all things are from them and for them, they must be educated to their function, to their destiny. No pains are spared, we know, in Europe, to educate princes and nobles who are to govern. No expense is counted too great, in Europe, to prepare the governing classes for their function. America has her governing class, too; and that governing class is the whole people. It is a slower work, because it is so much larger. It is never carried so high, because there is so much more of it. It is easy to lift up a crowned class. It is not easy to lift up society from the very foundation. That is the work of centuries. And therefore, though we have not an education so deep nor so high as it is in some other places, we have it broader than it is anywhere else in the world; and we have learned that for ordinary affairs intelligence among the common people is

better than treasures of knowledge among particular classes of the people. School books do more for the country than encyclopædias.

And so there comes up the American conception of a common people as an order of nobility, or as standing in the same place to us that orders of nobility stand to other peoples. Not that, after our educated men and men of genius are counted out, we call all that remain the common people. The whole community, top and bottom and intermediate, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the leaders and the followers, constitute with us the commonwealth; in which laws spring from the people, administration conforms to their wishes, and they are made the final judges of every interest of the State.

In America there is not one single element of civilization that is not made to depend, in the end, upon public opinion. Art, law, administration, policy, reformations of morals, religious teaching, all derive, in our form of society, the most potent influence from the common people. For although the common people are educated in preconceived notions of religion, the great intuitions and instincts of the heart of man rise up afterwards, and in their turn influence back. So there is action and reaction.

It is this very thing that has led men that are educated, in Europe, to doubt the stability of our nation. Owing to a strange ignorance on their part, our glory has seemed to them our shame, and our strength has seemed to them our weakness, and our invincibility has seemed to them our disaster and defeat. This impression of Europeans has been expressed in England in language that has surprised us, and that one day will surprise them. We know more of it in England because the English language is our mother tongue, and we are more concerned to know what England thinks of us than any other nation.

But it is impossible that nations educated into sympathy with strong governments, and with the side of those that govern, should sympathize with the governed. In this country the sympathy goes with the governed, and not with the governing, as much as in the other countries it

goes with the governing, and not with the governed. And abroad they are measuring by a false rule, and by a home-bred and one-sided sympathy.

It is impossible for men who have not seen it to understand that there is no society possible that will bear such expansion and contraction, such strains and burdens, as a society made up of free educated common people, with democratic institutions. It has been supposed that such a society was the most unsafe, and the least capable of control of any. But whether tested by external pressure, or, as now, by the most wondrous internal evils, an educated democratic people are the strongest government that can be made on the face of the earth. In no other form of society is it so safe to set discussion at large. Nowhere else is there such safety in the midst of apparent conflagration. Nowhere else is there such entire rule, when there seems to be such entire anarchy. A foreigner would think, pending a presidential election, that the end of the world had come. The people roar and dash like an ocean. "No government," he would say, "was ever strong enough to hold such wild and tumultuous enthusiasm, and zeal, and rage." True. There is not a *government* strong enough to hold them. Nothing but *self*-government will do it: that will. Educate men to take care of themselves, individually and in masses, and then let the winds blow; then let the storms fall; then let excitements burn, and men will learn to move freely upon each other, as do drops of water in the ocean. Our experience from generation to generation has shown that, though we may have fantastic excitements; though the whole land may seem to have swung from its moorings on a sea of the wildest agitation, we have only to let the silent-dropping paper go into the box, and that is the end of the commotion. To-day, the flames mount to heaven; and on every side you hear the most extravagant prophecies and the fiercest objurgations; and both sides know that, if they do not succeed, the end of the world will have come. But to-morrow the vote is declared, and each side go home laughing, to take hold of the plough and the spade; and they are satisfied that the nation is safe after all.

And we have come to ridicule the idea of danger from excitements. Where else was there ever a nation that could bear to have every question, no matter how fiery or how fierce, let loose to go up and down, over hill and through valley, without police or government restraint upon the absolute liberty of the common people? Where else was ever a government that could bear to allow entire free discussion? We grow strong under it. Voting is the cure of evil with us. Liberty, that is dangerous abroad, is our very safety. And since our whole future depends upon our rightly understanding this matter,—the liberty of the common people, and the glory of the common people,—and since this government of our educated common people is to be the death of slavery, and to spread over this continent an order of things for which in past experience there is no parallel, and for which men's ideas are not prepared, —we do well to take heed of this memorable year of the common people. For histories will register this year of 1861–62 as the year of the common people of America.

I. One year ago there fell a storm upon the great heart of the common people, which swayed it as the ocean is swayed. It has not calmed itself yet. It was that shot at the American flag that touched the national heart. No one knew before what a depth of feeling was there. We did not know how our people had clustered about that banner all their ideas of honor and patriotism and glory. We did not know how the past and future met and stood together upon that flag in the imagination of every American. In an hour all this was disclosed. And what was the manifestation of that hour? All things that separated the common people of America were at once forgotten. There rose up, with appalling majesty, the multitude of the common people. The schemes of treachery, the political webs that had been framed, went down in a moment; and the voice of the common people it was that called the government to be energetic, to take courage, and to rescue the land.

But I would not have you suppose that the common people gave forth merely an unreasoning zeal,—a furious burst

of patriotic emotion. The common people of the North had, and they still have, a clear, comprehensive, and true idea of American nationality, such as we looked for in vain in many of the leaders of past times. They had taken in the right view of national unity. They had a right view of the trust of territory held in common by all, for all, on this continent. They felt, more than any others, that Divine Providence had given to this people, not a northern part, not a middle ridge, not a southern section, but an undivided continent. They held it, not for pride, not for national vanity, not to be cut and split into warring sections, but as a sacred trust, held for sublimest ends of human happiness, in human liberty. And the instincts and intuitions of the common people it was that made this, not a struggle for sectional precedency, but a struggle for the maintenance of the great national trust, and for the establishment of American ideas over the whole American continent. And our government felt that they could lean back on the brave heart of the great intelligent people.

While, then, men of our own blood are ignorant and blind; while even to this hour the ablest statesmen in the British Parliament are declaring, though in a friendly spirit in most respects, that it were better that an amicable settlement and separation should take place, and that they should live apart who cannot live peaceably together, our common people are greater than parliaments or than ministers; and they see, and feel, and know, that God has rolled upon them a duty, not of present peace, but of future stability, national grandeur, and continental liberty. This is the doctrine of the common people, and it will stand.

For that idea our common people are giving their sons, their blood, and their treasure, and they will continue to the uttermost to give them.

For this sake see what a common people can do. One of the most difficult things for any people to do, for any reason, is to lay aside their animosities and malignant feelings. But this great common people have laid aside every animosity, every party feeling, and all political disagreements; and for one year they have maintained an honest

unity. I am more proud of the substantial unity that has been wrought out in the North, than of any battle that has been fought. It is the noblest evidence of the strength of our form of government.

The common people have given without stint their sons, their substance, and their ingenuity: and they are not weary of giving. They have consented patiently to the interruption of their industries, and to all the burdens which taxes bring. Taxes touch men in a very tender place; for human nature resides very strongly in the particular neighborhood where taxes anchor. And if anything takes hold of men and brings them to their bearings, it is the imposition of burdens that are felt in the pocket. I sometimes think that men can carry burdens on their hearts more easily than on their exchequer. But they have taken both the burdens of taxation and bereavements, they have given both blood and money; and they are willing to bear the load as long as it is necessary to secure this continent to liberty.

They have demanded of this Administration which they themselves ordained, that it should not spare them. The only thing that the people have ever been disposed to blame the government for has been that it has not moved fast enough; that it has not done enough. "Take more; call for more; do more!" is the demand of the people upon the government.

They have accepted the most unwonted and dangerous violations of the fundamental usages of this land with implicit submission. They are a proud people, jealous of their rights; a proud people, the flash of whose eye is like blood when they are wronged in their fundamental rights; and yet, the precious writ of *habeas corpus* has been suspended, and they have consented. They have been restricted in their intercourse to a degree altogether unprecedented, and they have judged it expedient to submit.

They have submitted to the limitation of speech and discussion,—a thing most foreign to American ideas. The arrest of men without legal process or accusation, and their imprisonment and long duress without trial,—these are

new in our times and in this land. And yet, under all these interruptions of our most grave and important principles and rights, the people have been calm; they have trusted their government; and they have been willing to wait.

These are dangerous things, even in extremity; but for their sakes who control the affairs of this nation, and that they might have the most unlimited power to crush the rebellion, and establish liberty, the common people, with magnanimous generosity, have yielded up these imperishable rights.

When the whole national heart beat with gratification at the arrest of men who had been at the root of this grand treachery, mark, I beseech of you, the bearing of the common people of America. If there was one thing about which they were expected to rage like wolves, it was this. Nothing in external circumstances could be more irritating and aggravating than those exhibitions of foreign feeling which came to our knowledge. I know that the diplomatic language of the two governments was very smooth and unexceptionable; and I am informed that the tone of many of the local papers of England was kind; but all the English papers that I saw, with one or two exceptions, were of such a spirit that I will characterize them only by saying that good breeding was not common where the editors of them lived. If there was one single missile more offensive than another, it was eagerly sought out. Tried on the side of revenge; tried on the side of national animosities; tried by foreign impertinence and unkindness; tried at home in the midst of treachery, in the midst of war, in the midst of troubles and burdens, and in the midst of an interrupted commerce,—mark the heroic conduct of this great American people.

Government pronounced its judgment against the feelings and expectations of the common people. Slidell and Mason were to be given up. There was silence instantly, and thoughtfulness, throughout this land. Then came acquiescence, full, cheerful, uncomplaining. I have yet to see a single paper that seriously, after the appearance of the

letter of the Secretary of State, made one complaint or ill-natured remark. Such a thing was never before seen in the history of the world. Mason and Slidell might have been taken from Washington to Boston Harbor under the care of a single officer, without molestation from the common people of America. These are the common people that they are pleased to call the mob of America; but not among the crowned heads and privileged classes, not among any other people on the earth, is there such stability, such order, such self-restraint, such dignity, and such sublime nobility, as there is among the educated common people of America. God bless them! Under the terrible inflictions of battle, under griefs innumerable, in the midst of desolations that go to the very heart of families, there is the same noble, patient, uncomplaining cheerfulness and devotion to this great cause.

II. The history of this year has silently developed many convictions based upon great truths. It has, in the first place, revolutionized the whole opinion of men as to the relative military power of the Free States and Slave States of America. It was an almost undisputed judgment, that the habits of the South bred prowess; that they were chivalric; that their educated men were better officers than ours; and that their common people, in the hour of battle, would be better soldiers than the laboring classes of the North. It never was our faith, it never was our belief, but that the laboring and educated common people were just as much better for military development, when the time came, as for ordinary industrial purposes. Events have justified our impressions in this regard.

Let us look, for a moment, at the line of battle. Passing by the earlier conflicts prematurely brought on, in which the advantage was, without good conduct on either side, in favor of Southern men, what is the general conclusion from that line of conflicts that subsequently followed each other almost without interruption, from Hilton Head, Beaufort, Roanoke, New-Berne, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Somerset, Nashville, Island Number Ten, Pittsburg Landing?

Without further particularizing, what have been the general results of this series of conflicts? The rebels are swept out of the upper and eastern parts of Virginia. They have lost one portion of North Carolina. Their seaboard is almost taken from them. They have been driven from Kentucky and Missouri, and in Tennessee they are close pressed on Memphis itself. They are on the eve, apparently, of losing the great metropolis of the Southwest. And has there been one single field in which Northern endurance and courage have not been made to appear eminent over Southern? In the battle of Pittsburg Landing what a disparity there was in generalship between the North and the South! That battle was won by the soldiers. The Southwestern men had every advantage in military skill, and on our side the only advantage was that we had men who would not be beaten. Our soldiers had little help of generalship. It was hands, and not brains, that conquered there.

This matter, then, will, from this time forth, stand on different ground. It is not for the sake of vainglorying that I make these allusions. If it were not that I have a moral end in view, I should think them unseasonable; but we shall never have peace until we have respect, we shall never have respect so long as a boasting Southern effete population think that they can overmaster Northern sturdy yeomen. When they know what Northern muscle and blows mean, they will respect them; and when they respect them, we shall be able to live in harmony with them: and not till then.

But there are many other things that have been evolved in the history of the year. There have been convictions wrought in the minds of the thinking common people that will not be easily worn out. There is coming to be a general conviction, that men brought up under the influence of slavery are contaminated to the very root, and they cannot make good citizens of a republic. The radical nature of slavery is such as to destroy the possibility of good citizenship in the masses of men. Exceptions there are, because even in the Slave States there are large neighbor-

hoods where slavery does not exist, and where many men are superior to their circumstances. But the average tendency of slave influences is to narrow men; to make them selfish; to unfit them for public spirit; to destroy that large patriotism from which comes the feeling of nationality.

I think there is a widening conviction, that slavery and its laws, and liberty and its institutions, cannot exist under one government. And I think that, if it were not for the impediment of supposed constitutional restrictions there would be an almost universal disposition to sweep, as with a deluge, this gigantic evil out of our land. The feeling of the people in this matter is unmistakable. The recommendation of the President of these United States, which has been corroborated by the resolution of Congress, is one of the most memorable events of our history. The fact that a policy of emancipation has been recommended by the Chief Magistrate, and indorsed by Congress, cannot be overestimated in importance. Old John Quincy Adams lifted his head in the grave, methinks, when that resolution was carried,—he that was almost condemned for treason because he dared to introduce in Congress a subject that looked towards emancipation. Last Friday—a day not henceforth to be counted inauspicious—was passed the memorable bill giving liberty to the slave in the District of Columbia. One might almost say, if the President had signed it, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." It is worth living for a lifetime to see the capital of our government redeemed from the stigma and shame of being a slave mart. I cannot doubt that the President of the United States will sign that bill. It shall not shake my confidence in him, but it certainly will not change my judgment that it should be signed, if he does not sign it. It would have been better if it had been signed the moment that it was received; but we have found out by experience that though Abraham Lincoln is sure, he is slow; and that though he is slow, he is sure!

I think that it is beginning to be seen that the North, for its own sake, must exert every proper constitutional influence, and every moral influence, to cleanse the South from the contamination of slavery. What gambling-houses and drinking-saloons are to the young men of a neighborhood, taking hold of their animal passions, and corrupting them where human nature is most temptable, undermining their character, and wasting their stamina, that Southern marts are to our common people. The animal parts of our nature come naturally into sympathy with the South. The Southern institution is an academy of corruption to the animal feelings of the whole people, and it will continue to be throwing back into our system elements of inflammation and trouble as long as it exists. I dread such a settlement of this controversy as will follow whenever all malignant passions and political machinations shall have swept the bad men of the North and of the South together again for future legislation.

We have begun, also, to suspect another thing, which we shall learn more and more thoroughly; and that is, that hereafter, in this nation, the North must prevail. For the North is the nation, and the South is but the fringe. The heart is here; the trunk is here; the brain is here. The most exquisite compliment ever paid to New England was in the secret scheme and machination of the leaders of the rebellion, which it was supposed would be successful. They meant to threaten secession and war, and arouse a party in the North that would unite with them, and then reconstruct in such a way as to leave New England out, and take all the rest of the nation in. Had they succeeded, they would have been in the condition of a man that should go to bed whole at night, and wake up in the morning without his head! For the brain of this nation is New England. There is not a part that does not derive its stimulus and supply from that fountain of laws and ideas. Well may they wish to exclude from their corrupt constitution and laws that part of this nation which has been the throne of God. Well may they desire to separate themselves from that portion of our country

which has been the source of all that is godlike in American history. But I do not think that they will cut off our head. And hereafter I think it will be felt more and more that the North is the nation: not New England, but the whole North from ocean to ocean,—all that is comprised in the Northern loyal Free States. It is the foundation of industry; it is the school of intelligence; it is the home of civilized institutions; it is the repository of those principles which are the foundation of our political fabric; and if we hope to save the government and our peculiar ideas, it is the North that must save them, and not the South. We may just as well say it as to disguise it. Whatever may be wise or unwise, expedient or inexpedient, in times of party management, I do not hesitate to say, and I repeat it again and again, that the North is this nation, and that the North must govern it: not against the Constitution, but by the Constitution; not against law, but through law; not for selfishness, but for the well-being of the whole; not to aggrandize itself, but to enrich every State in the Union, from the North to the South, and from the East to the West. The South are prodigal sons; they are wasters; they are destroyers. The North has conservative forces; and now that she has come to govern, she will be derelict, she will forfeit every claim to respect, and she will bring the judgment of God on her head, if she hesitates to take the government, and maintain it till she has carried the principles of the American people of this continent triumphantly through.

Since, then, her ascendency means liberty, the thrift of the common people, and the progress of civilization, the North owes it to the nation itself not to yield up that ascendency. One side or the other must prevail. Let it be that side that carries forward to the future the precious legacies of the past. There go two principles looking to the future. One is represented by our flag, and all its starry folds. Liberty; democratic equality; Christianity; God, the only king; right, the only barrier and restraint; and then, God and right being respected, liberty to all, from top to bottom, and the more liberty the stronger and

safer,—that is the Northern conception. And that is the precious seed that shall pierce to State after State, rolling westward her empire. What has the North done? Look at Michigan; look at Ohio; look at Indiana; look at Illinois; look at Wisconsin; look at Iowa. These are the fruits of Northern ideas. And where is the South? Look at Missouri; look at Texas. See what States she rears. And which of these shall be the seed-planter of the future? Which shall carry the victorious banner? Shall the South carry her bastard bunting, bearing the pestiferous seed of slavery, degradation, and national rottenness? or shall the North, advancing her banner, carry with her stars and stripes all that they symbolize,—God's glory in man's liberty? I think—and I thank God for it—that the great heart of this people is beginning to accept this destiny, and that it is becoming the pride of their future.

There is but one other thing that I will say, for I do not wish to weary you with too long a discussion of that which is dear to my own heart as life itself. While there have been many incidental ills and evils occasioned by the present conflict, it has had one good effect in amalgamating this heterogeneous people. Since we have received millions from foreign lands, there have been some political jealousies toward those belonging to other nations. I think you have seen the end of that most un-American Native-Americanism. There is not one nation that has not contributed its quota to fight the battles of liberty. The blood of the Yankee has mingled with the blood of the Irishman. Right beside our Curtis was the noble Sigel. Right by the side of the wounded American lay the wounded German. Two tongues met when they spoke the common words, Land, Liberty, God, and Freedom. And now there is no foreign blood among us. They are ours. They have earned their birth here. Their nativity is as if our mothers bore them and nursed them. America has received all her foreign population, now, with a more glorious adoption, and they are our kindred. God be thanked for this substantial benefit. War, with all its horrors, is not without its incidental advantages.

Is the year, then, that is just past, to have a parallel and sequence in the year that is come? What is to be the future? What are our prospects and hopes? I am not a prophet. I cannot lift the veil from what is before us. I can only express my own judgment. Perhaps you think I am sanguine. I think I am not sanguine, though I am hopeful. And yet I have no other thought than that victory awaits us at every step. We are able to bear our share of defeat. If the blessing of liberty is too great to be purchased at so cheap a price, let God tell us the price, and we are ready to pay it. We have more sons to give. We can live lower, and on less. Our patience is scarcely drawn upon. The sources of our prosperity are hardly touched. And I think I may say for you, and the great American common people, "We will give every dollar that we are worth, every child that we have, and our own selves; we will bring all that we are, and all that we have, and offer them up freely; but this country shall be one, and undivided. We will have one Constitution, and one liberty, and that universal." The Atlantic shall sound it, and the Pacific shall echo it back, deep answering to deep, and it shall reverberate from the Lakes on the North to the unfrozen Gulf on the South,—"One nation; one Constitution; one starry banner!" Hear it, England! — one country, and indivisible. Hear it, Europe!—one people, and inseparable. One God; one hope; one baptism; one Constitution; one government; one nation; one country; one people,—cost what it may, we will have it!

NATIONAL INJUSTICE AND PENALTY.*

"Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel, our Father, for ever and ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all. Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."—1 Chron. xxix. 10–13.

THIS is one of the most sublime national ascriptions of power and government to God that was ever made. It fell from the lips of David, speaking upon one of the most momentous festival occasions in the Jewish history, and became, by acceptance, the sentiment of the whole people. They declared their faith in God's supremacy and government over the affairs, not only of individuals, but of nations. They recognized and acknowledged, not only their dependence upon God personally, but also their dependence upon him for national prosperity and glory. It is the uniform doctrine of the Bible, that God has a government over this world, which includes in it both the government of individuals and the government of communities of individuals. This doctrine is not peculiar either to Christianity or to Judaism. All nations that have attained any degree of civilization have substantially held this great truth, that the world is governed by God, and that not only the affairs of individuals, but the affairs of societies also, were supervised and provided for under the Divine government. But in the sacred Word the government of God

* September 28, 1862. Emancipation was proclaimed six days before; the *habeas corpus* suspended four days before; Lee had retreated after Antietam, Bragg was still strong in Kentucky, and men's minds were deeply exercised over the question of the President's War Powers.

over nations is taught with more intelligence, with more discrimination, with a clearer revelation of the principles on which that government stands, than ever it was taught elsewhere. All religions recognize the fact of government. It is a peculiarity of the Christian faith, in its antecedents, and in its own self, that it reveals the ground and methods of the Divine moral government over the world.

It is important to know that the government of God over nations is conducted by an administration of natural laws. There are many who have thought that God governed as an absolute monarch, looking at such things as pleased him, and rewarding them by a direct personal volition, and looking at such things as displeased him, and punishing them by a direct personal volition. There are many who revolt from the moral government of a Being of whom it is taught that he interjects his own volitions upon the stated laws of nature. And the progress of science reveals the fact more and more plainly that there is not any interference with natural law. It equally lays the foundation for the better exposition of the doctrine of the Divine government,—namely, that it is a government over this world through natural laws, and by a Divine administration of them. It is said that natural laws are stated and immutable. That is very well for a popular expression, but it will not bear examination. For there is nothing that is less immutable than a law; nothing that is adapted to have more elasticity; nothing that may be more endlessly varied by the degree of intelligence that you bring to bear upon it, and the advantage which you choose to take of it. An ignorant and stupid man, standing in the scope of a natural law, makes nothing of it. An intelligent and wise man, by using it, makes the fields fruitful, covers the hillsides with thrifty orchards, and fills the valleys with beautiful gardens. And the difference between a stupid and ignorant man and a wise and intelligent man is simply the difference of the control that they bring to bear upon natural laws, and the use to which they put them. And the difference between civilization and barbarism is the difference between knowing how to use nat-

ural laws and not knowing how to use them. And as men grow toward manhood, they come more and more to know what natural laws are, and how to use them, and how, by using them, to obtain benefit. How much more, then, shall He that made man know how to use natural law! It is supposed that God made laws as a machine which he does not dare to put his finger into, lest he shall stop the machine, or bruise his finger; and that he therefore stands behind the world, saying, "I have built this world, and put laws into it, and wound it up, and I cannot touch it." It is not so. God manages natural laws, just as man manages natural laws, only with supreme intelligence and with unerring accuracy. A government of natural law is the best government on which volition can be brought to bear. For the Divine scheme is so large and so broad that there is not a thought nor a wish to be executed that God cannot execute better through changes under law than by direct, overt omnipotence. And there is no occasion to interject volitions, and set aside natural law.

This does not diminish, it augments immeasurably, the efficiency and certainty of the Divine government over men. If the Divine government depended upon a single being's thought and continuity of attention, it might be imagined at least that there would be remissness or weariness and slumbering,—though He that keeps Israel never slumbers nor sleeps. If God's government is one of appointed laws that have no remission and never cease their agency, if there are treasured in them great penalties and great rewards, if the government of natural law is self-executing, and if God gives it power to roll on and distribute mercies and curses, according as they are, one or the other, fit and proper, then the system of administration is one from which there is no escape.

Now God's government over nations is a government through natural laws. It is universal. It is unvarying. It is immutable. It is not to be escaped.

The administration of God over nations is conducted substantially upon the same great principles as that over

individuals. A nation is but an aggregation of individuals. There is more in national life than there is in any individual life; but men individually carry with them into civil federation every law and necessity that they have as individuals. They leave nothing behind. They take on additional obligations, and come under some additional laws; but they leave off nothing. And the administration of government that prevails over individuals prevails over them as much when they are aggregated into societies as when they stand alone. It is true that the conditions and the methods of evolution in nations differ from those in individual life. The life of an individual is quickly sped. Whatever takes place with regard to a man must take place in a period of some eighty years. And if an individual is indolent, his indolence very soon makes its penalty appear. Drunkenness in a man does not wait through many generations. The penalty must appear during his life, or it cannot be a penalty. The penalty of dishonesty and dishonor comes quickly to a man. For the circle in which an individual moves is small, and he comes to the result of his conduct soon. But a nation is made up of millions of individuals, that splice each other and overlap generations, so that the punishment of a nation does not come, as does that of an individual, during the lifetime of any one, but during the lifetime of the whole nation. The period is prolonged. For drunkenness cannot be produced in a nation, as in an individual, to-day or to-morrow. It takes a longer time to make a nation drunk than it does to make a man drunk. A long process must be gone through before a nation can be debauched. The space of some generations is required for that. It is not until an evil habit is established that the penalty begins to inure. And so in respect to national dishonesty, a nation is not made dishonest, as a man is, in a day. A hundred men may become dishonest, and they may be steadily infecting a hundred others with dishonesty; and these may spread their desolating principles to a whole generation; but it takes a great while before so large a life as that of a nation, with its myriad individuals, acting and counteracting, becomes so corrupted as to be-

gin to reap the fruits of the great law of reward and of punishment.

As a nation is complex, as it is made up of successive men, as it requires long periods for the evolution of anything, good or bad, the reward or the penalty will not be immediate. The good or the evil comes to a nation according to its periods of life, just as it does to an individual. When the time comes, the remuneration comes to the nation, just as certainly as it does to the individual, although it takes a longer time to move, because there is so much more of national life than of individual life, and because the adjusting processes require so much more space and time in the life of a nation than in the life of an individual.

A nation, like an individual, is held to responsibility for its obedience to physical laws. The laws that relate to an individual man's body, and that vindicate themselves in the case of an individual, also relate to the physical condition of a race or a nation. A nation is held to responsibility for the violation or observance of social laws, or laws of intelligence, of industry, of frugality, of morals, of piety. It takes longer to make a nation accountable than an individual. But in its longer period a nation is held accountable for just exactly the same things that an individual is. For a million men have no right, because they are a million, to do what each individual one of them has no right to do, against a natural law.

The observance or violation of moral principles in civil affairs is, if possible, even more signally rewarded or punished in national life than in individual life. Honor, truth, justice, fairness, fidelity to obligation, moderation of desire, magnanimity,—these are more in a nation than in an individual. They are, therefore, more obviously rewarded in a nation than in an individual, and their opposites more obviously punished. If this be so, nowhere so much in the world as in our land ought Christian citizens to be taught to consider the facts and principles that bear on national life, as well as those bearing on their own individual life.

You are a part of a family, and you know that the welfare of that family concerns your individual welfare. You are a part of the city or town where you live, and I need not say to you that you have your dividend of the public welfare, good or bad. You are members of the great civil society, you are members of the body politic of this nation; and while the welfare of the nation is made up in part of what you contribute to it, your welfare is in part made up of the nation itself. And no Christian minister that understands his duty in America can fail to indoctrinate his people in respect to their Christian duties as citizens. Though as Christians you examine your own hearts and your own consciences, though as Christian communicants you strive to cast out evil thoughts and desires from your mind, that does not fulfill your duty. You are bound, as a part of your fealty to Christ, to think also of national character, of national morals, and of national welfare. And as we have come to a time in which, in the most signal manner, God is making to appear his great retributive government of nations, I propose to mark out some of those features of Divine government that are now displaying themselves toward this nation, and in our affairs.

If it is possible for a nation to sin, it must be when it has been led systematically to violate all the natural rights of a whole race or people; and American slavery, by the very definition of our jurists, is the deprivation of men of every natural right. For the American doctrine of slavery is no analogue or derivative of the Hebrew or any mild form of slavery. It is the extremest and worst form of the Roman doctrine of slavery; the harshest that the world has ever seen. It is a dehumanizing of men. It is the deliberate taking of men, and putting them in the place of cattle or chattels, and violating every one of their natural rights. Now, if this was done by an individual, we might suppose that that individual, in due time, would be punished. If it was done by a small community, we might suppose that that community would be punished. And if there is a moral government, if God is just, and if he rewards or punishes nations in this world, it is not possible for a na-

tion systematically to violate every natural right of four millions of people, and go unpunished. If that can be done,—if a nation can deny every single principle of the Decalogue, and every moral canon, as applied to a whole people, from generation to generation, and God take no account of it,—then I do not blame men for saying that there is no God. I do not stand here to say that if the Bible does not condemn slavery, I will throw the Bible away. I make no such extravagant declaration as that. There are reasons why you cannot throw the Bible away. It clings to you; it is a part of your life; it is woven into your memory of father and mother, and of your childhood; and you cannot throw it away. But this I do say: that if you teach that a nation of thirty millions of men may, by their organic laws, systematically violate the natural rights of four millions of men for twenty-five years, for fifty years, for seventy-five years, for a hundred years, and no sort of retribution follow, then do not blame men for saying that in that case there is no moral government over the affairs of this world.

Suppose a man could drink a quart of whisky before breakfast, another quart before dinner, and another before supper, but never reel, and do it for forty years, for sixty years, and never be drunk, what headway should I make with young men in impressing upon their minds the dangers of drinking whisky? It would not be dangerous if it did not make men drunk. And if men can perpetrate every violation of natural law upon a whole race, from generation to generation, and no penalty follow, then there is no testimony of God against such wickedness,—indeed, it is not wicked.

On the other hand, if they do it, and every step of doing is marked either by the intimation of penalty or the actual disclosure of it, and if that penalty is graded so that you can trace it from step to step, and so that he that is blind can feel it, if he cannot see it, then there is no casuistry about slavery, or about Scripture or textual authority against slavery. Then no man can get rid of the doctrine of God's judgment against slavery, and that there is a

moral government which makes it penal to violate the rights of men.

Let us look at it a little in this light, and see if there is any testimony, under God's great moral government, on the subject of the sinfulness of slavery.

1. There is no right more universal, and more sacred, because lying so near to the root of existence, than the right of men to their own labor. It is primal. But the very first step of slavery is to deny that right. There are four millions of men, women, and children, to-day, to whom is denied the right to their own labor,—the right to direct it or to have the fruits of it. Now you may reason as cunningly as you please, and tell me that it is better that it should be so, and that the slaves are better off where they are, and I will point to every State where slavery has denied to the slave the right to his own labor, and will show that in that very spot God has blighted and cursed the soil. Every Slave State that has had exacted and enforced labor has itself felt the blight and curse of slavery in its agriculture. What is the land in Virginia worth to-day? It is worn out and abandoned. If it were not for slave-breeding, old slave-tilled Virginia would not now be a Slave State. It is not on account of her tobacco, it is not on account of her cereals, it is because Virginians sell their own blood in the market, that she is a Slave State. It is only by doing that, that she can make profit on slaves now. Her agriculture is killed. Her soil is wasted. You may track slavery through North Carolina, through South Carolina, through Georgia, through Alabama, through Mississippi, through Louisiana; and I do not tell any secret, or state that which any man doubts, when I say that the agriculture of slavery is an exhausting agriculture, and that it wears out every part of the country that it touches. The work of the slave carries the punishment of the master. The master takes away his right to his labor, and the slave turns round and says, "I curse the soil." The soil is cursed, and it is a witness of God.

2. Slavery violates the social and family rights of men. For the law of slavery is that every man in slavery is his

master's, and not his own. Of course, therefore, every woman follows the same law. And there is no such a thing as the right of marriage. There is a form of marriage which is observed with more or less decency under different circumstances; but there is neither the doctrine nor the impression, throughout slavery, that, when a man is once married, his wife is sacred to him forever. Sale is divorce; and the general law is that, when a man is sold ten miles from the plantation where his wife is owned, he is free to take another. The Church never thinks of disciplining him if he does, nor the woman if she takes a second or a third husband.

Now if anything is fundamental in this world, it is marriage; but if anything is violated systematically and inevitably, it is the right of marriage in men that do not own either their wives or their children in any way whatever. Is there any testimony on this subject? Has God visited such a monstrous violation of natural and moral law with any punishment? Yes, in destroying the sacredness of the family relation. The virtue of the family estate is sapped throughout the South. I know what I speak. It is not a matter into which you can go in detail; but the great sanctities and purities of wedded life are universally violated in the South. Talk about amalgamation as one of the hateful abolitionist doctrines! Amalgamation is never unpopular until it has been made lawful; and then men hate it like perdition. But just so long as it is concubinage, adultery, and fornication, it is the most popular doctrine in the whole South. And I know that the very foundation of the virtue of the young men throughout the South is perpetually sapped and undermined. I believe that nowhere are women more virtuous than there; and nowhere do they suffer more than there. And in God's great revealing day, when the anguish of wives' hearts and mothers' hearts, when all that they have been made to suffer by the contaminations which they have seen brought by slavery into their families, shall be revealed, O how dreadful will then appear God's witness and punishment of that vile system! Those who take away from the slave

the fundamental right of matrimony, and of the family, are punished by the undermining of the virtue and purity of their own households.

3. Slavery makes ignorance indispensable to the slave; because where there is knowledge, every faculty is a wheel set in motion. The more complex the machinery of a man's mind is, the more needful it is to have a skillful engineer to manage and keep it in repair, and the more fuel it requires to run it; while the less complex it is, the nearer the man is to an animal, the easier it is to manage it and keep it in repair, and supply its wants. As long as man lives only in bone and muscle, he asks nothing but pork and corn-meal. As long as he is an ox, he chews ox-fodder. When he becomes a man, he eats man's food. And the difference between a slave and a man is the difference between fodder and food. The moment you give a man a heart, he must have something for his heart; the moment you give him imagination, he must have some opportunity, some scope, some leisure, for his imagination; the moment you give him reason, he must have food for his reason; and as you augment a man in civilization, and make more and more of him, there must be a larger space, more room, for him. And so, when you give slaves intelligence, you make them so voluminous that a man cannot afford to provide for a hundred of them; and it is not safe to let them provide for themselves. The only way, therefore, to make slavery profitable, is to keep the slave ignorant.

Now, is there no punishment for this wrong? If a man shuts the door of knowledge against his fellowman, is there no testimony of God against it? Is it no sin to rob manhood of knowledge? Is it no crime to take from man the liberty of being what God made him to be? I hold that there is no other crime in the calendar to be compared with that. The man that robs a bank in New York commits a slight offense compared with that which he commits who robs a human being of the right to open his own mind before God and man. And what is the punishment of that? The white man says to the slave, "You shall not know anything"; and the slave says to the white man, "Massa,

you shall not know anything,"—and he does not! For the great mass of the white men of the South are profoundly ignorant, and must remain ignorant, for the reason that you cannot have schools where there is a legalized system of ignorance. Where there is a system of enforced ignorance that deprives four millions of men of knowledge, you cannot also have a system of forced intelligence that shall diffuse knowledge among the remainder of the population, as the free schools of the North do among our population. The necessity of keeping the slave ignorant is the necessity of keeping the major part of the white people at the South ignorant. They are ignorant, and ignorant they will remain while slavery remains; and God bears witness that he punishes this exclusion of knowledge from the slave.

4. Slavery, taking away from man his rights, and degrading him to be a thing of bargain and sale, avenges itself by making human life unsacred wherever slavery prevails. It begins by lowering the idea of manhood, and by making slave-life of no account, except for purposes of traffic. The punishment is that, in lowering the idea of manhood, and making life of no account in respect to four millions of men, it does the same things in respect to all mankind. And where is life so cheap, and where can a man be killed so easily and with so little disturbance of society, as in the Southern States? And where slavery is the most rancorous, not only are duels, riots, assassinations, and bloody broils most frequent, but the whole of social life is low and barbarous. And it is reasonable that life should be cheaper there than in civilized communities, because it is a great deal more to kill a virtuous, noble-minded man than a barbarian! There are some men such that if you kill one, you kill a thousand men; and there are some men of whom you might kill a thousand, and then not kill more than one. Influences proceed together by elective affinities; and thus a system that for the sake of slavery lowers the doctrine of manhood, lowers it about all men. Thus it punishes itself, and carries the penalty in its own nature.

5. Yet more terrible is another aspect. Slavery, while admitted to be an evil, and regretted, might consist with

correct civil ideas. It did in the beginning. Till within my remembrance, Christian men and statesmen in the South admitted that slavery was an evil, deprecated its existence, and hoped for its decline and its extinction; and it was quite compatible with the existence of slavery that these men held right doctrines about men and government. But a change came, and the doctrine that now exists throughout the South on the subject of slavery is, that slavery is right, and that it is the right of the strong and the intelligent to take away from the weak and the ignorant every civil right, and every personal right, and to subject and subdue them to their own will. That is now claimed by the South as a right. Well, what has been the penalty? The assumption of the right to denude four millions of men of their rights has avenged itself by rolling back and corrupting every political theory and every political idea throughout the South. Every thinking man there has been corrupted to the core by this doctrine of slavery. And I aver without fear of contradiction, that the South have set themselves free from democracy and republicanism. They are neither republican nor democratic. They are aristocratic, and are verging close upon monarchy. And slavery has punished them. As an instrument in the hand of God, it has been turned upon them for their punishment. They have been punished as with a whip of scorpions. They have held a doctrine that justified them in taking every civil and every natural right away from their fellow-men, and God has punished them by turning them back to the barbaric periods, and driving them upon the waste and now abandoned doctrines of Europe. And the States of the South,—you know where they are. They are four hundred years back of where you stand, and they are going back. They have already got the other side of the Reformation, and they are on the way to the Red Sea, and God will thrust them in!

6. As with States, so with the Federal government. I might cite innumerable instances of penalty that have accompanied the opening progress of this system of slavery. The Federal government has tolerated slavery, and it has

experienced, and is experiencing, punishment therefor. In the inception of this government, when independent States were being persuaded to coalesce, and to form one great nation, the dread of weakness was so great that men consented to act by sight, and not by faith.

A cooper goes to work to make a wine-cask. He prepares the staves, and begins to set them up. This one is sound, and he sets it up; that one is sound, and he sets that up; he runs around the circle, till he comes to the last three or four staves, when he takes them up, and finds that they are worm-eaten and bored in every direction. He says, "I am afraid that I shall not make my barrel if I do not put them in: I know they are poor, that the wine will leak out, and that I shall have a terrible time to save it, but I must make up my barrel, and these are all that I have." So he puts them in, and drives down the hoops; and when the wine is put in it runs out, and then follows a system of tinkering, and driving in a chip here, and a sliver there. But in spite of all that he can do, the wine leaks away. And, after infinite trials and vexations, he finds that the wine is all gone, and that the barrel is good for nothing. What should he have done? He should have thrown out those worm-eaten staves, and made the barrel smaller.

Now, because they were afraid that South Carolina—that rottenest of rotten staves—would not come in, the framers of our government admitted slavery, the worm-eaten devastation of this country. Suppose they had said, "We will have a Union and have freedom in it, and only those that consent to the exclusion of slavery shall be admitted,"—suppose they had said this, and made their barrel smaller, and made it sound, is there any doubt as to what the issue would have been? But they were so afraid of weakness that they wished to make the barrel large, and they put in worm-eaten staves; and the result is that there has not been one single weakness in this government that has not followed directly from the mischief of slavery in it. We were a homogeneous people. We had opportunities on this continent, and elements of prosperity, such as

no nation ever possessed. There never was launched such a people on such a sphere as this. And the great and only cause of weakness and trouble in the Federal government has been slavery. And the agitations and disturbances and sufferings through which we have passed have been so many penalties and punishments which God has infixed upon the wickedness that included slavery in this government. We have had a head full of sound teeth. Slavery is the only tooth that has ached. Every other one has been true to its function.

It has been said that resistance to slavery has been the cause of all our national troubles. That is as if a wise physiologist should say that the resistance of the principle of health in a man's body to disease was the cause of fevers, and that the way not to have fevers was to lie down and let the disease go through its course. Yes, there has been conscience enough to make resistance, thank God. If it had not been for that, we should have been corrupted through and through, and the very marrow would have been rotten before this time.

For a period of fifty years, on pleas of national peace, for the sake of harmony and prosperity, the loyal and free States have declined to maintain the policy of liberty, and have permitted slavery to augment from an acknowledged evil to a dominant power,—from a thing permitted to a despotic influence. We have, for a period of fifty years, had a race of statesmen, bribed and corrupted, who have perpetually said, "Let us not disturb the prosperity of this great nation." O, how they have laughed at and scorned the men that sounded out God's denunciations and woes against such monstrous iniquity! and how they have uttered in the ears of a credulous public the declaration, "This nation, this Government, this Constitution,—are they not more precious than the *isms* of the abolitionists?" In other words, when God's law demanded justice, they have said, "Commercial prosperity is more than God's law." When once a man, that never, I fear, will say so good a thing again, said that there was a higher law than legislators ever passed, the whole nation—not excepting

ministers in pulpits, who have, I hope, learned better things by this time—derided the idea that there could be a higher law. And such has been the state of things in the midst of which politicians in this country have been trained, and which has brought the original principles of justice and equity to contempt. The ruling spirit of the nation has been a commercial spirit, and that in its lowest forms.

Has there been any penalty? What has been the result of the last fifty years of peace-making? Go to Sharpsburg; go into Virginia, where battles have been fought; go along the swamps of the Chickahominy; go through Kentucky and Missouri, where war like a sirocco has desolated everything; go where the land rocks and reels with earthquakes and convulsions,—and read the lessons of peace that we have been taught. For in these days we are reaping what we have sowed. These things are the fruit of the seed that we have planted. You would have peace, and you see what you have got. If you had stood up before, manfully, and listened betimes, and resisted the evil that threatened the very life of the nation, you would not have come to this pass. You were warned, you were exhorted, innumerable witnesses foretold what the result must be, and behold it has come upon you!

I beg you still further to take notice of some remarkable facts.

If there is any State in this Union that has suffered more severely than another, it is Virginia. If there is any State that has sinned against light and knowledge, it is Virginia. She knew better; and she has been desolated, skinned, peeled, stripped bare. Famine now sweeps with outspread wings over her plains, and desolation grins in her valleys, that a few months ago were as lovely as paradise.

Virginia was dragooned out of the nation. When the convention was elected, it was elected by the people in favor of the Union. They assembled in Richmond. There was a conspiracy of slave-traders, who, in connection with some desperate politicians, instituted a terrorism; and that convention was dragooned to a secret vote that

took the State out of the Union, by that corruptest, guiltiest, and most accursed class of men, slave-traders, who are hated of men, of God, and the devil. And that State, which was the keystone of the arch, and which permitted herself to fall out, has had the most terrible punishment. Is there no lesson in that? Is that an accidental fact?

Consider, again, the strange part that has been played in this conflict by Southern women. A woman always goes with her whole heart, whether for the good or for the bad. Women are the best and the worst things that God ever made! And they have been true to their nature in this conflict. Southern men have been tame and cool in comparison with the fury of Southern women. Now, admit that they were blinded. A man that steps off from a precipice is not saved because he is blindfolded. A man that walks in fire is not saved because he thought it was water. I suppose that of the male population of the South between the ages of fifteen and fifty, a majority will be utterly cut off before this war ends. To a great extent, Southern households are to be stripped of those that are their heads, and the South is to be a realm in which woman shall be deprived of her natural protector, and bear unutterable woes of poverty and sorrow and murder and rapine. She has taken such an unfortunate position in this war, for slavery, and she has sinned against such great light, that God is bringing down upon her condign punishment.

We, too, are suffering in the North, and in the same way that we ought to. I accept the punishment. It is measured with an even hand all over the country. Every man that should have voted right, and did not, is having, or is yet to have, a part in the sufferings caused by this struggle. Every State that, for the sake of its manufactories, has refused to do the right thing, has suffered, and shall suffer. For I call you more especially to take notice, that the North has suffered to the extent to which she has winked at slavery for the sake of commerce. Why is it that the State of Connecticut—my State—the State in which I was born and bred, which I love with an unfaltering love,

and of which I have been so often ashamed—has been so servile, so radically Democratic, in the sense of that Democracy which means pandering to slavery,—why is it, but that she has established petty manufactories along the shore, and that her great market has been South? Why has the manufacturing North been so largely pro-slavery? Why has the policy of freedom been so often betrayed and paralyzed by the merchants of New York and Philadelphia, and Boston and Pittsburgh? Commerce has bribed them. And what is the result? You have been making money out of slavery. A part of my support comes out of slavery. I do not deny this. I know that I eat sugar and wear cotton that have been produced by the unrequited labor of slaves. I know that this evil of slavery has gone through every fiber of the whole North. And while I blame the North, I take part of the blame on my own head. I put part of it on your head. I distribute it to every State. I am not making complaint against the South distinctively, but against the Nation. And by the time you have paid two thousand million dollars of taxes, and have but just begun, I think that the Lord will have got back pretty much all that the North has made out of slavery! God is a great tax-gatherer: he is out now on that errand; and he will have a prosperous time!

I call you still further to take notice, that every nation and people on the globe that has had any political or pecuniary connection with this monstrous evil is being made to suffer. God is pouring out the vial of his wrath; and bearing witness, tremendous witness, by war, against slavery, and against the cruel wickedness of men that perpetuate it. The South suffers, the North suffers, and, next to this nation, England suffers, because, next to this nation, she is guilty. England? why, there is not a better-tongued people in the world. England? I honor her old history; I honor her struggles for liberty; I honor her stalwart valor in the present day. And yet the commercial classes in England have thriven, and made their wealth and built their palaces, out of slave labor. And to-day there is mourning in the factories of England, there is famine in

her streets, and the commercial classes are demanding that the ports of the South shall be opened. And now that government, which has already winked at wickedness on account of the necessity of obtaining cotton, is yielding, and is considering whether it is not necessary for her to commit another monstrous wickedness. God punishes England, because England has had to do with slavery. And he is punishing France. France suffers less, but France is suffering. Find me a nation whose welfare has depended on cotton or sugar, and I will find you a nation that is suffering in consequence of this war.

Are these facts accidental? The condition of the South, of the North, and of foreign countries, in their relations to the war,—are these accidental? Is there any such thing as a divine witness? Are there any such things as indications of a moral government, and of punishments accruing from the transgression of moral laws?

What then, I ask, in conclusion, is infidelity in our day? It is refusing to hear God's voice, and to believe God's testimony in his providence. There are plenty of men who believe in Genesis, and Chronicles, and the Psalms, and Isaiah, and Daniel, and Ezekiel, and Matthew, and the other Evangelists, and the rest of the New Testament, clear down to the Apocalypse; there are plenty of men who believe in the letter of Scripture; and there are plenty of men who believe everything that God said four thousand years ago; but the Lord God Almighty is walking forth at this time in clouds and thunder such as never rocked Sinai. His voice is in all the land, and in all the earth, and those men that refuse to hear God in his own time, and in the language of the events that are taking place, are infidels. And the infidelity is greater in your case than it could be in the case of any other people; because to believe in slavery, to refuse to believe in liberty, and to be unwilling to believe that God rewards liberty and punishes slavery, against your education, against your historic ideas, against all the canons of your political structure, against the natural sympathies of the heart,—that is a monstrous infidelity. No man can be such an infidel by

disbelieving the Bible as you can by standing and looking upon the current events of this age, and refusing to believe that God is bearing witness against oppression and in favor of liberty. Take care! You are in more danger on that point, just now, than on any other. Because things are coming to a crisis. We are about to move in gigantic force in one way or the other; and it is necessary that we should fall back on some great principle. Henceforth, let us refuse to take guidance and direction from the counsels of cunning men or weaving politicians. It is time for us to fall back from the counsels of men, and strike some great immutable principle of God.

What, then, is to be our policy for the future? What are we to do? One class of men will say, "The remedy for all these evils is to gather together about twenty secessionists, and about twenty abolitionists, and hang them!" But I will tell you what hanging abolitionists will do. It will do just exactly what would be done if, when a terrible disease had broken out on a ship, the crew should kick the doctors overboard, and the medicine after them. The disease would stay on board, and only the cure would go overboard. You may rage as much as you please, but the men who labor to bring back the voices of the founders of this Union; the men whose faith touches the original principles of God's Word; the men that are in sympathy with Luther; the men that breathe the breath that fanned the flame of the Revolution: the men that walk in the spirit of the old Puritans; the men that are like the first framers of this model republic,—they are the men, if there be any medicine yet, by whose hand God will send a cure. Hang them? that was the medicine that the Jews had when they crucified Christ. The Lord of glory was put upon an ignominious tree, and they thought that they would have peace in Jerusalem! And where is Jerusalem? Where are the Jews? They are a by-word and a hissing to the earth. And you, the children of men that came here for liberty; you, that heard only the doctrines of liberty from your mother's lips, and drank it with her milk; you, in whose make every thread and every fiber was spun from the

golden fleece of liberty,—can you stand in any doubt as to what the remedy is for such times as these? It is to repent of past days, to break away from the past and to call God to witness that in time to come we will consecrate, individually and nationally, every energy to repair the mischief of slavery, to do it away utterly, and to establish the reign of universal liberty. That is the path of safety. And blessed be God, he has sent a porter. He has opened the door by the hand of the President. He has lifted the silver trumpet of liberty, and the blast is blown that rolls through the forest, and goes along the mountain-side, and spreads wide over the prairies. It is known on the hither ocean, and on the thither; and the waves of the Pacific, and the waves of the Atlantic, lift themselves up, and sound together notes of gladness because that policy is enunciated which cannot be taken back. As long as it was a question whether the President meant to declare emancipation, as Commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, as a military necessity,—as long as there was any doubt on this subject, the North was in danger of being divided into two parties, one attempting to make him proclaim liberty, and the other attempting to make him stand up for slavery. He has taken his choice between them. And there can be but two parties in the North, one of which shall go for liberty, the government, and the President, and the other for the South, for treachery, and for slavery. The foundation of all opposition is knocked out.

I know it is said that the President is not the government; that the Constitution is the government. What! a sheepish parchment a government! I should think it was a very fit one for some such men as I often see and hear! What is a government in our country? It is a body of living men, ordained by the people, who administer public affairs according to the laws that are written in the Constitution and the statute-books. The government consists of living men that are administering, in a certain method, the affairs of the nation. It is not a dry writing, or a book. President Lincoln and his Cabinet, the heads of the execu-

tive departments, are the government. And men must take their choice whether they will go against their government or go with it. Mouthing traitors will pretend to go with the government while they are undermining it, and honest men will go with it,—and you know that the honest men in the North are yet a large majority. I thank God that the lines are drawn. There is nothing so demoralizing as equivocal neutrality, and nothing so bad. And since the President has taken ground, since the administration and government are now fixed on the side of liberty, the old original wisdom of our Constitution, and the doctrine of our fathers, we are going to have the Union as it never was, but as it was meant to be. The Union as it was meant to be, and not the Union as it was, is to be our doctrine; because the Union as it was, was a monstrous outrage on your rights, and on mine. The Union as it was guaranteed me the right of speech, to be paid for by my life in Virginia and Carolina and Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi and Louisiana and Arkansas and Missouri. I could not have gone to either of those States and spoken the words that I have spoken to-night without praising God to-morrow morning in another world. Am I to celebrate the Union as it was, which was a practical violation of the great canons of the Constitution, of the great principles of the Bills of Rights, and of the great doctrines of the Declaration of Independence? Slavery had corrupted it, and made it to be practically an abominable thing in many of its usages. But the Union as it was to be, the Union as it was in the intent of the framers of it,—let that come back; and, so far as it is twisted out of shape, let the twists be taken out, so that it shall stand just exactly plumb to the line of the Constitution. Then we shall have the Union that is to be, and the Union that we want.

And now, my Christian friends, if the whole Church of the Christian North and the loyal North, if the ministers and the members of the churches, and all that are religiously inclined throughout the North, will be pleased to make this a matter of religious conviction, and if they will assume that God has come to judgment with this nation, and

will for their future policy ask, not, "Mr. Seward, what wilt thou have me to do?" nor, "Mr. Seymour, what wilt thou have me to do?" nor even, "Mr. Lincoln, what wilt thou have me to do?" but, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—if the Christian public of the North will settle their duty in the light of eternity, and according to the principles of God's Word, and if they will take the slave and bear him to Calvary, and lay him down under the cross of Him that gave his life for the poor and the wretched, and if then, as the sacred drops fall from the wounded side upon his beaten and bruised body, kneeling down, they will say, "Jesus, what wilt thou have me to do for this injured and oppressed one?" and will settle it there, and under that influence, I have no fear.

We shall see struggles, and go through deep and bitter trials yet; but the future is bright. For where Christ sits is daylight and morning. And if the whole Christian public of the North set their faces toward God, and move toward him, they will move away from night, and toward the day,—a day that, when it shall once have arisen on this continent, shall know no setting,—a day of Christian liberty,—the harbinger of universal freedom to a world regenerated. God grant it!

And as for me, I am determined, by that same help that has been vouchsafed to me from the beginning, to preach a Gospel of liberty among you, and to bear witness for liberty, as founded in religion, to all this nation. I will not be intimidated. I shall not be persuaded. Come weal or come woe,—whether we are defeated and cast back again, or whether we go forward immediately to the prosperity of an ascertained and settled liberty,—as long as I have life and health, and strength and breath, I will use them first and last, and chiefly and only, for the enunciation of that Gospel which brings release to the captive, and liberty to man. There is no power even in hell, though you bring its legions and its monstrosities upon the earth, that for one single moment will hinder or turn back this testimony that God made man to be free. I will preach it for the sewing-woman; I will preach it for the poor day laborer; I will

preach it for the white man and for the black man; I will preach it for all in this land; I will preach it for the oppressed of other lands,—for the Irishman, for the Dane, for the Englishman, for the Frenchman, for the struggling Italian, and for the Hungarian; I will preach it for every man. For God hath made all nations of one blood, and to dwell together. I own the brotherhood. I accept every man as my brother, inheriting my right. And as long as I claim for myself liberty, I will assert it for other men, I will live for it, and I will die for it.

I see that this is not my own individual inspiration. I am moved to this because it is in the public heart, because it is the public sentiment of States and communities. I am but the mouthpiece of millions of men; and I say to those that meditate treachery and tyranny, Beware! God has come to judgment, but he has come to a judgment by which he will purify his people, and make them a peculiar people, zealous of good works. We shall see a glorious Union. We shall see a restored Constitution. We shall see a liberty in whose bright day Georgia and Massachusetts shall shake hands that never shall be separated again. There is love yet to be raked open. Now there is fierceness of hatred; but there shall come concord, fellowship, and union, that no foreign influence can break, and no home trouble shall ever mar again. We shall live to see a better day.

THE GROUND AND FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.*

"That the hypocrite reign not, lest the people be ensnared."—Job xxxiv. 30.

THE whole context from the seventeeth verse is worthy of reading.

"Shall even he that hateth right govern? and wilt thou condemn him that is most just? Is it fit to say to a king, Thou art wicked? and to princes, Ye are ungodly? How much less to him that accepteth not the persons of princes, nor regardeth the rich more than the poor? for they all are the work of his hands."

God is the greatest democrat in the universe. He does not regard ranks, nor conditions, nor degrees; and he says that the highest rich man is just like the lowest poor man, and that a king is no better than the humblest of his subjects. They are all alike before the throne of God. As you go toward heaven, you go toward the true divine democracy.

"In a moment shall they die, and the people shall be troubled at midnight, and pass away: and the mighty shall be taken away without hand. For his eyes are upon the ways of man, and he seeth all his goings. There is no darkness nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves"—from God. "For he will not lay upon man more than right, that he should enter into judgment with God. He shall break in pieces mighty men without number, and set others in their stead. Therefore he knoweth their works, and he overturneth them in the night, so that they are destroyed. He striketh them as wicked men in the open sight of others; because they turned back from him, and would not consider any of his ways: so that they cause the cry of the poor to come unto him, and he heareth the cry of the afflicted. When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?

* November 22, 1862.

and when he hideth his face, who then can behold him? whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only: that the hypocrite reign not, lest the people be ensnared."

It is affirmed that Job was written at some period between Abraham and Moses. It is the oldest portion, or at least one of the oldest portions, of the sacred writings. And yet, old as it is, the world-long controversy whether God governed the world by a moral law, with rewards and penalties, had begun when it was written. The whole passage read is a fine assertion of the fact of Divine government, and with shades and applications that would seem to make it the transcript of God's procedure in our own time.

The fault of all expectations and arguments as to the existence of a moral government over human affairs is apt to be that men seek for the evidences of a moral government where these are not most evident. For the Divine government is distributed through many different departments of life. A part of it appears in the individual. A part of it follows him into the family. A part of it belongs to his commercial, and a part of it to his civil life. And we are to gather the results of any moral course, not alone in an individual fate, but in the collective fate of all the individuals represented in the household, in their business, and in their civil estate. And the results of God's moral administration appear partly in the individual, partly in the household, partly in the affairs of commerce, and partly in national histories. But man's life, taken comprehensively, bears witness to nothing, if not to the moral government of God, which rewards right conduct, truth, honor, virtue, manhood, and duty, and punishes the reverse. And history has been written in vain, if history has not taught this. But it has not been written in vain, and it does teach this. A man in civil government is just as much a subject of the divine moral government as a man in his individual relations.

Civil governments are said to be of God. All government is ordained of God; and civil governments are so, not as by revelation and ordination, but because the nature

of man necessitates government. God did not create man, and then command a government over him, but he created man with a necessity and instinct of government, and then left that instinct and necessity to develop themselves. God made men to need clothes, but he never cut out a pattern for them to make their clothes by. He left them to choose their own raiment. God made appetite, but he never made a bill of fare. He left men to pick out their own food. God made man's necessity for government, and then let him alone, and that necessity of government wrought out civil governments.

There has been a law, also, in these; for governments are not accidental. Governments are always the legitimate outworkings of the condition of those governed; and there cannot, for any prolonged period, be a government that is not, in the nature of things, adapted to those under it. If there is an absolute monarchy, it is an indication that there is a state of the people that requires an absolute monarchy. If there is an intermediate, or aristocratic government, it is an indication that the state of the people is such as to necessitate that government. If there is a continuous and strong republican government, or self-government in any form, it is because there was a condition of the people that wrought it out. For governments are not arbitrary. They are the effect of which the moral state of the people is the cause. Therefore we are not to rail against any form of government, as if it were itself a monstrous wrong. Governments are shadows that nations and peoples themselves cast; and they usually measure in some degree the proportions of the peoples or nations that cast them.

The lowest conditions of men always induce strong governments; they always induce governments of force rather than of motive; and for the reason that men in an undeveloped and ignorant state are unsusceptible of motive. They do not think much. Their moral sense is inchoate, and you cannot address many motives to it. That part of their life is superstitious rather than religious, and it leads to the introduction of superstitious motives into govern-

ment. And in proportion as men are in condition like animals, you must harness and whip them as you do animals. You cannot govern them in any other way. We act upon this principle in our households; for the little child, before it has learned to use its reason and its moral sense, is governed through the skin. And just in proportion as it is redeemed from animalism, and carried up toward intelligence and moral sense, a moral and intellectual government is introduced in the place of a physical government. You cannot govern a child of four years as you can a man of forty, simply because those motives which influence the developed nature of the man have no effect on the undeveloped nature of the child. And so it is in governments. While men are low and brutal and savage, while they have possession of but a part of themselves, it is not possible to govern them in any way except with reference to their condition.

The middle state will result in government by orders and classes. It will emancipate such as are strong and intelligent, and leave the ignorant yet under strong government. When all men are ignorant, you will have absolute monarchies; when a part are intelligent and the rest are ignorant, you will have aristocracies; and when the whole are intelligent, you will have democracies, or republican governments. One of these three is inevitable. The people determine what the government shall be. If they are brutal, there will be tyrannies; if they are partly civilized and partly uncivilized, there will be aristocracies; if they are wholly civilized, there will be democracies. Governments necessitate themselves, and adapt themselves to the people.

Let us look a little at this order of government as founded upon the character of the people.

Strong governments belong to the undeveloped and weak. It is so of necessity, and it is so by right. If it is wrong to have monarchies when they are required, it is still more wrong to have people that can be governed by nothing but monarchies. So long as people are crude and undeveloped, you can govern them in no other way than

by strong and compulsory means. There were attempts made early at self-governments but they all failed ignominiously, for the reason that the people were not prepared to govern themselves. The Jewish nation has been called a commonwealth. That there were in its legislation elements of a commonwealth, there can be no doubt; but in point of fact the government of the Jewish people never did amount to anything more than a strong government. It was either a government of chiefs over tribes, or a government of priests, under the name of theocracy. And it was a strong government, whatever the form might be.

Just as far as ignorance and passion and rudeness exist in a community, they impede self-government, or even make it impossible. And where the people are not prepared or qualified to govern themselves, absolute governments are just as certain now as ever before. Government is not a thing to be chosen, except so far as necessity is itself choice. Adaptation is a kind of generic choice. It is supposed that we have outgrown monarchical governments. We have been taught, since the days of the spelling-book and the old "Columbian Orator," that this nation could not be governed by a monarchy. It depends upon how ignorant and how wicked you are. Large portions of this nation cannot be governed by anything but a monarchy now, and there is danger that ere long such will be the case with the whole nation unless there is a change. For as ignorance disappears, so disappear monarchies; and as ignorance comes back, so inevitably come back monarchies. August laughs at the idea of March, and says, "We have no frost; we have warm nights and glowing days, and there shall be no more frosts." And September says it, only with a fainter voice. And October begins to feel pinching frosts. And as the days grow shorter, and the nights grow longer, and November and December come in, the reign of winter again ensues. And there is a January to every August, as there is an April to every January. And there are just such revolutions in the history of the world. You can have Pharaohs again, if you want them,—though I pray God that there may be a Red

Sea for every one of them! You can have dynasties again through just letting the people become adapted to them by ignorance, by unvirtue, by a want of self-restraint, by pampered self-indulgence, or by pride growing out of monstrous prosperity. Every step toward declension from moral character is a written invitation for tyranny to come back,—and it never lingers long nor hesitates when invited.

Whenever, from any cause, large portions of any community become barbarous, they necessitate monarchies, and the prevailing governments must either grow strong, or fail entirely; for there can be no self-government except where there is virtue, intelligence, and moral worth.

Strong governments, then, belong to the first conditions of the world, to the lowest states of human life; and they are not good as compared with better governments, but good as compared with nothing at all.

The process of civilization, with all its manifold powers, acts first, of course, upon the strongest natures. In strong governments there will be, if they be at all good, a tendency to improve. This tendency usually shows itself first, not in masses, but in single instances; and when educating influences begin to bear upon a community, the most susceptible are first affected; the men with the strongest minds, with the most intellection, with the richest natures, with the best parts, are earliest developed. The word *aristocracy* comes from the Greek, and signifies *government by the best.* And in the progress of the development of national life the first men that are educated, and that begin to have the power that comes from education, are by original endowment the best men, the most intellectual men, the men of the most brain and substance.

The second result is that such men become incapable of enduring an arbitrary government. As long as men are ignorant, and deficient in will, they are incompetent to resist a strong government, and, like the masses around them, they submit to it; but as they begin to think, and have will-power, they begin to resist the government, and it slides off, and begins to distribute its power, and an aristocracy comes in as the first transition from an absolute gov-

ernment, so that there will be a monarch, with a class, as in England, or a class without a monarch, as in some of the ancient nations. Under such circumstances, the government is called the government of the best men over the masses, or of the few over the many. And this is a natural and inevitable transition state from strong government to self-government. It holds a middle place between a government *over* the people and a government *from* the people. It includes, in some degree, the elements of both. And the same reason that compels the crown to divide its power with the higher classes will go on steadily, compelling these higher classes to admit fresh sections into their upper circle. There is a tendency in governments to work toward the republican form. That is to say, where governments are wisely and efficiently administered, men more and more learn the art and acquire the capacity of governing, and become themselves depositaries of governmental power.

In all Europe there is a steady progress toward the last great form of civil government,—namely, republican government, or government of the people by the people. I know it is said that the English government is the best government on the earth. Very likely it may be the best in the intermediate period; but it is not standing still in that period. If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that, as the popular element increases, that government recedes from aristocracy and monarchy toward republicanism. There may be a nominal king. I do not object to that. Names do not change anything. I would as lief have a man or a woman (I would rather have a woman, on an average!) to be called king or queen as to have a man to be called president. And as to the class of nobility, there have been periods when they, or when the nobility combined with the monarch, were adapted to the conditions of the people; but as the people are themselves becoming intelligent, they are tending toward a state of things that will inevitably make them partners of the great governing power. England is working toward self-government.

The republican form of government is the noblest and the best, as it is the latest. It is the latest because it demands the highest conditions for its existence. Self-government by the whole people is the teleologic idea. It is to be the final government of the world. As to whether the world is ripe enough to develop such a government, which shall be able to maintain itself through any considerable number of generations, it is useless to speculate.

But the process of developing a good and stable republican government may go through ages. It is not a settled fact at all, that, because we have come into a republican government, this nation is going to live and be perfected in it; because it is often the case that one government rises up and works out one or two elements of the great scheme which God is developing in this world, and then dissolves, and that the next government takes up and carries forward that which the first began. It may be that the work which we have begun is to be taken up and carried forward by a government that is to succeed this. Yet there is a counter analogy to this,—the fact that God is giving to nations that have declined, and well-nigh lost their national life, rejuvenescence. We see what was never before seen,—a nation, after having died, come to life again. Italy has found resurrection, and is growing strong. Spain has been resuscitated, and is growing strong. Even Austria is coming up from senility, and seems to be growing strong. Nations now seem to have a recuperative power. And two things are possible in respect to our own people. Having taken the first steps in the demonstration of the great doctrine of the government of the people by the people, our whole national life may collapse, and new nations may come up and carry on that doctrine in its later development; or, having gone through one period of our growth, we may renew our youth, and go on again in the same grand and divine experiment of government which we have wrought out thus far.

And let me say here, that republican governments cannot be had by any mere legislation. They must be the effect of compelling causes. Government is an outworking of

the spirit of the people, and it holds a constant relation to their actual condition.

If men are ignorant, or morally low, even under republics, they will cease to be self-governing. They will be led by cunning men, who will gain power over them by courting their passions, and lead them, not according to the decisions and judgments of the masses, but according to the schemes and plans of those who acquire a surreptitious influence over them.

This is the meaning of our text, "That the hypocrite reign not, lest the people be ensnared." Under republican governments it is possible for men to be ensnared by cunning men, and, while they seem to be controlling their own destinies, to be themselves absolutely controlled and guided and governed.

There will always be large classes of men whose spirit and training will cause them to be antagonistic to self-government. Proud and haughty natures are the perpetual enemies of republicanism. There are institutions in society—some of them religious institutions—that nourish the spirit of governing. Even the teaching of God's supremacy, and of a certain delegation of Divine authority to those who teach it, comes to be an inculcation of government in such a sense as to train men to the love of governing. Always, in every republican government, there are large elements which tend away from that government toward a strong government.

Yet, in spite of all delays and retrocessions and plottings, unquestionably the human race are developing right on toward this final and best form of government. In every generation tyranny contracts its sphere; and now we see the beginnings of the preparation for a higher type of government. Despotisms are becoming constitutional monarchies, constitutional monarchies are becoming aristocracies, and aristocracies are becoming republican governments. And the tendency of the whole world at present, in every one of its departments, is to develop the common people. Almost every influence that is working in the world now, judging it from hundred years to hundred

years, is flowing in one direction; and that direction is toward the emancipation and elevation and education and empowering of the great mass of mankind.

The tendency of religion is in this direction. It has worked out one vein, and hierarchies have had their day. It is taking on more democratic forms, and it will take them on from this time forth.

The spirit of missions has had an important and unsuspected democratic influence. The attempt of Christian nations, at a vast expense, and with great trouble, to civilize poor, miserable barbarians, has been itself a testimony to the worth of poor, miserable barbarians. It has had a tendency to increase in the popular estimation the value of a man without regard to his accidents, without regard to his condition or circumstances. Man, merely as a creature of God and an heir of immortality, has risen in the market. Before Christianity was revealed, do you suppose any nation on earth were such fools as to spend millions of annual dollars to civilize barbarians! Before the time of Christ, it was an offense punishable with slavery or death to be a foreigner. If a mariner was shipwrecked upon a foreign coast, he was put to death or made a slave, on the charge of being a foreigner. Clear down to the days of the Apostles, to be a foreigner was to be nothing at all. The Greeks did not recognize human existence except as Greek existence. They counted all the rest of the world as trash, literally and truly. They learned no languages but their own. The Greek tongue prevailed in Greece, and there was not another language spoken there. The Greeks scorned to learn any language but their own. They called other languages *noises*. The Greek tongue was considered a language articulate, having sense and philosophy and reason, and all other nations besides the Greeks were said to *make noises*, in distinction from speaking. And their contempt of other peoples, previous to the setting forth of the Gospel,—how does it stand in contrast with the spirit of modern Christian nations! For England and France and Germany and America are sending out, every year, scores and scores of men elected and

consecrated to the work of evangelization abroad. They give their lives freely to that work, and countless treasures are raised at home for their sustenance while they are ministering to barbarians in other lands. What a witness is this to the value of man! What a thing is worth, is to be measured by what men will do and suffer for it. And silently, imperceptibly, and unconsciously, missions have become democratic, and have raised in the estimation of the world the worth of man;—not this man or that man; not a man of this nation, or a man of that nation; not a civilized man; not a man of genius; not a man of skill; not a man of learning; but *man*, with just the original attributes that God gave him. Religious influences, for two thousand years, have been meliorating laws and policies and governments so as to bring them more on the side of the people.

And now, at last. almost all the great causes of human conduct are working in that direction. If you examine the tendency of inventions and mechanic arts, you shall find that, although they work for all men, they do not work half so much for the rich, the strong, and the wise, as they do for the poor, the weak, and the ignorant. When steam was invented, it was the poor man's invention; for it has elevated the poor man ten degrees where it has the rich man one. Now the poor man can travel the world over. Once, only the rich man could do it; but steam has made them equal. The rich man always could wear fine fabrics. The poor man could not, till steam made manufacturing cheap. The rich man always could have luxuries. The poor man could not, till art and science were applied to domestic institutions and common life; and then he could. Now the poor man has better food than the rich man used to have, and he knows better how to cook it than the rich man once did. There is not a truckman in New York that does not live better than Alexander lived. There is not a seamstress that does not have on her table things that would have made Queen Elizabeth stare. Take the bill of provender, I was going to say, of Shakespeare's time. You might almost call it

fodder, it was so coarse, and so much like animals' food. We should think ourselves treated worse than the prisoners at Sing Sing, if we had to live as the royalty did three or four hundred years ago. They would have been glad to live as our poor people live now, who are clothed better than they were, who have better houses than they had, and whose instruments of labor necessitate less drudgery than theirs did. For every machine, although when first invented it seems to supersede the laborer, has the effect to raise the laborer one step higher. Every time an iron muscle is invented, it gives emancipation to human muscle. Every time you enslave a machine,—a slave that you have a right to hold in bondage,—you set free ten thousand slaves that ought not to be held in bondage. And these are revolutionizing forces that you cannot get around. You might as well undertake to change the course of the Gulf Stream as to undertake to arrest their tendency.

And that which is true of art is also true of literature. If you go back to the time of Sterne and Swift, you shall not find, I had almost said, a single generous, humanitarian sentiment in their writings. One thing is certain,—that down to the time of Cowper, the English literature (that part which comprised the poems particularly) was filled with a supercilious contempt for the common people. The boors, the peasants, the yeomen, were considered as mats on which fine people might rub their feet and clean their shoes; as good for nothing in themselves, and serviceable only by reason of their relation to the upper classes. And the spirit of humanity, the appreciation of human worth under a rough exterior, and, above all, the desire for the welfare of every man,—these sprang up within the last hundred years. Our literature has been growing purer. Nor is it so with ours alone; for the French literature has improved as well as ours. I do not know that the French have as many Tract Societies as we have. But if it is religious to aim to develop the poor, and to create a powerful tendency toward humanity and self-sacrifice and purity, then such writers as Victor Hugo are religious writers. They are not spiritual writers, but they are relig-

ious, in that they are aiming toward the evangelization of the masses of men. And the literature of the globe to-day is humane, at least, if it is not spiritual.

If you go from literature to art, you find this still more remarkably illustrated. The days are waning in which royalty, aristocrats, and rich men can be said to be the chief patrons of art; and he that would be exalted as an artist must humble himself, and accept the divine idea of the grandeur of the common people, and not disdain their sympathy and their patronage. I do not object to those who painted the Virgin Mary and the child Jesus; but I think the Virgin Mary and the child Jesus are more to us than they were to those that painted them. What are they to us? Mother and child. Mary and Jesus were for a particular age. Mother and child are universal. They are something that comes home to every household and every heart. And the Madonna and her child are more to us, I say, than they were to those that painted them. And though I do not object to the painting of antique subjects, the subjects of past days, unquestionably the living schools are to be the schools that feel themselves called to work for the common people, and in the direction of true and Christian democracy.

Once a picture was significant of almost royal possessions. It is becoming less and less significant of wealth. Indeed, I think that pictures are less apt to be found where there is sudden wealth, than where there is real culture and good taste in comparative poverty. More and more every year pictures are coming to be owned by persons of moderate and slender means, because they have an appetite for beauty, and must have beauty to feed it. One flower in the room of a seamstress who looks at it every other stitch, is worth more than the garden of a king which he disdains to walk in. So there is a love of art beginning to develop in the common people. And all things are tending to make it possible for the common people to gratify their taste in this direction.

Once nobody could own a book unless he had a fortune. Now a man that cannot afford to own a book ought to die;

he is too poor to live! It is the cheapest thing there is. Rum and reading are the two cheapest commodities of the globe!

Take one single invention,—photography. The world will never die after this. It will live in shadow. We shall have our uncles and aunts, our fathers and mothers, our children, and our children's children in every year's stage; and we can keep them. What a shadowy army is marching, in the shape of photographic portraits, to the next generation! O that it could have been so in days past! My mother died when I was but a small child, and I do not remember to have ever seen her face. And as there was no pencil that could afford to limn her, I have never seen a likeness of her. Would to God that I could see some picture of my mother! No picture that hangs on prince's wall, or in gallery, would I not give, if I might choose, for a faithful portrait of my mother. Give me that above all other pictures under God's canopy. My children are richer than I was when I was a child. The child of the poorest man in this congregation is richer than the child of the richest man was then.

And not only is photography enabling us to preserve our friends but it is bringing the whole world to a man's door. You can look upon the monuments of Egypt, and at the same time toast your feet at your own fire. All the palaces of the globe are brought to you, as are also the mountains and rivers of distant countries. The very battle-field of Antietam was here almost as soon as the news of the battle reached us; and before the dead were buried, we had portrayed their mangled and swollen forms.

And not only is photography taking representations of all the natural and artificial wonders of the globe, so that the poorest man can have the portrait of everything on earth; but it is taking even the secrets of the sun and moon.

And these are but single instances of elements which are, as we see, working to make rich and strong men richer and stronger, to be sure, but working ten thousand times more to make the poor and the weak rich and strong.

And, as in respect to these elements, so in respect to learning and education. Always the rich have been able to educate their children. Not always have the poor been able to do it. But now everything is working toward the education of the common people.

So that at this time, while governments are ameliorating, while absolute monarchies are changing to constitutional monarchies, while constitutional monarchies are becoming aristocracies, while aristocracies are more and more diffusing themselves, and sharing their power with the masses, while all tendencies are toward self-government in political forms,—at this time, while these things are taking place, religion and art and learning and science and inventions are co-operating. There is one direction to all these forces. God's hand, like a sign-board, is pointing toward democracy, and saying to the nations of the earth, "This is the way: walk ye in it." The road is very muddy in some spots, and the march will be slow, but the march will be one way; and though it may be like the march into summer out of winter, or like the march of Israel out of Egypt into the promised land, summer and the promised land—self-government—will at last be reached.

Let us look, then, in the light of these remarks, at some of the relations of our own times to this tendency.

The first thing to which I will call your attention is that extraordinary contrast which exists between this country and the other countries of the world,—the most extraordinary, I think, that was ever exhibited under the sun. Europe, starting from a point of abject despotism, has, for the last two hundred years, been steadily unfolding, and throwing off its cerements, and working its limbs, and preparing its feet for marching. Nay, it has begun to march. And though its way is through revolutions and through blood, though it is held back by reactions and retrocessions, yet, on the whole, judged by long periods of time, the progress of Europe has been from barbarism to Christian civilization; from absolute monarchies, up through constitutional monarchies and aristocracies, toward governments by the people. And all tendencies, however much

they may have seemed to thwart these things, have really worked for them. Europe began at the point of despotism, and she has gone toward republicanism until she has all but grasped it.

How was it with America? We began at the point of Christian democracy. There never was so democratic a people as we were. There never was a nation with such developments of republican ideas. And we have steadily marched in the opposite direction. We have gone right away from democracy toward aristocracy. We have tended more and more to deny the natural rights of man, and set the strong over the weak (the white strong over the black weak), and to found a new dynasty, most hateful and odious, until we are poisoned in the very veins of our national life, in every part of our governmental policy.

And while Europe has been going in one direction, we have met her, going in the other, she bearing the dark emblem of despotism, which has grown brighter and brighter until it has almost emerged into the glorious light of liberty, and we bearing a blazing torch kindled from the very altar of God, which has grown dimmer and dimmer till it has almost sunk into Egyptian darkness. There never was another such contrast.

That tendency has been met, and, in so far as the free Northern States are concerned, turned back, but only just in time for their redemption. But the attempt to recover ourselves has led to a conflict between these opposite elements such as never before raged. For this war is a war of ideas; it is a war of fundamental principles; it is a war of absolute influences; it is a war between the spirit of absolute government as developed by the necessities of a servile society, and the spirit of self-government as developed by the condition of an intelligent population.

Now there can hardly be a doubt as to the final issue. God's intention is too plainly indicated to leave any doubt as to the ultimate state of the world. But whether that state is to exist in our day, in our children's time, or in remote ages, no man can tell. We know which side, after tumultuous struggles, shall have the victory, but whether

that victory shall be delayed through generations, or whether it shall be achieved at once, we do not know.

Yet, let us take a hopeful view. Let us hope that we shall be found adequate to the exigencies which have come upon us. Let us not be bribed nor betrayed. There is no question but that the right is with us. Every principle of justice and humanity that has been developed in the past cries out to us of the North to go forward. Every analogy of God's providence calls out to us to advance courageously. Every aspiration of the human soul urges us, who are on the side of universal liberty, the liberty of all men, not to yield, not to compromise, but to maintain our stand to the bitter end, and to the glorious victory therein.

I believe that this nation will not flinch, and that it will stand. Yet I do not know the power of the Devil. His minions, his hypocritical agents, are abroad. I do not disguise my opinion on this subject, any more than on any other. I believe the opposition that has arisen against the administration and the government is the meanest and most hypocritical that ever existed. I would sooner pluck off my right arm than give countenance to it in any way. There was a time when I felt that all party spirit was being laid aside, and that all parties were being united to sustain the administration in the prosecution of this glorious war in the cause of universal humanity. I was in favor of sinking all political considerations, and standing by those men that best stood by the government. But since the enemy has sown tares among us, and an opposition has been formed, God do so to me, and more also, if I strike hands except with him who is openly and avowedly for liberty, and liberty for every man. I would denounce my own brother, I would denounce my own father, if he were ranged on the side of these enemies of their country and of freedom. I love my God and my fellow-men more than any man that carries my blood in his veins. And however much men may have been my friends, however much I would have been glad to help men into places of power, once let them stand on the side of those detestable hypocrites who are undermining with specious pretenses the

cause of liberty, and who, by infamous guises, are feigning friendship for an administration which they mean to destroy, God do so to me, and more also, if I touch them, except with the besom or with the rod of destruction.

But, although in the main I hope, let us be prepared for the worst. We have materials for a terrible conflict among ourselves. It is not the fault of those who invite them that we have not revolutionary outbreaks in our midst. I have no doubt that there are men in New York who would inaugurate blood, murder, and revolution, if they dared. The only thing which holds them back is a sneaking prudence. But for that we should have another era of massacre such as Paris saw in the days of the French Revolution. There are men in our midst who are so wicked that they do not need to go to hell! They carry it with them; it is in them; and they are their own devil! And these are the men, unquestionably, that are first and foremost as plotters in that specious, sinuous friendship that would go to the administration, and say, "How art thou, my brother?" while it plunges the dagger under the fifth rib. Be not found in their counsels. O my soul, come not into their secrets. It is not a safe thing for a man that keeps well to his God and his country to keep such company. Take care whom you go with. And when you go to vote, vote so strong for liberty that there shall not be any danger in your vote.* Throw it as far as you can toward God's throne, toward God's providence, toward the destiny of the race, toward the final results of Christianity. Throw it away from glozing, deceitful, selfish man. Go with the stanchest principles. Go back to the days when we had Franklins and Jeffersons and Washingtons, and take their utterances, and follow their precepts. The only way for us to escape troubles innumerable, I think, is to fight out this battle which we have entered upon, with courage and energy, and to the very last. You never will have another war so cheap as this. Suppose you should make peace with the South by sliding these unprincipled and subtle politicians into power,—

* The reference is to the then pending State election of New York.

suppose you should compel the weak hands of the government to yield to a compromise with the South,—do you suppose that would bring peace in your day?

From the moment that they get on their feet again, every election in the North will turn upon whether one State or another shall not go over to the Southern interest; and there will be a fight between Northern and Southern interests, and you will have to vote under the menace of arms, and hold your ground by force, or go down before threats. And when it comes to threatening, the South is worth a hundred of you. When it comes to knuckling, you are worth a hundred of the South! You are on your feet now, and I advise you to keep there. Your hands are out, with your hearts behind them, and I advise you to keep them out. There has never been a sight more despicable than that of Northern doughfaces in the presence of Southern slave-drivers; and now that Northern manhood is emancipated, and you are standing up, I beseech of you in the name of God and humanity, do not put yourself again into bondage and servility.

Money,—will that buy you? Then stand for liberty. A slave made free will purchase a hundred dollars' worth at your factory where a slave in bondage will purchase one dollar's worth. What does a slave want? How many combs will he buy? How many mirrors? How much glass? How many pianos? How many harps? How many books? How many harnesses? How many whips? One in the hands of a single man is enough for forty slaves. Freedom will diminish exports immensely. Why? Because, when the slaves were slaves, they lived on the least conceivable quantity of everything, and there was a great surplus for exporting. But the moment you make them free, they will become consumers to a much greater degree than they have been. If you must have a money motive, I advocate freedom on this ground. Freedom promotes commerce and manufactures. There is not a farmer to whom, if his plough could speak, it would not say, "Go for freedom,—it will make me bright;" there is not a mechanic to whom his every tool, if it could speak,

would not say, "Vote for freedom,—it will make me lively;" there is not a ship-builder to whom every ship in his yard, if it could speak, would not say, "Work for freedom,—it will make me merry on the wave;" there is not a manufacturer to whom his machinery, if it could speak, would not say, "Encourage freedom,—it will make me musical."

All the factories in New England, if they could vote, would vote for freedom,—except cat-o'-nine-tail factories; I believe they would vote for slavery. No; they would turn about and go to making horsewhips, and, on second thought, vote for freedom! Every interest of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, every industrial interest of the North, will be abundantly profited by a policy of liberty. As civilization increases among men, it makes them more, and multiplies their necessities. When a man is a savage, he has but one or two faculties to feed; but when he becomes civilized, he has a great many more mouths open and calling for food. For the more the human mind is developed, the more numerous are its wants which must be supplied. And blessed is that nation which has to supply the wants of a civilized people. They are great consumers.

It is supposed that the natural state of a man is simplicity. No, it is complexity. The natural state of a man is like that of a tree. And what is the last state of an oak, but to divide and subdivide, and spread out infinite branches on every side? The first state of a man, like the first state of a tree, may be simplicity, and he may be, as it were, a single whip; but as he begins to grow he will throw out branches, and these branches will throw out other branches, and those will throw out others, and he will take in more by root and leaf. Every interest that makes money and intelligence pleads for a policy of liberty.

And since there is a necessity for it, since by the voice of the highest officer of the nation it has been declared that emancipation is a military necessity, let us stand by that which we have got. Let us not fall back one single

step in this great conflict, in which thus far God has so gloriously led us. For if this nation falls to pieces in your day, or in your child's day, will it come together again? No hand has ever yet restored the Phidian marbles. No architect has ever rebuilt Athens. The Acropolis is disheveled and rent, a monument of her death, and a memorial of her past glory. But it is easier to bring together shattered temples than it will be to bring together the shattered principles of this great temple of liberty which has been reared in our country, if you permit it to be rent. It is a doctrine of devils, this doctrine of division. While you have the power, hold the nation together. Weld it. Secure the unity of this people, voluntary at the North, and compelled at the South. One government, one Constitution, one political doctrine which makes all men free and equal,—that shall be the glory of the continent; that shall be the prophecy of the future; that shall bring down the blessing of God, against which all the machinations of the Devil shall not prevail.

LIBERTY UNDER LAWS.*

"For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty: only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another."—Gal. v. 13.

It has been said, usually, that this and like passages were metaphorical and signified simply spiritual liberty. They include that; but they neither begin nor end with it.

The Apostle is not discussing, either, the question of personal liberty. That is but an inference and special application of a larger right than even civil and political liberty,—a right that lies back of all society and all individual volition, and depends in nothing upon men's opinions or arrangements, but stands in the Divine arrangement, in the creative decree.

What, then, is liberty,—the source or fountain of which all other liberties are but streams or defluctions?

There can be no such thing as absolute liberty,—that is, the liberty of acting according to our own wishes, without hindrance and without limitation; for man is created to act by means of certain laws. Above all creatures on earth, man is placed under many and exacting laws. He is surrounded, he is walled in, he is domed and circuited by laws; and every one of them is imperative. And it is the law of the animal creation, that, as you augment being, you augment law. For there is no power, there is no faculty, in man, that is not relative to some law which it represents outside of him. And all laws of matter external to his own self are imperative upon him. And there is no such thing as liberty, in the largest sense, in the physical world. You are at liberty to go where you please, pro-

* December 28, 1862, while the Emancipation Proclamation was expected.

vided you please to go where natural laws will let you; but if a man, on the top of one mountain, pleases to walk through the air to the next one, can he? He is at liberty to try; but he will fall over the precipice below if he undertakes it. Has a man liberty to do as he pleases? Let him walk on water. He has no such liberty. Our liberty is hedged in by natural law. There is no step that you can take without asking permission of laws,—and how many there are of them! How many of them touch us at every point! I am a focal center; and laws of light, laws of electricity, laws of gravitation, and social laws are running in on me perpetually, from every direction; and I am the creature of them all, and I am obliged to submit to them all. I cannot help myself. There is no such thing as real and absolute liberty in this regard.

All laws of our physical body, of every organ of that body, must be observed. Thus, the eye has its law; and a man has liberty of sight only through obedience to that law. The ear has its law; the tongue has its law; the heart has its law; the lungs have their law. There is a law that belongs to each particular function of the physical organization. And there is no liberty in a man except in obedience to those laws. Every faculty of the mind is a definite power, moving within fixed limits toward ends that cannot be varied. Thus, you cannot feel with the faculty that is made for thinking, and you cannot think with the faculty that is made for feeling, any more than you can digest food with the lungs, and breathe with the stomach. You cannot transpose functions from one faculty to another. You have received your mind, with its faculties, each of which has its inward law, impressed upon it of God; and the liberty that you have is a liberty which is obliged to take into account, not only the laws of the physical world, but also the laws of your body, and of all the faculties of your body. And the laws of society itself, as well as the laws developed through experience, are as binding and imperative as the laws of nature, expressed in the material world, or in us. No creature is so harnessed by imperative and absolute laws as man; and therefore, than this vague

but popular idea that liberty means doing just what you please, nothing can be further from the truth. No creature that God made on the earth has so little liberty to do what he pleases as man. You cannot use your arm except according to its muscles. You cannot use your foot except according to its organization. You cannot use any organ of the body except within the circuit of its appointed natural law. You cannot use the mind nor the affections except according to their own laws. There is no liberty except inside of certain boundaries.

The only liberty, then, that a man has, is the liberty to use himself, in all his powers, according to the laws which God has imposed on those powers. The only liberty in this world is the liberty to be unhindered in obeying natural laws. Our directions, our tendencies, and therefore our duties, are all expressed in the laws that God has made; and when we come to those laws we are bound to obey them; and if anybody hinders us, then our liberties begin. As toward God, liberty means obedience to laws; and it is only when we are disputed in the right of this obedience by men, that we begin to get an idea of liberty. We have a right to obey God, whether he speaks on Sinai, or in muscle or bone or faculty, or any other way. It is our liberty to unfold natural laws, and to follow them.

This may seem but a very narrow possession. It is so only in words, not in reality. It seems as though a man were shut up when you say that he can do nothing but obey a fixed natural law. The first thought suggested by the statement is that the liberty just to obey a law is a liberty so restricted as to be almost no liberty at all. That depends upon what the law includes. Take an example or two. You can do nothing in vision except what the laws of vision allow you to do; but how much there is that can be done in obedience to those laws. In a whole lifetime you cannot see all that there is to be seen. You must, if you use your ear, do it according to the acoustic law; and yet, in obeying that law, what a liberty is opened up! A man would need to be far older than Methuselah to exhaust sound in all its varieties and combinations.

This, then, is the sovereignty of man. It is the doctrine of the individual upon a Christian basis. It is the right of every man over his own mind, heart, and body; over his time, movements, and relations to the physical world. It is the sovereignty of every man over himself. It is his right to have and hold and use himself according to the laws that God made. That is his liberty; and if any one attempts to take it away from him, he attempts to deprive him of so much of his liberty. If he does not know how to use himself thus, he loses by his ignorance so much of his liberty.

This sovereignty has seldom been exercised by, or even revealed to, the mass of men in the world. Man has been rigidly hindered and hampered by civil and secular impositions as to his body. Men have not been allowed to exercise their natural physical capacities according to the law of their own development. It has been in this respect as it was in Egypt in respect to business. It was ordained what calling a man should follow. If he was born of a priest, he had a right only to be a priest. If he was born of a mechanic, he was bound to be a mechanic. He could not elect, according to the formal law of adaptation, what pursuit he would engage in, where he would go, or what he would be. Laws have divided men, cut them up into classes, and set apart to some much, to others less, to others still less, and to others almost nothing except the crumbs that fall from the table of the more favored. And it is no small thing to say to every human being on the earth, "God gave you the right to develop your body, and all that pertains to it, according to the law that is in you, and not according to the law that happens to be in the civil society where you are."

You have that liberty. Do you not like the practice of law? You can preach, if you please, and if you are competent. Do you not like the pulpit? Nothing hinders you from turning to the store. Are you a turner? and do you find that you are thrown into a business that does not suit you? Go to the forge, if you like. Nobody stands in the way of your doing it. Are you at the forge? and do

you say, "I am better adapted for a seaman"? Then why do you not go on the deck? Are you on deck? and do you say, "Farming is that to which I am best suited"? Then there is no authority or custom to prevent you from going on a farm. Do you say, "I am too far north"? Then go to the tropics: they are free to you. Or if you say, "I am too near the equatorial zone of unhealth," then it is your privilege to go to the frigid zone, if you choose.

It seems a small thing to say that a man has a right to develop his bodily life according to the laws of the body; but that declaration in Georgia or Alabama would work a revolution in less than twenty-four hours. There are some four millions of men that, if you should say to them, "You have a right to develop your body according to natural law," would inaugurate a servile revolution in a moment. For we are in such an exquisite state in this country, that to fall back on Divine law and original equity is to overthrow civil law. And yet against civil law, and by the authority of the Gospel, I declare to every man that lives on the face of the earth, "You are called to liberty." And as long as the Bible is held in the hands, not of priests, but of freemen, just so long it will be interpreted so as to sound a trumpet-call to every living man on earth, saying: "You have a right to go wherever the laws of your being permit you to go, and to do whatever those laws permit you to do." Though a man be born black as midnight,—though his face is as if all the stars of darkness had kissed him,—still, if he is born with the tongue of an orator, he has God's permission and God's ordination to be an orator; and nobody has a right to say to him, "You shall not." If a man has an artificer's skill in his hand, he has a right to cut and carve, whether it be machinery or statue or what not; and nobody has a right to say to him, "You shall not follow out the law that is infixed in your organization and your constitution." And this is what I consider to be the most atrocious thing in that most atrocious, heaven-abhorred and hell-beloved system of slavery. What? that it gives a man coarse clothes? John wore camel's hair and a leathern girdle, and he was well enough off. Is it because it gives

a man coarse food? Thousands of you would be better off if you ate coarse food. Is it because in its workings men are underfed or underclothed? Or, are they happy because they are overclothed and overfed? Why, my pigs are happy, that have the liberty to grunt as much as they please, that have all they want to eat, and that have plenty of straw to lie on. And men defend slavery on the ground that the black men of the South are well fed and clothed, and are apparently happy in their condition; but the fact that they have enough to eat and to wear, and that they can sing, is no evidence that they have all the rights of their manhood. I say that they have a right to listen to the voice of God in their faculties and organization, and to follow out the laws that God has wrought in them. And that we have four millions of men before whom we stand in all the majesty of local and national law, and say: "You shall not come up into yourself; you shall not have the liberty to be what God made you able to be; you shall not be free to obey the laws of your being,"—this is to go at right angles to Divine decrees; it is to contravene God's creative idea.

Man has been robbed, likewise, of his mind,—that is, of his education. An uneducated mind is like undug ore. Iron on my farm is nothing. When I have dug it out, and smelted it, and purified it, and when it has been made into a sword, into knives, into utensils or machinery of any sort, then the mineral has been educated. Now a man is nothing but a mine of undug faculties. The first step in education consists in digging them out in the rough, preparatory to bringing them to their perfect form. When a man is first born, he is like an acorn. But in an acorn—that is, in its possible future—there is timber. In a bushel of acorns there are ships, there are dwellings, there are curiously carved cornices and statues. And when men are born, they are born into philosophers, into statesmen, into orators, into patriots, into wise men,—provided that, being born, they are planted, and developed, and given an opportunity to grow to that which God thought of when he created them. But the belief of the human race has been

that the man who knew much was a very dangerous creature. The heresy of five thousand years out of six, and of five hundred more, and of a hundred more besides, has been that knowledge was dangerous for the common people.

There are walking-sticks that are made for seats as well as walking-sticks. When they are shut up, they are like walking-sticks, and they cannot stand of themselves; but if you open them, there sprout out legs, that enable them not only to stand, but to support a man's weight. An uneducated man is like an unopened walking-stick of this kind. He cannot stand alone. He needs to lean on some king or government. It is not until he has been taken and educated and expanded that he can hold himself up. And it is this idea of developing that which God has put in every man, so that he can stand alone, that is the foundation of self-government,—the only divine government in this world. There are in each individual man all the faculties that are necessary, if they are balanced and coordinated, to make him a perfect being in his social organization; and education means merely the opening up of a man, and giving him all his legs to stand on, and all his hands to help himself with. Those who govern others, and who maintain themselves by governing them, want men to need some one to lean on, and to take care of them; and therefore they do not want them opened up. Just that which they do not like is to have every man capable of standing of himself; for their interest demands a state of things in which one head shall think for a million heads, and one hand shall rule for a million hands. And it has been, since time began, the heresy that education was to be feared. Priests have been afraid, and prime ministers and princes and kings have been afraid, of education. And yet to every man belongs the liberty of having the fullest development of all that God put into the making of the human mind. We are called to liberty. It is a part of the design of that system which lies under the foundations of society, that every man has a right to the full use of every faculty of his mind according to the law that God established in that faculty.

But man has been yet worse robbed in soul than even in body and mind. He has had presented to him false gods of every kind for his worship. And by the most rigorous despotism and the most fearful threatenings, he has been forbidden to find his own way to God, and compelled to accept the gods that were fashioned for him. And when the true God has been revealed at length, after many generations, the way to the true God has been hedged up, and worship and obedience have been prescribed, and men have had no liberty of going their own way, but have been obliged to walk the priests' and the church's way. Thus man's whole ethical life has been framed and imposed upon him without his consent, and without appeal from it. And although much of the religion and ethics that has been taught has belonged to the true system, much of it has not. And nowhere else has man been so trained to be a coward as in maintaining his right to fashion his own ethical life, to worship and to find God in his own way; while nowhere else has sounded out so loudly the sweet voice of the Gospel, saying, "Ye are called unto liberty."

I think men in this world, for the most part, have been much like orphans, to whom has been bequeathed a large estate, but whose fraudulent executor or guardian has kept them ignorant of their parents, their possessions, and their rights, and bound them out in every direction to ignominious callings. God's great brood of orphan children have been in the hands of the Devil as their executor; and he has kept them from knowing anything of their Father, or of their inheritance, or of the liberty that belongs to them. Now the Gospel has come in to rip up the old settlement, expose the fraud, and bring the orphans back to their property and privileges again. And the voice of our text, the voice of the providence of God, to-day, is, "Ye are called to liberty."

Let us, then, see how this call of the Gospel acts. Christ brought liberty to men. That is, in the first instance, he established man's true place in creation as a child of God; he told him what he was, and treated him as if he was such. While the humiliation of Christ,—not merely his being

born in the likeness of a man, but his selecting for his parentage the lowest class in society, and his being born under circumstances indicative of the most impoverished condition,—while this certainly illustrates the design of God, and was meant to, and to do still more that is left out of sight, it determines man's place in creation. Christ came into the world among men that had no adventitious value. There was not, of those with whom he mingled during the first ten years of his earthly life, a man that could be proud on account of his clothes, his grounds, his house, his privileges, his honors, or his titles. Christ was born in the midst of men, and he lived for thirty years among men, that had absolutely nothing but their own individual selves. He associated with men, not because they were wise, educated, large men, not because they were privileged or titled men, but simply because they were men. For he wished to teach us that the lowest man on earth is a child of God. And if this is true of the lowest, how much more eminently is it true of everything higher than the lowest! He began at the bottom of life, and stuck close to the bottom of life, where there was simply man, and nothing else. And he bore witness by every word that he spoke, and by every deed that he performed, that man, low, base, undeveloped, least and lowest, is yet God's child. He is a child of eternity. He came hither from thence, and he goes thither again. He was God-wrought, and he feels a yearning for his parentage, and seeks again the source from which he came. Nor can he be measured by anything in this world. No latitudes drawn from the earth's surface can gird a man, and no longitudes can belt him. Take the lines of infinity, and measure him with them; take God's dwelling-place, and measure him by its instruments; measure him by nothing else than these. Take the meanest, the most imbruted creature; take the blackest slave that, overworked and outworked, is kicked out to die under the frosty hedge, and whose bones even the crows do not wait to pick, and there is not a star that nightly blazes in the heavens, and speaks of God, that shall not burn to the socket and go out, before the spirit in that poor, low, mis-

erable, brutish thing shall cease to flame up bright as God's own crown. The poorest creature, the lowest creature, the meanest creature, is immortal, is an eternal heir of God, and bears a spark of divinity within him. This revelation of what a man is, in and of his own nature, without any regard to his circumstances, is the key-note of civilization, and the key-note of the liberties of states and of communities that shall be permanent and normal and philosophical.

It is no small thing for a man to know that. Why, a slave that knows it and sings it, a slave that dreams of heaven and chants of Christ, is richer than is the richest master that has no god but the Devil, and stands higher in the sight of angels than he. For as angels come with God's blessings down to men, methinks they fly but a little way before they reach the spirits of some of those sainted old slaves, and that then they descend

> "Nine times the space that measures day and night
> To mortal men,"

and at last come to the master. And the difference lies in the simple fact that the former have in them Christ, the hope of glory. And the man who has that has done his march, and is ready to enter into his rest, and to ascend the throne which he has inherited.

You know the story of Williams, the missionary among the Indians, who, it was supposed, was a kidnaped Bourbon, sent off by some usurper of the throne, and who afterwards found out that he was of the stock of royalty, and spent part of his life in trying to collate the facts and make the chain of evidence complete that he was descended from the loins of kings, and was the rightful heir to the throne of France. It was not so, I presume; but suppose it had been so, think how, when the idea dawned upon him in his forest travels; how, when he came to take fact after fact, and put them together, and prove that he was of royal blood, and a monarch entitled to all the treasures of the empire, how he must have felt a heart-swell, though he might have deemed it best to continue a missionary! I know not how it would have been with him, but I know how it would have been with me. If I had learned that I was

born to human titles, and to all those regalities, and if I had chosen to be a missionary, I would have been a royal missionary, and I would have given the people among whom I moved to understand that a king stooped when I stooped.

Now Christ comes and whispers in the ears of men, saying: "You are an exiled child of royalty; you are an heir, through Jesus Christ, to an eternal inheritance, and thrones and dominions and crowns are yours." He says it to the poorest, the meanest, and the lowest, and fixes a man in the knowledge of his Father, his titles, his dignity, and his destiny. And what a liberty is there!

Christ restores and enforces the right of a man to use all his nature according to the law which God has fixed in every part of that nature, without hindrance from without. He does this by his Gospel; and I am entitled to preach that Gospel. But suppose I undertake to preach the Gospel in Georgia, in full,—not the letter which kills, but the spirit which makes alive? Men want me to do it. I am frequently asked why I do not do it. They exhort me, with a fidelity and a pathos that do not fail to touch me, to preach the Gospel! And I have made up my mind that I will. And to-day I begin by declaring, in the words of this passage, "*Ye have been called unto liberty.*" Hear it, every Calmuck, every Tartar, every Chinaman, every Japanese, every Italian, every Austrian, every Russian serf, every Frenchman; hear it, among the mountain fastnesses of Norway and Sweden, through England, and along the German coast; hear it in the islands of the sea; hear it, ye denizens of the forests of America; hear it, ye slaves on every plantation throughout the bounds of the land; everywhere, in all the earth, hear the Gospel,—"YE HAVE BEEN CALLED UNTO LIBERTY!" And if you ask me, "What is that liberty?" I declare that it is the right of every man who is born unto this world to use every power, every faculty of his being, according to the law that God has fixed in that power and in that faculty, and not according to any external imposition of man. This is the liberty to which you are called. And do you want me to preach the Gospel any more? [*Voices: Amen! Amen!*] "And let all the

people say, Amen." The time is coming when these truths of Christ shall flame out, and when men shall understand that preaching the Gospel does not mean preaching genuflexions and days and ordinances and abstract doctrines, but that there is a truth of the Gospel that carries emancipation through and through, right to the soul, right to the heart, and that makes every man that lives on the globe a son of God, and therefore impossible to be a slave.

But, more in detail, Christ has given to every one of us liberty of thought and liberty of belief. It is not irresponsible liberty of thought that we are called to. We have no liberty of thinking that disdains the laws of thinking. There is no liberty that does not involve the observance of law. Nevertheless, you have, every man has, as much right as I have to read God's Word, to think what truths are in that word, and to use every part of the mind in reasoning upon those truths. Sometimes men say that faith requires us to lay aside our reason. I beg your pardon, it never does. I will tell you what I think about faith and reason. It is about these as it is about birds that both run and fly. A turkey that runs around in the woods never rises suddenly. It first runs on the ground till it gains sufficient momentum to enable it to rise and fly. Now I think that reason is like legs that run on the ground; and as soon as you have come to the end of the earth, if you need more, and you have faith, lift your wings, and you can fly. But one follows the other. Faith never can be said to be coincident with reason. Reason is that faculty which knows things so far as they can be known; and up to the point to which they can be found out, you are free to use it; and, when you get to the end of knowing, if you have faith, then fly. All beyond is the region of faith. Faith is that which takes cognizance of things that are not within the sphere of knowing. And a part of Christian liberty is the right of free thinking and free believing.

If there are infidels here that have been accustomed to carp at religion, and that say that they have a right of free investigation, I beg to inform them that they have not that

right any more than every Christian has it. You have the liberty to think: we have the liberty to think. We are responsible for the laws of thought: you are responsible for the laws of thought. We all stand on one ground in that regard. And as far as the liberty of believing is concerned, we all have that. You may frame a doctrine different from mine, and you have a right to your doctrine, and I have a right to mine. You have a right to use your liberty of believing, though I do not always respect the way in which men use their liberty of believing. You have a right to investigate, to think, to believe, and to frame doctrines; but you are bound to do these things according to certain laws of investigation, of thought, of belief, and of doctrine, that have been unfolded and established.

A word more, perhaps, is required respecting this declaration that you have a right to use every part of your mind. There are old castles and old mansions that have some rooms that the children are not allowed to go into. They are "haunted" rooms. The children have lived ten or fifteen years without ever having entered those rooms, except, perhaps, occasionally at broad noonday. They would not go into them at night for all the world, because they are "haunted."

Now the mind has haunted rooms; and on Sunday I reason in this place, with my causality, my comparison, my analogical powers, without disturbing anybody; but the moment that, in reasoning, I with mirth drive right toward a great truth, filled full of benignity toward men, and reverence toward God, men hear sounds proceeding from those rooms. If I am largely endowed with the organ of mirthfulness, what did God put it into me for but that it might be a help to me in reasoning? But the moment I begin to use it, men look toward the haunted rooms, and say, "I positively heard sounds that seemed like laughter;" and they begin to exclaim against the desecration of the Sabbath!

Now, I declare the liberty of God's people to use every faculty of their mind on Sunday as well as on week-days.

A man has as much right to smile on Sunday as on Monday. He has as much right to laugh, if he has a good reason for laughing, in the church as out of it. It is foolish to laugh in either without a good reason; and if you have a good reason, it is foolish not to laugh! It is every person's liberty to use every faculty that God put into his mind according to its laws, for a good purpose.

The like is true in respect to imagination. Because this has been employed so much in the service of sin, men think that it is not fit to be employed in the service of God. But if it has been perverted, we must consecrate it, and lift it up to higher uses. And how blessed is that liberty from God to the human mind of using every one of the faculties according to the law that is in it!

There is also the liberty of worship which Christ has restored to us; and that is absolute. Why, you may be a Quaker; God is willing, and I am willing, if you are. Do not you want to be one? Well, you may be a Presbyterian, if your conscience wants it, and your heart wants it; I am willing, and God is willing. Do not you like it? Then you may be a Methodist. If you do not like that, you may be a Baptist. If you do not like that, you may come here and be all together. If you do not want any of these nor all of them, what do you want? You are at liberty to choose the denomination that suits you best.

When you are grown to manhood, and when, conscious of the purity of your intent, when, full of honor—when, revering moral sentiment as if it were a religion, you at last find one that is to be your companion for life, and when, drawing near, your heart would speak to her, who shall give a liturgy or ritual in which to utter the words of love? Who shall prescribe to you the mode of expressing devotion? Your soul finds its own channel, and employs its own words; and no man may step between you and her whom you love to say, "Speak thus, and only thus."

And if it be so when we meet our mere companions and equals, how much more is this royalty of liberty when the soul goes rolling back toward God, and would fain express its sense of love and gratitude in the presence of divine

realities! Who shall tell the soul how to speak to God? Who shall tell my child how to come and throw its arms about me? What tyrannic schoolmaster shall stand in the door when my daughter would rush to me after a long separation, with sobs and silence to say, "I love;" or with laughter and glee to say, "I love;" or with words well-measured and outpoured to say, "I love"? The soul asks no interpreter; it is its own interpreter; and no man may stand in its way and say to God what it wants to say. This would be an intrusion. If men ask your help in matters of this kind, you may give it; but your help must not be their tyrant.

There is also in this same gift of religion the liberty of beauty and of taste. A great many persons have felt that it was wicked for a Christian to dress beautifully. Do not misunderstand me. You have a right to use your rights and liberties as you please, when you please to subordinate them to others' benefits. Then it is perfectly right. And if, in accordance with this condition, a man in his own judgment says, "I do love beauty, and I will have it in my dwelling and on my person," in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I rebuke those who pronounce it to be wicked, and I say to them, "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offense unto me; for thou savorest not of the things that be of God." There is a royal liberty of all to follow every faculty in their mind according to the law that God put into that faculty, and not according to the law of society or of public sentiment. Of course there are many ethical questions of how far or how much; and these are legitimate questions; but that persons may enjoy beauty, robe themselves in it, surround themselves by it, and adorn their houses with it, I maintain. Though every man, in his own place and circumstances, must determine how much of that liberty he shall dispense with or retain for the sake of others, the liberty is there; and no man can call you to account for it. And not only are men to allow you to enjoy that liberty, but they are bound to respect your employment of it, and they have no right to point to you and say, "He is a Christian, and yet he dresses in those jewels and feathers and

trappings." It is because you are a Christian that you have a right, if you can afford it, to dress in silks and satins and diamonds. You have a right to do what you please in this regard, subject to God, and not to men.

The time is coming when men must learn this. The first lesson of Christianity was a lesson of self-denial. Heretofore men have been obliged to learn how to live in abnegation. But the world is not always going to be in a state in which this will be necessary. The day is rapidly coming when intelligence, art, and abundance will everywhere exist. And men must learn how to be rich, and be Christians too. They must learn how to be the admirers and creators and dispensers of beauty, and yet be Christians. And although there is a royal sphere of Christian life in self-denial which we never shall be done with, in one place and another,—though there will be abnegation in every Christian life,—yet intelligence and art and abundance will belong to Christian life, and men must learn to be Christians in these things. And when a man says to me, "I cannot understand how it is that you, being a Christian, possess yourself of so many things that are beautiful, and merely beautiful, while around about you is a world lying in wickedness," I reply that it is because I choose to raise up a higher idea for men to aim at in social life. If the notions of some men were carried out on this subject, we should dress, as John did, in camel's hair, and live in wildernesses and caves, and have insects for food.

And that which is true of beauty and taste is also true of art, of music, of wealth, and of the occupations and pursuits of life.

But mark, that this is not the liberty of doing just as a man pleases as between himself and God. It is just the contrary. Every man, as between himself and God, is bound to do the things that are indicated by the law that he has received in himself, and outside of himself. But as respects your fellow-men around about you, it is your liberty, so far as they interfere with you, and attempt to hinder you, to carry out the law of God as it has been manifested to you, to the fullest extent.

It is this obedience to law that makes such liberty safe, and gives society such benefits from it. If it was a liberty that gave a man the right to do anything that he pleased, it might be dangerous. It would then be what is in the Bible called licentiousness. But where it consists in the right of a man to follow out divine laws as they are written in him, then the more broad that liberty is, the more perfectly regulated and ordered and safe will the man's life be. A *little* liberty in men may be dangerous. Then give them more. It is said that a little learning is dangerous. Yes, a little learning is; but a little intelligence is not. There is a great difference between intelligence and learning. A little intelligence is safe; a little more is safer yet; a little more is still safer; and the more a man has of it the better he is. For intelligence does not consist in the facts that a man knows. It consists in the power of knowing. It is the educated faculty in man. And so it is in respect to liberty. Liberty is meant for man, and man is meant for liberty; and the more you can make him understand the law of God that is in him, the more you can drive him up to a full obedience to, and to a complete use of, the law that is written in him, the more safe he will be. A man will be a better father, a better husband, a better brother, a better neighbor, a better citizen, and a better Christian, the more liberty he has. Liberty is the breath of the soul. It is that by which God meant that we should live. Men live just in proportion as they are free; and they come short of true living just in proportion as they are cramped and confined and imprisoned. And how few there are that live, in the large sense of the term! Nevertheless, we are called to the royal gift of liberty in Jesus Christ.

But remember that there is something more. "Only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh." Do not think that this liberty is for your own profit and benefit. Do not be stingy because you have the riches of liberty; "but by love serve one another,"—become slaves to each other. By compulsion, no man should be a slave; but without compulsion, and under the drawings of love, every man should be. Do you want to see a slave? Do not go down to

those paradisiacal lying places in the South, to see the happy slave. I will point you to one.

The day is drawing to a close. Through all the hours of it a slave has been moving about the house; and now, as twilight comes on, hear the slave singing a hymn. And what is it that this angelic choir is singing to? It is a little nothing, called a baby. And who is this slave, fit to be an angel in royalty of gifts, and in richness of cultivation? Why, it is Mrs. Browning, the poetess, noble in understanding, versed in the lore of ages, deep in nature, full of treasure such as no king, no court, and no palace ever had. She sings. And when the little child is uneasy she serves it. When the child tires of the pillow and the cradle, it makes a pillow of her. And when she is weary, if the child does not wish to go, she still holds it. And when at last it will lie down, she still wakes for fear that the child will awake. And in every single hour of the night she hears its call. Not a whimper or sound from the child escapes her notice. And she is up before the morning star. And, though weary, all day again this slave serves that little baby,—that little uncrowned despot of the heart!

Ah! there is no slave out of heaven like a loving woman; and of all loving women there is no such slave as a mother. And how royal, next to God himself, are slaves! But remember what kind they must be. "By love serve one another." That is the coin that buys them. It is love, and it is giving one's self for another's benefit and to another's life in the fullness of love, that makes true slavery. How beautiful are those slaves that are slaves through love! Not the Greek Slave could be compared with them. No ideal that we can form can approach to the glory of their nature. No measure can be found by which to estimate the value of one that is a slave through love to another's uses.

It is a serious responsibility that goes with liberty; if you have it, you must use it in the fear of God for the good of others as well as for your own good.

May God give us liberty, all of us, in Jesus Christ, and may he teach us to use that liberty as Christ himself used

it, "who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and, being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." And then may God highly exalt us as he exalted him, and give us, as he gave him, a name which is above every name, because our liberty has been used for others, and not for ourselves alone.

THE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY.*

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER went to Great Britain already well known at home as the favorite preacher of a large parish, an ardent advocate of certain leading reforms, one of the most popular lecturers of the country, a bold, outspoken, fertile, ready, crowd-compelling orator, whose reported sermons and speeches were fuller of catholic humanity than of theological subtilties, and whose sympathies were of that lively sort which are apt to leap sectarian fold and find good Christians in every denomination. He was welcomed by friendly persons on the other side of the Atlantic, partly for these merits, partly also as "the son of the celebrated Dr. Beecher" and "the brother of Mrs. Beecher Stowe."

After a few months' absence he returns to America, having finished a more remarkable embassy than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Franklin pleaded the cause of the young Republic at the Court of Versailles. He kissed no royal hand, he talked with no courtly diplomatists, he was the guest of no titled legislator, he had no official existence. But through the heart of the people he reached nobles, ministers, courtiers, the throne itself. He whom the "Times" attacks, he whom "Punch" caricatures, is a power in the land. We may be very sure, that, if an American is the aim of their pensioned garroters and hired vitriol-throwers, he is an object of fear as well as of hatred, and that the assault proves his ability as well as his love of freedom and zeal for the nation to which he belongs.

Mr. Beecher's European story is a short one in time, but

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a long one in events. He went out a lamb, a tired clergyman in need of travel; and as such he did not strive nor cry, nor did any man hear his voice in the streets. But in the den of lions where his pathway led him he remembered his own lion's nature, and uttered his voice to such effect that its echoes in the great vaulted caverns of London and Liverpool are still reaching us, as the sound of the woodman's axe is heard long after the stroke is seen, as the light of the star shines upon us many days after its departure from the source of radiance.

Mr. Beecher made a single speech in Great Britain, but it was delivered piecemeal in different places. Its exordium was uttered on the ninth of October at Manchester, and its peroration was pronounced on the twentieth of the same month in Exeter Hall. He has himself furnished us an analysis of the train of representations and arguments of which this protracted and many-jointed oration was made up. At Manchester he attempted to give a history of that series of political movements, extending through half a century, the logical and inevitable end of which was open conflict between the two opposing forces of Freedom and Slavery. At Glasgow his discourse seems to have been almost unpremeditated. A meeting of one or two Temperance advocates, who had come to greet him as a brother in their cause, took on, "quite accidentally," a political character, and Mr. Beecher gratified the assembly with an address which really looks as if it had been in great measure called forth by the pressure of the moment. It seems more like a conversation than a set harangue. First, he very good humoredly defines his position on the Temperance question, and then naturally slides into some self-revelations, which we who know him accept as the simple expression of the man's character. This plain speaking made him at home among strangers more immediately, perhaps, than anything else he could have told them. "I am born without moral fear. I have expressed my views in any audience, and it never cost me a struggle. I never could help doing it."

The way a man handles his egoisms is a test of his mas-

tery over an audience or a class of readers. What we want to know about the person who is to counsel or lead us is just what he is, and nobody can tell us so well as himself. Every real master of speaking or writing uses his personality as he would any other serviceable material; the very moment a speaker or writer begins to use it, not for his main purpose, but for vanity's sake, as all weak people are sure to do, hearers and readers feel the difference in a moment. Mr. Beecher is a strong, healthy man, in mind and body. His nerves have never been corrugated with alcohol; his thinking-marrow is not brown with tobacco-fumes, like a meerschaum, as are the brains of so many unfortunate Americans; he is the same lusty, warm-blooded, strong-fibered, brave-hearted, bright-souled, clear-eyed creature that he was when the college boys at Amherst acknowledged him as the chiefest among their football-kickers. He has the simple frankness of a man who feels himself to be perfectly sound in bodily, mental, and moral structure; and his self-revelation is a thousand times nobler than the assumed impersonality which is a common trick with cunning speakers who never forget their own interests. Thus it is, that, wherever Mr. Beecher goes, everybody feels, after he has addressed them once or twice, that they know him well, almost as if they had always known him; and there is not a man in the land who has such a multitude that look upon him as if he were their brother.

Having magnetized his Glasgow audience, he continued the subject already opened at Manchester by showing, in the midst of that great toiling population, the deadly influence exerted by Slavery in bringing labor into contempt, and its ruinous consequences to the free workingman everywhere. In Edinburgh he explained how the Nation grew up out of separate States, each jealous of its special sovereignty; how the struggle for the control of the united Nation, after leaving it for a long time in the hands of the South, to be used in favor of Slavery, at length gave it into those of the North, whose influence was to be for Freedom; and that for this reason the South, when it could no

longer rule the Nation, rebelled against it. In Liverpool, the center of vast commercial and manufacturing interests, he showed how those interests are injured by Slavery,—"that this attempt to cover the fairest portion of the earth with a slave-population that buys nothing, and a degraded white population that buys next to nothing, should array against it the sympathy of every true political economist and every thoughtful and far-seeing manufacturer, as tending to strike at the vital want of commerce,—not the want of cotton, but the want of customers."

In his great closing effort at Exeter Hall in London, Mr. Beecher began by disclaiming the honor of having been a pioneer in the anti-slavery movement, which he found in progress at his entry upon public life, when he "fell into the ranks, and fought as well as he knew how, in the ranks or in command." He unfolded before his audience the plan and connection of his previous addresses, showing how they were related to each other as parts of a consecutive series. He had endeavored, he told them, to enlist the judgment, the conscience, the interests of the British people against the attempt to spread Slavery over the continent, and the rebellion it has kindled. He had shown that Slavery was the only cause of the war, that sympathy with the South was only aiding the building up of a slave-empire, that the North was contending for its own existence and that of popular institutions.

Mr. Beecher then asked his audience to look at the question with him from the American point of view. He showed how the conflict began as a moral question; the sensitiveness of the South; the tenderness for them on the part of many Northern apologizers, with whom he himself had never stood. He pointed out how the question gradually emerged in politics; the encroachments of the South, until they reached the Judiciary itself; he repeated to them the admissions of Mr. Stephens as to the preponderating influence the South had all along held in the Government. An interruption obliged him to explain that adjustment of our State and National governments which Englishmen seem to find so hard to understand. Nothing

shows his peculiar powers to more advantage than just such interruptions. Then he displays his felicitous facility of illustration, his familiar way of bringing a great question to the test of some parallel fact that everybody before him knows. An American state-question looks as mysterious to an English audience as an ear of Indian corn wrapt in its sheath to an English wheat-grower. Mr. Beecher husks it for them as only an American born and bred can do. He wants a few sharp questions to rouse his quick spirit. He could almost afford to carry with him his *picadores* to sting him with sarcasms, his *chulos* to flap their inflammatory epithets in his face, and his *banderilleros* to stab him with their fiery insults into a *plaza de toros*,—an audience of John Bulls.

Having cleared up this matter so that our comatose cousins understood the relations of the dough and the apple in our national dumpling,—to borrow one of their royal reminiscences,—having eulogized the fidelity of the North to the national compact, he referred to the action of "that most true, honest, just, and conscientious magistrate, Mr. Lincoln,"—at the mention of whose name the audience cheered as long and loud as if they had descended from the ancient Ephesians.

Mr. Beecher went on to show how the North could not help fighting when it was attacked, and to give the reasons that made it necessary to fight,—reasons which none but a consistent Friend or avowed non-resistant can pretend to dispute. His ordinary style in speaking is pointed, *staccatoed*, as is that of most successful extemporaneous speakers; he is "short-gaited"; the movement of his thoughts is that of the chopping sea, rather than the long, rolling, rhythmical wave-procession of phrase-balancing rhetoricians. But when the lance has pricked him deep enough, when the red flag has flashed in his face often enough, when the fireworks have hissed and sputtered around him long enough, when the cheers have warmed him so that all his life is roused, then his intellectual sparkle becomes a steady glow, and his nimble sentences change their form, and become long-drawn, stately periods.

"Standing by my cradle, standing by my hearth, standing by the altar of the church, standing by all the places that mark the name and memory of heroic men who poured their blood and lives for principle, I declare that in ten or twenty years of war we will sacrifice everything we have for principle. If the love of popular liberty is dead in Great Britain, you will not understand us; but if the love of liberty lives as it once lived, and has worthy successors of those renowned men that were our ancestors as much as yours, and whose example and principles we inherit to make fruitful as so much seed-corn in a new and fertile land, then you will understand our firm, invincible determination—deep as the sea, firm as the mountains, but calm as the heavens above us—to fight this war through at all hazards and at every cost."

When have Englishmen listened to nobler words, fuller of the true soul of eloquence? Never, surely, since their nation entered the abdominous period of its existence, recognized in all its ideal portraits, for which food and sleep are the prime conditions of well-being. Yet the old instinct which has made the name of Englishmen glorious in the past was there, in the audience before him, and there was "immense cheering," relieved by some slight colubrine demonstrations.

Mr. Beecher openly accused certain "important organs" of deliberately darkening the truth and falsifying the facts. The audience thereupon gave three groans for a paper called the "Times," once respectably edited, now deservedly held as cheap as an epigram of Mr. Carlyle's or a promise to pay dated at Richmond. He showed the monstrous absurdity of England's attacking us for fighting, and for fighting to uphold a principle. "On what shore has not the prow of your ships dashed? What land is there with a name and a people where your banner has not led your soldiers? And when the great resurrection-*reveillé* shall sound, it will muster British soldiers from every clime and people under the whole heaven. Ah! but it is said this is war against your own blood. How long is it since you poured soldiers into Canada, and let all your

yards work day and night to avenge the taking of two men out of the Trent?" How ignominious the pretended humanity of England looked in the light of these questions! And even while Mr. Beecher was speaking, a lurid glow was crimsoning the waters of the Pacific from the flames of a great burning city, set on fire by British ships to avenge a crime committed by some remote inhabitant of the same country,—an act of wholesale barbarity unapproached by any deed which can be laid to the charge of the American Union in the course of this long, exasperating conflict!

Mr. Beecher explained that the people who sympathized with the South were those whose voices reached America, while the friends of the North were little heard. The first had bows and arrows; the second have shafts, but no bows to launch them.

"How about the Russians?"

Everybody remembers how neatly Mr. Beecher caught this envenomed dart, and, turning it end for end, drove it through his antagonist's shield of triple bull's-hide. "Now you know what we felt when you were flirting with Mr. Mason at your Lord Mayor's banquet." A cleaner and straighter "counter" than that, if we may change the image to one his audience would appreciate better, is hardly to be found in the records of British pugilism.

The orator concluded by a rather sanguine statement of his change of opinion as to British sentiment, of the assurance he should carry back of the enthusiasm for the cause of the North, and by an exhortation to unity of action with those who share their civilization and religion, for the furtherance of the gospel and the happiness of mankind.

The audience cheered again, Professor Newman moved a warm vote of thanks, and the meeting dissolved, wiser and better, we hope, for the truths which had been so boldly declared before them.

What is the net result, so far as we can see, of Mr. Beecher's voluntary embassy? So far as he is concerned, it has been to lift him from the position of one of the most popular preachers and lecturers, to that of one of the most

popular men in the country. Those who hate late philanthropy admire his courage. Those who disagree with him in theology recognize him as having a claim to the title of Apostle quite as good as that of John Eliot, whom Christian England sent to heathen America two centuries ago, and who, in spite of the singularly stupid questionings of the natives, and the violent opposition of the sachems and powwows, or priests, succeeded in reclaiming large numbers of the copper-colored aborigines.

The change of opinion wrought by Mr. Beecher in England is far less easy to estimate; indeed, we shall never have the means of determining what it may have been. The organs of opinion which have been against us will continue their assaults, and those which have been our friends will continue to defend us. The public men who have committed themselves will be consistent in the right or in the wrong, as they may have chosen at first. To know what Mr. Beecher has effected, we must not go to Exeter Hall and follow its enthusiastic audience as they are swayed hither and thither by his arguments and appeals; we must not count the crowd of admiring friends and sympathizers whom he, like all personages of note, draws around him: the fire-fly calls other fire-flies about him, but the great community of beetles goes blundering round in the dark as before. Mr. Cobden has given us the test in a letter quoted by Mr. Beecher in the course of his speech at the Brooklyn Academy. "You will carry back," he says, "an intimate acquaintance with a state of feeling in this country among what, for [want of] a better name, I call the ruling class. Their sympathy is undoubtedly strongly for the South, with the instinctive satisfaction at the prospect of the disruption of the great Republic. It is natural enough." "But," he says, "our masses have an instinctive feeling that their cause is bound up in the prosperity of the States,—the United States. It is true that they have not a particle of power in the direct form of a vote; but when millions in this country are led by the religious middle class, they can go and prevent the governing class from pursuing a policy hostile to their sympathies."

This power of the non-voting classes is an idea that gives us pause. It is one of those suggestions, like Lord Brougham's of the "unknown public," which, in a single phrase, and a sentence or two of explanation, tell a whole history. This is the class John Bunyan wrote for before the bishops had his Allegory in presentable calf and gold-leaf,—before England knew that her poor tinker had shaped a pictured urn for her full of such visions as no dreamer had seen since Dante. This is the class that believes in John Bright and Richard Cobden and all the defenders of true American principles. It absorbs intelligence as melting ice renders heat latent; there is no living power directly generated with which we can move pistons and wheels, but the first step in the production of steam-force is to make the ice fluid. No intellectual thermometer can reveal to us how much ignorance or prejudice has melted away in the fire of Mr. Beecher's passionate eloquence, but by-and-by this will tell as a working-force. The non-voter's conscience will reach the Privy Council, and the hand of the ignorant, but Christianized laborer trace its own purpose in the letters of the royal signature.

We are living in a period, not of events only, but of epochs. We are in the transition-stage from the miocene to the pliocene period of human existence. A new heaven is forming over our head behind the curtain of clouds which rises from our smoking battle-fields. A new earth is shaping itself under our feet amidst the tremors and convulsions that agitate the soil upon which we tread. But there is no such thing as a surprise in the order of Nature. The kingdom of God, even, cometh not with observation.

The visit of an overworked clergyman to Europe is not in appearance an event of momentous interest to the world. The fact that he delivered a few speeches before British audiences might seem to merit notice in a local paper or two, but is of very little consequence, one would say, to the British nation, compared to the fact that Her Majesty took an airing last Wednesday, or of much significance to Americans, by the side of the fact that his Excellency, Governor Seymour, had written a letter recommending the

Union Fire Company always to play on the wood-shed when the house is in flames.

But, in point of fact, this unofficial visit of a private citizen—in connection with these addresses delivered to miscellaneous crowds by an envoy not extraordinary and a minister nullipotentiary, for all that his credentials showed —was an event of national importance. It was much more that this; it was the beginning of a new order of things in the relations of nations to each other. It is but a little while since any graceless woman who helped a crowned profligate to break the commandments could light a national quarrel with the taper that sealed her *billets-doux* to his equerries and grooms, and kindle it to a war with the fan that was supposed to hide her blushes. More and more, by virtue of advancing civilization and easy intercourse between distant lands, the average common sense and intelligence of the people begin to reach from nation to nation. Mr. Beecher's visit is the most notable expression of this movement of national life. It marks the *nisus formativus* which begins the organization of that unwritten and only half spoken public opinion recognized by Mr. Cobden as a great underlying force even in England. It needs a little republican pollen-dust to cause the evolution of its else barren germs. The fruit of Mr. Beecher's visit will ripen in due time, not only in direct results, but in opening the way to future moral embassies, going forth unheralded, unsanctioned by State documents, in the simple strength of Christian manhood, on their errands of truth and peace.

The Devil had got the start of the clergyman, as he very often does, after all. The wretches who have been for three years pouring their leperous distillment into the ears of Great Britain had preoccupied the ground, and were determined to silence the minister, if they could. For this purpose they looked to the heathen populace of the nominally Christian British cities. They covered the walls with blood-red placards, they stimulated the mob by inflammatory appeals, they filled the air with threats of riot and murder. It was in the midst of scenes like these that

the single, solitary American opened his lips to speak in behalf of his country.

The danger is now over, and we find it hard to make real to our imagination the terrors of a mob such as swarms out of the dens of Liverpool and London. We know well enough in this country what Irish mobs are. The Old Country exports them to us in pieces, ready to put together on arriving, as we send houses to California. Ireland is the country of shillalahs and broken crowns, of Donnybrook fairs, where men with whisky in their heads settle their feuds or work off their sprightliness with the arms of Nature, sometimes aided by the least dangerous of weapons. But England is the land of prize-fights, of scientific brutality, which has flourished under the patronage of her hereditary legislators and other "Corinthian" supporters. The pugilistic dynasty came in with the House of Brunswick, and has held divided empire with it ever since. The Briton who claims Chatham's language as his mother-tongue may appropriate the dialect of the ring as far more truly indigenous than the German-French of his every-day discourse. Of the three Burkes whose names are historical, the orator is known to but a few hundred thousands. The prize-fighter, with his interesting personal infirmity, is the common property of the millions, and would have headed the list in celebrity, but for that other of the name who added a new invention to the arts of industry and enriched the English language with a term which bids fair to outlive the reputation of his illustrious namesake. Around the professors and heroes of the art of personal violence are collected the practitioners of various callings less dignified by the manly qualities they demand. The Gangs of Three that waylay the solitary pedestrian,—the Choker in the middle, next the victim who is to be strangled and cleaned out,—the larger guilds of Hustlers who bonnet a man and beat his breath out of him and empty his pockets before he knows what is the matter with him,—the Burglars, with their "jimmies" in their pockets,—the fighting robbers, with their brass knuckles,—the whole set in a vast thief-constituency,

thick as rats in sewers,—these were the disputants whom the emissaries of the Slave Power called upon to refute the arguments of the Brooklyn clergyman.

It was not pleasant to move in streets where such human rattlesnakes and cobras were coiling and lying in wait. Great cities are the poison-glands of civilization everywhere; but the secretions of those hideous crypts and blind passages that empty themselves into the thoroughfares of English towns are so deadly, that, but for her penal colonies, England, girt by water, as the scorpion with flame, would perish, self-stung, by her own venom. The legates of the great Anti-Civilization have colonized England, as England has colonized Botany Bay. They know the venal ruffianism of the fist and bludgeon, as well as that of the press. Fortunately, they are short of funds, or Mr. Beecher might have disappeared after the manner of Romulus, and never have come to light, except in the saintly fashion of relics,—such as white finger-rings and breast-pins, like those which some devotees of the Southern mode of worship are said to have been fond of wearing.

From these dangers, which he faced like a man, we welcome him back to a country which is proud of his courage and ability and grateful for his services. The highest and lowest classes of England cannot be in sympathy with the free North. No dynasty can look the fact of successful, triumphant self-government in the face without seeing a shroud in its banner and hearing a knell in its shouts of victory. As to those lower classes who are too low to be reached by the life-giving breath of popular liberty, we cannot reach them yet. A Christian civilization has suffered them, in the very heart of its great cities, to sink almost to the level of Du Chaillu's West-African quadrumana. But the thoughtful, religious middle class of Great Britain, with their enlightened leaders and their conscientious followers among the laboring masses, have listened and will always listen to the voice of any true and adequate representative of that new form of human society now in full course of development in Republican North

America. They have never listened to a nobler and more thoroughly national speaker than the minister, clothed with full powers from Nature and bearing the authentic credentials from his Divine Master, to whom, on his return from his successful embassy, we renew our grateful welcome.

SPEECHES IN ENGLAND.

REPORTS, PUBLISHED BY THE UNION AND EMANCIPATION SOCIETY, MANCHESTER, IN 1863.

NOTE.

[Prefacing the Original Volume.]

I HAVE been asked to revise the speeches recently delivered by me in Great Britain, and to allow them to be published together.

In compliance with that request, I have partially revised the speeches delivered in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in the City Hall, Glasgow, and in the Free Church Assembly Hall, Edinburgh; the others not at all.

I must leave them with all the imperfections incidental to speeches delivered under circumstances, in several cases, not favorable to literary excellence or reportorial correctness.

To avoid any mistake hereafter, I specify those speeches which, in addition to the above, I permit to be published; and this I deem necessary on account of one of my morning addresses having been so inaccurately reported (unintentionally, I believe) as to misrepresent what I did say and attribute to me that which I did not say.

The speech in the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, I leave as a curiosity. It may relieve the reading of the others, to follow the course of a speech delivered under difficulties.

The speeches delivered in Exeter Hall, and at the several Breakfast Meetings in London, Manchester, and Liverpool, must remain as they are published in the newspapers, only with the caution that they are not verbatim reports.

H. W. BEECHER.

LIVERPOOL, October 30, 1863.

SPEECH IN MANCHESTER.

OCTOBER 9, 1863.

ON Friday evening, October 9th, 1863, a meeting was held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, England, according to announcement, "to welcome the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on his public appearance in this country." The hall was crowded, and there were probably 6,000 persons present. It was supposed, from the paper war of placards for the previous fortnight, that the meeting might be disturbed by partisans of the Confederate cause. Arrangements had, therefore, been made for the prompt suppression of disorder; and notices to that effect were posted about the room. The chair was taken, at half-past six, by Mr. Francis Taylor. At the same time the entrance of Mr. Beecher, accompanied by Mr. Bazley, M. P., and some prominent members of the Union and Emancipation Society, was the signal for enthusiastic and repeated cheering.

After the reading of sundry letters of regret from Mr. John Bright and others, and some apt remarks by the chairman, a welcoming Address by the Society was read, supported handsomely by Mr. Thomas Bazley, M. P., and seconded by Mr. J. H. Estcourt, a gentleman to whose earnest friendship and untiring efforts Mr. Beecher owed much during this visit to England, in organized arrangements for several of his addresses and a constant personal loyalty and advocacy. In the course of his brief remarks Mr. Estcourt said:

He was reminded by the peculiar sounds in different parts of the hall, that other than friends were in attendance, and as the city had been placarded with bills containing an invitation to the citizens to attend this meeting in large numbers and give our esteemed guest a "disgusting reception," he judged that the discordant noises were the acknowledgment of these publicly invited persons that they had responded to the call, and were prepared to show the refinement of their manners by giving to a stranger to them, but a friend to humanity, the polite but novel reception, characterized by themselves as "disgusting"; he trusted, however, that those gentlemen would see that it would be better to avoid

giving that sort of reception. He had no hesitation in saying that those on the other side of the Atlantic who were now fighting for constitutional government, and free speech, and personal, civil, social, political, and religious freedom, ought to have the moral support, and he believed they had, of every intelligent and well informed Englishman. [*Loud applause.*] He could not say how long it would take to convert and enlighten the unenlightened and uninformed portion of the community, who, in establishing the Southern Slaveholding Association, had publicly acknowledged one of their objects to be to obtain "correct information;" but inasmuch as the Union and Emancipation Society was established for the very purpose of supplying such information, he promised to all applicants that which they sought, and hoped they would be diligent in the acquisition of knowledge, and he sincerely trusted that before the year was out this class of the community would be sailing with them in one boat, in an intelligent English career, in favor of a liberty which was the undoubted right of every man. [*Loud applause.*] The meeting was not asked to indorse every word Mr. Beecher had said, but to manifest by its welcome, that everything he had done in promoting the extension of the broad principles of liberty, had its hearty approval. [*Applause.*] The mode of doing this must be left to Mr. Beecher himself, and he [*Mr. Estcourt*] was quite sure there was not an Englishman in that crowded hall who did not sympathize and wholly approve of a manly, moral, good man, wherever he was found, whether he be an American, an Englishman, or the citizen of any other nation. [*Applause.*] He therefore, believing Mr. Beecher to be such a man, with the greatest pleasure seconded the adoption of the address.

The Chairman then put the resolution, and thousands of hands were thrust up high above the heads of the dense audience. After an interval of loud cheers, the Chairman put the contrary, and amidst peals of derisive laughter and cheers a few hands were held up.

The Chairman: I declare the resolution carried by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. Beecher then turned to the audience to speak, but for several minutes he was prevented by deafening cheers, followed by a few hisses, which only provoked a renewed outburst of applause.

Mr. Beecher then spoke:—

Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, the address which you have kindly presented to me contains matters both personal and national. [*Interruption.*] My friends, we will

have a whole night session but we will be heard. [*Loud cheers.*] I have not come to England to be surprised that those men whose cause cannot bear the light are afraid of free speech. [*Cheers.*] I have had practice of more than twenty-five years in the presence of tumultuous assemblies opposing those very men whose representatives now attempt to forestall free speech. [*Hear.*] Little by little, I doubt not, I shall be permitted to speak to-night. [*Hear.*] Little by little I have been permitted in my own country to speak, until at last the day has come there, when nothing but the utterance of speech for freedom is popular. [*Cheers.*]

You have been pleased to speak of me as one connected with the great cause of civil and religious liberty. I covet no higher honor than to have my name joined to the list of that great company of noble Englishmen from whom we derived our doctrines of liberty. [*Cheers.*] For although there is some opposition to what are here called American ideas, what are these American ideas? They are simply English ideas bearing fruit in America. We bring back American sheaves, but the seed-corn we got in England—[*hear*]; and if, on a larger sphere, and under circumstances of unobstruction, we have reared mightier harvests, every sheaf contains the grain that has made Old England rich for a hundred years. [*Great cheering.*] I am also not a little gratified that my first appearance to speak on secular topics in England is in this goodly town of Manchester, for I would rather have praise from men who understand the quality praised, than from those who speak at hazard and with little knowledge of the thing praised. [*Hear.*] And where else, more than in these great central portions of England, and in what town more than Manchester, have the doctrines of human rights been battled for, and where else have there been gained for them nobler victories than here? [*Cheers.*] It is not indiscriminate praise therefore: you know what you talk about. You have had practice in these doctrines yourselves, and to be praised by those who are illustrious is praise indeed. [*Cheers.*]

Allusion has been made by one of the gentlemen—a cau-

tionary allusion, a kind of deference evidently paid to some supposed feeling—an allusion has been made to words or deeds of mine that might be supposed to be offensive to Englishmen. [*Hear.*] I cannot say how that may be. I am sure that I have never thought, in the midst of this mighty struggle at home, which has taxed every power and energy of our people—["*Oh,*" *and cheers*]—I have never stopped to measure and to think whether my words spoken in truth and with fidelity to duty would be liked in this shape or in that shape by one or another person either in England or America. [*Cheers.*] I have had one simple, honest purpose, which I have pursued ever since I have been in public life, and that was with all the strength that God has given to me to maintain the cause of the poor and of the weak in my own country. [*Cheers.*] And if, in the height and heat of conflict, some words have been over sharp, and some positions have been taken heedlessly, are you the men to call one to account? [*Hear.*] What if some exquisite dancing master, standing on the edge of a battle, where Richard Cœur de Lion swung his axe, criticised him by saying that "his gestures and postures violated the proprieties of polite life." [*Laughter.*] When dandies fight they think how they look, but when men fight they think only of deeds. [*Cheers.*]

But I am not here either on trial or on defense. [*Hear, hear.*] It matters not what I have said on other occasions and under different circumstances. Here I am before you, willing to tell you what I think about England, or any person in it. [*Cheers.*] Let me say one word, however, in regard to this meeting, and the peculiar gratification which I feel in it. The same agencies which have been at work to misrepresent good men in our country to you, have been at work to misrepresent to us good men here; and when I say to my friends in America that I have attended such a meeting as this, received such an address, and beheld such enthusiasm, it will be a renewed pledge of amity. [*Cheers.*] I have never ceased to feel that war, or even unkind feelings between two such great nations, would be one of the most unpardonable and atrocious

offenses that the world ever beheld—[*cheers*]—and I have regarded everything, therefore, which needlessly led to those feelings out of which war comes, as being in itself wicked. [*Cheers.*] The same blood is in us. [*Cheers.*] We are your children, or the children of your fathers and ancestors. You and we hold the same substantial doctrines. We have the same mission amongst the nations of the earth. Never were mother and daughter set forth to do so queenly a thing in the kingdom of God's glory as England and America. [*Cheers.*] Do you ask why we are so sensitive, and why have we hewn England with our tongue as we have? I will tell you why. There is no man who can offend you so deeply as the one you love most. [*Loud cheers.*] Men point to France and Napoleon, and say he has joined England in all that she has done, and why are the press of America silent against France, and why do they speak as they do against England? It is because we love England. [*Cheers.*]

I well remember the bitterness left by the war of our Independence, and the outbreak of the flame of 1812 from its embers. To hate England was in my boyhood almost the first lesson of patriotism; but that result of conflict gradually died away as peace brought forth its proper fruits: interests, reciprocal visits, the interchanges of Christian sympathy, and co-operative labors in a common cause lessened and finally removed ill-feelings. In their place began to arise affection and admiration. For when we searched our principles, they all ran back to rights wrought out and established in England; when we looked at those institutions of which we were most proud, we beheld that the very foundation stones were taken from the quarry of your history; when we looked for those men that had illustrated our own tongue, orators, or eloquent ministers of the gospel, they were English; we borrowed nothing from France, but here a fashion and there a gesture or a custom: while what we had to dignify humanity —that made life worth having—were all brought from Old England. [*Cheers.*] And do you suppose that under such circumstances, with this growing love, with this

growing pride, with this gladness to feel that we were being associated in the historic glory of England, it was with feelings of indifference that we beheld in our midst the heir-apparent to the British throne? [*Cheers.*] There is not reigning on the globe a sovereign who commands our simple, unpretentious, and unaffected respect, as does your own beloved Queen. [*Loud cheers.*] I have heard multitudes of men say that it was their joy and their pleasure to pay respect to the Prince of Wales, even if he had not won personal sympathy, that his mother might know that through him the compliment was meant to her. [*Loud cheers.*] It was an unarranged and unexpected spontaneous and universal outbreak of popular enthusiasm; it began in the colonies of Canada, the fire rolled across the border, all through New England, all through New York and Ohio, down through Pennsylvania and the adjacent States; nor was the element quenched until it came to Richmond. I said, and many said—the past of enmity and prejudice is now rolled below the horizon of memory: a new era is come, and we have set our hand and voices as a sacred seal to our cordial affection and co-operation with England. [*Cheers.*] Now (whether we interpreted it aright or not, is not the question) when we thought England was seeking opportunity to go with the South against us of the North, it hurt us as no other nation's conduct could hurt us on the face of the globe; and if we spoke some words of intemperate heat, we spoke them in the mortification of disappointed affection. [*Cheers.*] It has been supposed that I have aforetime urged or threatened war with England. Never! This I have said—and this I repeat now, and here—that the cause of constitutional government and of universal liberty as associated with it in our country was so dear, so sacred, that rather than betray it we would give the last child we had—that we would not relinquish this conflict though other States rose, and entered into a league with the South—and that, if it were necessary, we would maintain this great doctrine of representative government in America against the armed world—against England and

France. [*Great cheering, followed by some disturbance, in reference to which the Chairman rose and cautioned an individual under the gallery whom he had observed persisting in interruption.*]

Let me be permitted to say then, that it seems to me the darker days of embroilment between this country and America are past. [*Cheers.*] The speech of Earl Russell at Blairgowrie, the stopping of those armed ships, and the present attitude of the British government [*renewed cheering*] will go far towards satisfying our people. Understand me; we do not accept Earl Russell's doctrine of belligerent rights nor of neutrality, as applied to the action of the British government and nation at the beginning of our civil war, as right doctrine, but we accept it as an accomplished fact. We have drifted so far away from the time when it was profitable to discuss the questions of neutrality or belligerency, and circumstances with you and with us are so much changed by the progress of the war, that we now only ask of the government strict neutrality and of the liberty-loving people of England moral sympathy. Nothing more! We ask no help, and no hindrance. [*Resumed cheers.*] If you do not send us a man, we do not ask for a man. If you do not send us another pound of powder, we are able to make our own powder. [*Laughter.*] If you do not send us another musket nor another cannon, we have cannon that will carry five miles already. [*Laughter.*] We do not ask for material help. We shall be grateful for moral sympathy; [*cheers*] but if you cannot give us moral sympathy we shall still endeavor to do without it. All that we say is, let France keep away, let England keep hands off; if we cannot manage this rebellion by ourselves, then let it be not managed at all. [*Cheers.*]

We do not allow ourselves to doubt the issue of this conflict. It is only a question of time. For such inestimable principles as are at stake,—of self-government, of representative government, of any government at all, of free institutions rejected because they inevitably will bring liberty to slaves unless subverted;—of national honor, and

fidelity to solemn national trusts,—for all these war is waged, and if by war these shall be secured, not one drop of blood will be wasted, not one life squandered. The suffering will have purchased a glorious future of inconceivable peace and happiness! Nor do we deem the result doubtful. The population is in the North and West. The wealth is there. The popular intelligence of the country is there. There *only* is there an educated *common people*. [*Cheers.*] The right doctrines of civil government are with the North. [*Cheers, and a voice, "Where's the justice?"*] It will not be long, before one thing more will be with the North—Victory. [*Loud and enthusiastic rounds of cheers.*] Men on this side are impatient at the long delay; but if we can bear it, can't you? [*Laughter.*] You are quite at ease ["*Not yet*"]; we are not. You are not materially affected in any such degree as many parts of our own land are. [*Cheers.*] But if the day shall come in one year, in two years, or in ten years hence, when the old stars and stripes shall float over every State of America,—[*loud cheers, and some disturbance from one or two*]—O, let him [*the chief disturber*] have a chance. [*Laughter.*] I was saying, when interrupted by that sound from the other side of the hall, that if the day shall come, in one or five or ten years, in which the old honored and historic banner shall float again over every State of the South; if the day shall come when that which was the accursed cause of this dire and atrocious war—slavery—shall be done away—[*cheers*]; if the day shall have come, when through all the Gulf States there shall be liberty of speech, as there never has been—[*cheers*]—when there shall be liberty of the press, as there never has been; when men shall have common schools to send their children to, which they never have had in the South; if the day shall come when the land shall not be parceled into gigantic plantations, in the hands of a few rich oligarchs—[*loud cheers*]; but shall be divided to honest farmers, every man owning his little—[*renewed cheers*]; in short, if the day shall come when the simple ordinances, the fruition and privileges, of civil liberty, shall prevail in every part of the United States;—it will be worth all the

dreadful blood, and tears, and woe. [*Loud cheers.*] You are impatient; and yet God dwelleth in eternity, and has an infinite leisure to roll forward the affairs of men, not to suit the hot impatience of those who are but children of a day, and cannot wait or linger long, but according to the infinite circle on which He measures time and events! He expedites or retards as it pleases him; and yet if He heard our cries or prayers, not thrice would the months revolve but peace would come. Yet the strong crying and prayers of millions have not brought peace, but only thickening war. We accept the Providence; the duty is plain. [*Cheers and interruption.*]

I repeat, the duty is plain. [*Cheers.*] So rooted is this English people in the faith of liberty, that it were an utterly hopeless task for any minion or sympathizer of the South to sway the popular sympathy of England, if this English people believed that this was none other than a conflict between liberty and slavery. *It is just that.* [*Loud cheers.*] The conflict may be masked by our institutions. Every people must shape public action through their laws and institutions. We often cannot reach an evil directly, but only circuitously, through the channels of law and custom. It is none the less a contest for liberty and against slavery, because it is primarily a conflict for the Union. It is by that Union, vivid with liberty, that we have to scourge oppression and establish liberty. Union, in the future, means justice, liberty, popular rights. Only slavery has hitherto prevented Union from bearing such fruit.

Slavery was introduced into our country at a time, and in a manner, when neither England nor America knew well what were the results of that atrocious system. It was ignorantly received and propagated on our side; little by little it spread through all the thirteen States that then were: for slavery in the beginning was in New England, as really as now it is in the Southern States. But when the great struggle for our independence came on, the study of the doctrines of human rights had made such progress that the whole public mind began to think it was wrong to wage war to defend our rights, while we were holding men in slavery,

depriving them of theirs. It is an historical fact, that all the great and renowned men that flourished at the period of our revolution were abolitionists. Washington was; so was Benjamin Franklin; so was Thomas Jefferson; so was James Monroe; so were the principal Virginian and Southern statesmen, and the first abolition society ever founded in America was founded not in the North, but in the Middle and a portion of the Southern States. Before the War of Independence, slavery was decaying in the North, from moral and physical causes combined. It ceased in New England with the adoption of our constitution [1787]. It has been unjustly said that they sold their slaves, and preached a cheap emancipation to others. Slavery ceased in Massachusetts as follows: When suit was brought for the services of a slave, the Chief Justice laid down as law, that our Declaration of Independence, which pronounced all men "equal," and equally entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," was itself a bill of emancipation, and he refused to yield up that slave for service. At a later period New York passed an Emancipation Act. It has been said that she sold her slaves. No slander was ever greater. The most careful provision was made against sale. No man traveling out of the State of New York after the passing of the Emancipation Act was permitted to have any slave with him, unless he gave bonds for his re-appearance with him. As a matter of fact the slaves were emancipated without compensation on the spot, to take effect gradually class by class. But after a trial of half a score of years the people found this gradual emancipation was intolerable. [*Hear, hear.*] It was like gradual amputation. They therefore, by another act of legislation, declared immediate emancipation [*hear*] and that took effect; and so slavery perished in the State of New York. [*Cheers.*] Substantially so it was in New Jersey, and in Pennsylvania; never was there an example of States that emancipated slaves more purely from moral conviction of the wrong of slavery.

I know that it is said that Northern capital and Northern ships were employed in the slave trade. To an extent it

was so. But is there any community that lives, in which there are not miscreants who violate the public conscience? [*Cheers.*] Then and since, the man who dared to use his capital and his ships in this infamous traffic hid himself, and did by agents what he was ashamed to be known to have done himself. [*Hear.*] Any man in the North who notoriously had part or lot in a trade so detested, would have been branded with the mark of Cain. [*Cheers.*] It is true that the port of New York has been employed in this infernal traffic, but it was because it was under the influence either of that "Democratic" party that was then unfortunately in alliance with the Southern slavery—[*hear, hear*]—or because it was under the dark political control of the South itself. For when the South could appoint our marshals,—could, through the national administration, control the appointment of every Federal officer, our collectors, and every custom-house officer,—how could it be but that slavery flourished in our harbors? For years together New York has been as much controlled by the South, in matters relating to slavery, as Mobile or New Orleans! But, even so, the slave trade was clandestine. It abhorred the light: it crept in and out of the harbor stealthily, despised and hated by the whole community. Is New York to be blamed for demoniac deeds done by her limbs while yet under possession of the devil? She is now clothed, and in her right mind. [*Cheers.*] There was one Judas; is Christianity therefore a hoax? [*Hear.*] There are hissing men in this audience; are you not respectable? [*Cheers and laughter.*] The folly of the few is that light which God casts to irradiate the wisdom of the many. [*Hear.*]

And let me say one word here about the Constitution of America. It recognizes slavery as a *fact;* but it does not recognize the *doctrine* of slavery in any way whatever. It was a fact; it lay before the ship of state, as a rock lies in the channel of the ship as she goes into harbor; and because a ship steers round a rock, does it follow that that rock is in the ship? [*Hear, hear.*] And because the Constitution of the United States made some circuits to steer round that great fact, does it follow that therefore slavery

is recognized in the Constitution as a right or a system? [*No.*] See how carefully that immortal document worded itself. In the slave laws the slave is declared to be—what? Expressly, and by the most repetitious phraseology, he is denuded of all the attributes and characteristics of manhood, and is pronounced a "chattel." [*Shame.*] Now, you have just that same word in your farming language with the *h* left out, "cattle." [*Hear, hear.*] And the difference between cattle and chattel is the difference between quadruped and biped. [*Laughter.*] So far as animate property is concerned, and so far as inanimate property is concerned, it is just the difference between locomotive property and stationary property. [*Hear, hear.*] The laws in all the Slave States stand on the radical principle that a slave is not for purposes of law any longer to be ranked in the category of human beings, but that he is a piece of property, and is to be treated to all intents and purposes as a piece of property; and the law did not blush, nor do the judges blush nowadays who interpret that law. [*Hear.*] But how does the Constitution of the United States, when it speaks of these same slaves, name them? Does it call them chattels or slaves? Nay, it refused even the softer words *serf* and *servitude*. Conscientiously aware of the dignity of man, and that *service* is not opposed to the grandeur of his nature, it alludes to the slaves barely as *persons* (not chattels) held to *service* (not servitude). [*Hear and cheers.*] Go to South Carolina, and ask what she calls slaves, and her laws reply "They are *things;*" but the old capitol at Washington sullenly reverberates, "No, *persons!*" [*Cheers.*] Go to Mississippi, the State of Jefferson Davis, and her fundamental law pronounces the slave to be only a "thing;" and again, the Federal Constitution sounds back, "Persons!" Go to Louisiana and its constitution, and still that doctrine of devils is enunciated—it is "chattel," it is "thing." Looking upon those for whom Christ felt mortal anguish in Gethsemane, and stretched himself out for death on Calvary, their laws call them "things" and "chattels;" and still in tones of thunder the Constitution of the United States says "Persons!" The Slave States, by a definition,

annihilate manhood; the Constitution, by a word, brings back the slave to the human family. [*Cheers.*]

What was it then, when the country had advanced so far towards universal emancipation in the period of our national formation, that stopped this onward tide? Two things, commercial and political. First, the wonderful demand for cotton throughout the world, precisely when, from the invention of the cotton gin, it became easy to turn it to service. Slaves that before had been worth from three to four hundred dollars began to be worth six hundred dollars. That knocked away one-third of adherence to the moral law. Then they became worth seven hundred dollars, and half the law went [*cheers and laughter*]; then eight or nine hundred dollars, and then there was no such thing as moral law [*cheers and laughter*]; then one thousand or twelve hundred dollars, and slavery became one of the beatitudes. [*Cheers and laughter.*] The other cause, which checked the progress of emancipation that had already so auspiciously begun, was political. It is very singular, that, in what are called the "compromises" of the Constitution, the North, while attempting to prevent advantage to slavery, gave to the slave power the peculiar advantage which it has had ever since. In Congress the question early arose, How should the revenue be raised in the United States? For a long time it was proposed, and there was an endeavor, to raise it by a tax upon all the cultivated land in the different States. When this was found unjust and unequal, the next proposal was to raise taxes on the "polls," or heads of the voters, in the different States. That was to be the basis of the calculation upon which taxes should be apportioned. Now when that question came up, it was said that it was not right to levy Federal taxes upon the Indians in Georgia, who paid no taxes to the Georgian state exchequer. So the North consented; but in making up the list of men to be taxed, and excluding the Indians, it insisted that the slaves should, nevertheless, be included. That is to say, if Georgia was to pay to the Federal exchequer in proportion to her population, it was the interest of the North that her population should

be swelled by counting all her slaves. There was a long debate on this subject; and not to detain you with all the turns on this matter, the two things were coupled together at last—representation and taxation. [*Hear.*] Their eyes being fixed solely upon the assessment of taxes, it was agreed that five slaves should count as three men, and that it was supposed would give some advantage to the North against slavery. But in a very few years the government ceased to raise taxation by "poll," and raised it by tariff. Thenceforward, as representatives had to be chosen in the same way, and as five slaves counted as three white men, the South has had the advantage; and it has come to this point, that while in the North representatives represent men, in the South representatives stand for men and property together.

I want to drop a word as an egg for you to brood over. It will illustrate the policy of the South. The proposition to make a government undeniably National, as distinct from a mere Confederacy, came from Virginia and South Carolina. The North, having more individuality, was jealous of yielding up the rights of the separate States; but the South, with the love of power characteristic of the Normans, wanted to have a National government in distinction to a Union of several states. In result, when the national government was established, the South came into power; and for fifty years everything that the South said should be done has been done, and whatever she said should not be done has not been done. The *institutions* of America were shaped by the North; but the *policy* of her government, for half a hundred years, by the South. All the aggression and filibustering, all the threats to England and tauntings of Europe, all the bluster of war which our government has assumed, have been under the inspiration and under the almost monarchical sway of the Southern oligarchy. [*Loud cheering.*] And now, since Britain has been snubbed by the Southerners, and threatened by the Southerners, and domineered over by the Southerners—["*No*"] —yet now Great Britain has thrown her arms of love around the Southerners and turns from the Northerners.

["*No.*"] She don't? [*Cheers.*] I have only to say that she has been caught in very suspicious circumstances. [*Laughter.*] I so speak, perhaps as much as anything else, for this very sake—to bring out from you this expression—to let *you* know what *we* know, that all the hostility felt in my country towards Great Britain has been sudden, and from supposing that you sided with the South, and sought the breaking up of our country; and I want you to say to me, and through me to my countrymen, that those irritations against the North, and those likings for the South, that have been expressed in your papers, are not the feelings of the great mass of your nation. [*Great cheering, the audience rising.*] Those cheers already sound in my ears as the coming acclamations of friendly nations—those waving handkerchiefs are the white banners that symbolize peace for all countries. [*Cheers.*] Join with us then, Britons. [*Cheers.*] From you we learnt the doctrine of what a man was worth; from you we learnt to detest all oppressions; from you we learnt that it was the noblest thing a man could do TO DIE FOR A RIGHT PRINCIPLE. [*Cheers.*] And now, when we are set in that very course, and are giving our best blood for the most sacred principles, let the world understand that the common people of Great Britain support us. [*Cheers.*]

You have been pleased to say in this address that I have been one of the "pioneers." No. I am only one of their eldest sons. The Birneys, the Baileys, the Rankins, the Dickeys, the Thoms of the West, the Garrisons, the Quincys, the Slades, the Welds, the Stewarts, the Smiths, the Tappans, the Goodalls of the East, and unnamed hundreds more, these were indeed pioneers. I unloosed the shoe-latchets of the pioneers, and that is all: I was but little more than a boy: I bear witness, that the hardest blows and the most cruel sufferings were endured by men, before I was thrust far enough into public life to take any particular share; and I do not consider myself entitled to rank amongst the pioneers. They were better men than I. Those noble men did resist this downward tendency of the North. They were rejected by society. To be called

an abolitionist excluded a man from respectable society in those days. To be called an abolitionist blighted any man's prospects in political life. To be called an abolitionist marked a man's store,—his very customers avoided him as if he had the plague. To be called an abolitionist in those days shut up the doors of confidence from him in the church; where he was regarded as a disturber of the peace. Nevertheless, the witnesses for liberty maintained their testimony. [*Loud cheers.*] Little by little, they reached the conscience,—they gained the understanding. And as, when old Luther spoke, thundering in the ears of Europe the long buried treasures of the Bible, there were hosts against him, yet the elect few gathered little by little, and became no longer few; just so did many a Luther among ourselves thunder forth a long buried truth from God, the essential right of human liberty; and these were followed for half a score of years, until they began to be numerous enough to be an influential party in the state elections. [*Cheers.*] In 1848, I think it was, that the Buffalo platform was laid. It was the first endeavor in the Northern States to form a platform that should carry rebuke to the slave-holding ideas in the North.

Before this, however, I can say that, under God, the South itself had unintentionally done more than we, to bring on this work of emancipation. [*Hear, hear.*] First they began to declare, after the days of Mr. Calhoun, that they accepted slavery no longer as a misfortune, but as a divine blessing. Mr. Calhoun advanced the doctrine, which is now the marrow of secession, that it was the duty of the general government not merely to protect the local States from interference but to make slavery equally *national* with liberty! In effect, the government was to see to it, that slavery received equivalents for every loss and disadvantage, which, by the laws of nature, it must sustain in a race against free institutions. [*Cheers.*] These monstrous doctrines began to be the development of future ambitions. The South, having the control of government, knew from the inherent weakness of their system, that, if it were confined, it was like huge herds feeding on small

pastures, that soon gnaw the grass to the roots, and must have other pasture or die. [*Cheers.*] Slavery is of such a nature, that if you do not give it continual change of feeding ground, it perishes. [*Renewed cheering.*] And then came one after another from the South assertions of rights never before dreamed of. From them came the Mexican war for territory; from them came the annexation of Texas and its entrance as a slave state; from them came that organized rowdyism in Congress that browbeat every Northern man who had not sworn fealty to slavery; that filled all the courts of Europe with ministers holding slave doctrines; that gave the majority of the seats on the bench to slave-owning judges; and that gave, in fact, all our chief offices of trust either to slave-owners, or to men who licked the feet of slave-owners. [*Loud cheers.*] Then came that ever-memorable period when, for the very purpose of humbling the North, and making it drink the bitter cup of humiliation, and showing to its people that the South was their natural lord, was passed the Fugitive Slave Bill. [*Loud hisses.*] There was no need of that. There was already existing just as good an instrument for so infernal a purpose as any fiend could have wished. Against that infamy my soul revolted, and these lips protested, and I defied the government to its face and told them "I will execute none of your unrighteous laws; send to me a fugitive who is fleeing from his master, and I will step between him and his pursuer." [*Loud and prolonged cheers.*] Not once, nor twice, have my doors been shut between oppression and the oppressed; and the church itself over which I minister has been the unknown refuge of many and many a one. [*Cheers.*]

But whom the devil entices he cheats. Our promised "peace" with the South, which was the thirty pieces of silver paid to us, turned into fire and burnt the hands that took it. For, how long was it after this promised peace that the Missouri compromise was abolished in an infamous disregard of solemn compact? [*Loud cheers.*] It never ought to have been made; but having been made, it ought never to have been broken by the South. [*Cheers.*]

And with no other pretense than the robber's pretense that might makes right, they did destroy it, that they might carry slavery far North. That sufficed. That alone was needed to arouse the long reluctant patriotism of the North. [*Cheers.*] In hope that *time* would curb and destroy slavery, that forbearance would lead to like forbearance, the North had suffered insult, wrong, political treachery, and risk to her very institutions of liberty. By the abolition of this compromise another slave state was immediately to have been brought into the Union to balance the ever growing free territories of the Northwest. Then arose a majesty of self-sacrifice that had no parallel before. Instead of merely protesting, young men and maidens, laboring men, farmers, mechanics, sped with a sacred desire to rescue free territory from the toils of slavery; and emigrated in thousands, not to better their own condition, but in order that, when this territory should vote, it should vote as a free state. [*Loud cheers.*] Never was a worse system of cheating practiced than the perjury, intimidation, and prostituted use of the United States army, by which the South sought to force a vile institution upon the men who had voted almost unanimously for liberty and against slavery in Kansas. [*Hear.*] But at last the day of utter darkness had passed, and the gray twilight was on the morning horizon. At length (for the first time, I believe, in the whole conflict between the South and the North) the victory went to the North, and Kansas became a free state. [*Cheers.*]

Now I call you to witness, that in a period of twenty-five or thirty years of constant conflicts at every single step the South gained the political advantage, with the single exception of Kansas. What was the conduct of the North? Did it take any steps for secession? Did it threaten violence? So sure were the men of the North of the ultimate triumph of that which was Right, *provided free speech was left* to combat error and wrong, that they patiently bided their time. By this time the North was cured alike of love for slavery and of indifference. By this time a new conscience had been formed in the North, and *a vast ma-*

jority of all the Northern men at length stood fair and square on anti-slavery doctrine. [*Cheers.*]

We next had to flounder through the quicksands of four infamous years under President Buchanan, in which senators, sworn to the constitution, were plotting to destroy that constitution;—in which the members of the cabinet, who drew their pay month by month, used their official position, by breach of public trust and oath of allegiance, to steal arms, to prepare fortifications, and make ready disruption and war. The most astounding spectacle that the world ever saw was then witnessed—a great people paying men to sit in the places of power and office to betray them. [*Hear, hear.*] During all those four years what did we? We protested and waited, and said: "God shall give us the victory. It is God's truth that we wield, and in his own good time, He will give us the victory." [*Great cheering.*] In all this time we never made an inroad on the rights of the South. [*Cheers.*] We never asked for retaliatory law. We never taxed their commerce, or touched it with our little finger. We envied them none of their manufactures; but sought to promote them. We did not attempt to abate, by one ounce, their material prosperity; we longed for their prosperity. [*Cheers.*] Slavery we always hated; the Southern men never. [*Cheers.*] They were wrong. And in our conflicts with them we have felt as all men in conflict feel. We were jealous, and so were they. We were in the right cause; they in the wrong. We were right, or liberty is a delusion; they were wrong, or slavery is a blessing. [*Cheers.*] We never envied them their territory; and it was the faith of the whole North, that, in seeking for the abatement of slavery, and its final abolition, we were conferring upon the South itself the greatest boon which one nation—or part of a nation—could confer upon another. That she was to pass through difficulties in her transition to free labor, I had no doubt; but it was not in our heart to humble her, but rather to help and sympathize with her. I defy time and history to point to a more honorable conduct than that of the free North towards the South during all these days.

In 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected. [*Cheers.*] I ask you to take notice of the conduct of the two sides at this point. For thirty years we had been experiencing sectional defeats at the hands of the Southerners. For thirty years and more we had seen our sons proscribed because loyal to liberty, or worse than proscribed—suborned and made subservient to slavery. [*Cheers.*] We had seen our judges corrupt, our ministers apostate, our merchants running headlong after gold against principle; but we maintained fealty to the law and to the constitution, and had faith in victory by legitimate means. But when, by the means pointed out in the constitution, and sanctified by the usage of three-quarters of a century, Mr. Lincoln, in fair open field was elected President of the United States, did the South submit? [*Cries of "No," and cheers.*] No offense had been committed—none threatened; but the allegation was, that the election of a man known to be pledged against the *extension* of slavery was not compatible with the safety of slavery *as it existed.* On that ground they took steps for secession. Every honest mode to prevent it, all patience on the part of the North, all pusillanimity on the part of Mr. Buchanan, were anxiously employed. Before his successor came into office, he left nothing undone to make matters worse, did nothing to make things better. The North was patient then, the South impatient. Soon came the issue. The question was put to the South, and *with the exception of South Carolina, every State in the South gave a popular vote against secession;* and yet, such was the jugglery of political leaders, that before a few months had passed, they had precipitated every State into secession. That never could have occurred had there been in the Southern States an educated *common people.* But the slave power cheats the poor whites of intelligence, in order to rob the poor blacks. This is important testimony to the nature and tendency of the Union and Government of the United States; and reveals clearly, by the judgment of the very men who of all others best know, that to maintain the Union is, in the end, to destroy slavery. It justifies the North against the slanders of those who declare that she is not fighting for liberty,

but only for the Union—as if that were not the very way to destroy slavery and establish freedom! The government of the United States is such that, if it be administered equitably, in the long run it will destroy slavery; and it was the foresight of this which led the South to its precipitate secession. [*Cheers.*]

Against all these facts, it is attempted to make England believe that slavery has had nothing to do with this war. You might as well have attempted to persuade Noah that the clouds had nothing to do with the flood; it is the most monstrous absurdity ever born from the womb of folly. [*Cheers.*] Nothing to do with slavery? It had to do with nothing else. [*Cheers.*] Against this withering fact—against this damning allegation — what is their escape? They reply—the North is just as bad as the South. Now we are coming to the marrow of it. If the North is as bad as the South, why did not the South find it out before you did? If the North had been in favor of oppressing the black man, and just as much in favor of slavery as the South, how is it that the South has gone to war against the North because of their belief to the contrary? Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a published report of the speech of the amiable, intelligent and credulous President, I believe, of the (English) Society for Southern Independence. [*Laughter.*] There are some curiosities in it. [*Laughter.*] That you may know that Southerners are not all dead yet, I will read a paragraph:—

The South had labored hitherto under the imputation, and it had constantly been thrown in the teeth of all who supported that struggling nation, that they by their proceedings were tending to support the existence of slavery. This was an impression which he thought they ought carefully to endeavor to remove—[*cheers and laughter*]—because it was one which was injurious to their cause—[*cheers*]—not only among those who had the feeling of all Englishmen—of a horror of slavery—but, also, because strong religious bodies in this country made a point of it, and felt it very strongly indeed.

[*Cheers.*] I never like to speak behind a man's back—I like to speak to men's faces what I have to say—and I could wish that the happiness had been accorded to me to-night

to have Lord Wharncliffe present, that I might address to him a few simple Christian inquiries. [*Cheers.*] For there can be no question that there *is* a strong impression that the South has "supported the existence of slavery." [*Cheers.*] Indeed, on our side of the water there are many persons that affirm it. [*Laughter and cheers.*] And, as his lordship thinks that it is the peculiar duty of the new association to do away with that sad error, I beg to submit to it, that in the first place it ought to do away with four million slaves in the South; for there are uncharitable men living who think that a nation that has four million slaves has at least some "tendency" to support slavery. [*Cheers.*] And when his lordship's association has done that, it might be pertinent to suggest to him, instantly to revise the new "Montgomery Constitution" of the South, which is changed from the old Federal Constitution in only one or two points. The most essential point is that *it for the first time introduces and legalizes slavery as a national institution*, and *makes it unconstitutional ever to do it away.* Now, I submit, that this wants polishing a little. [*Cheers.*] Then I would also respectfully lay at his lordship's feet—more beautifully engrossed, if I could, than is this address to me—the speech of Vice-President Stephens [*hear, hear*], in which he declares that all nations have been mistaken, and that to trample on the manhood of an inferior race is the only proper way to maintain the liberty of a superior; in which he lays down to Calvary a new lesson; in which he gives the lie to the Saviour himself, who came to teach us, that by as much as a man is stronger than another, he owes himself to that other. [*Loud cheers.*] Not alone are Christ's blood-drops our salvation, but those word-drops of sacred truth, which cleanse the heart and conscience by precious principles, these also are to us salvation; and if there be in the truths of Christ one more eminent than another, it is, "He that would be chief, let him be the servant of all." But this audacious hierarch of an anti-Christian gospel, Mr. Stephens,—in the face of God, and to the ears of all mankind, in this day of all but universal Christian sentiment, pronounces that for a nation to have manhood, it must

crush out the liberty of an inferior and weaker race. And he declares ostentatiously and boastingly that the foundation of the Southern republic is ON THAT CORNER STONE. [*Loud cheers, "No, no," and renewed cheers.*] When next Lord Wharncliffe speaks for the edification of this English people [*laughter*] I beg leave to submit that this speech of Mr. Stephens's requires more than a little polishing; in fact, a little scouring, cleansing, and flooding. [*Applause.*] And if all the other crimson evidences that the South is upholding slavery are to be washed pure by the new association, not Hercules in the Augean stable had such a task before him as they have got. [*Loud cheers.*] Lord Wharncliffe may bid farewell to the sweets of domestic leisure and to the interests of state. All his amusement hereafter must be derived from the endeavor to purge the Southern cause of the universal conviction that, "by their proceedings, they are tending to support the existence of slavery." [*Loud cheers.*] But there is another paragraph that I will read:—

He believed that the strongest supporters of slavery were the merchants of New York and Boston. He always understood, and had never seen the statement contradicted, that the whole of the ships fitted out for the transport of slaves from Africa to Cuba were owned by Northerners.

His lordship, if he will do me the honor to read my speech, shall hear it contradicted in most explicit terms. There have been enough Northern ships engaged, but not by any means all, nor the most. Baltimore has a preëminence in that matter; Charleston, and New Orleans, and Mobile, all of them. And those ships fitted out in New York were just as much despised, and loathed, and hissed by the honorable merchants of that great metropolis, as if they had put up the black flag of piracy. [*Loud cheers.*] Does it conduce to good feeling between two nations to utter slanders such as these? His lordship goes on to say that—

In the Northern States the slave is placed in even a worse position than in the South. He spoke from experience, having visited the country twice.

I am most surprised, and yet gratified, to learn that Lord Wharncliffe speaks of the suffering of the slave from experience. [*Laughter and cheers.*] I never was aware that he had been put in that unhappy situation. Has he toiled on the sugar plantation? Has he taken the night for his friend, avoiding the day? Has he sped through cane brakes, hunted by hounds, suffering hunger, and heat, and cold by turns, until he has made his way to the far Northern States? [*Cheers.*] Has he had this experience? It is the word *experience* I call attention to. If his lordship says that it is his *observation*, I will accept the correction.

I continue:—

In railway carriages and hotels, the negroes were treated as pariahs and outcasts and never looked upon as men and brothers, but rather as dogs. [*Cheers.*]

In all railway cars where Southerners travel, in all hotels where Southerners' money was the chief support, this is true. But I concede most frankly, that there has been occasion for such a statement: there has been a vicious prejudice in the North against the negro. It has been part of my duty for the last sixteen years to protest against it. No decently dressed and well-behaved colored man has ever had molestation or question on entering my church, and taking any seat he pleases; not because I had influence with my people to prevent it, but because God gave me a people whose own good sense and conscience led them aright without me. But from this vantage ground it has been my duty to mark out the unrighteous prejudice from which the colored people have suffered in the North; and it is a part of the great moral revolution which is going on, that the prejudices have been in a great measure vanquished, and are now well nigh trodden down. In the city of New York there is one street railroad where colored people cannot ride, but in the others they may, and in all the railroads of New England there is not one in which a colored man would be questioned. I believe that the colored man may start from the line of the British dominions in the North and traverse all New England and New York till he touches the waters of the Western lakes and never

be molested or questioned, passing on as any decent white man would pass. But let me ask you how came there to be these prejudices? They did not exist before the War of Independence. How did they grow up? As one of the accursed offshoots of slavery. Where you make a race contemptible by oppression, all that belong to that race will participate in the odium, whether they be free or slave. The South itself, by maintaining the oppressive institution, is the guilty cause of whatever insult the free African has had to endure in the North. How next did that prejudice grow strong? It was on account of the multitude of Irishmen who came to the States. [*Cheers and interruption.*] I declare my admiration for the Irish people, who have illustrated the page of history in every department of society. It is part of the fruit of ignorance, and, as they allege, of the oppression which they have suffered—that it has made them oppressors. I bear witness that there is no class of people in America, who are so bitter against the colored people, and so eager for slavery, as the ignorant, the poor, uninstructed Irishmen. ["*Oh,*" *and* "*Hear,*" *and* "*Three cheers for old Ireland.*"]

But although there have been wrongs done to them in the North, the condition of the free colored people in the North is unspeakably better than in the South. They own their wives and children. [*Hear, hear.*] They have the right to select their place and their kind of labor; their rights of property are protected just as much as ours are. The right of education is accorded to them. There is in the city of New York more than ten million of dollars of property owned by free colored people. [*Hear.*] They have their own schools; they have their own churches; their own orators, and there is no more gifted man, and no man whose superb eloquence more deserves to be listened to, than Frederick Douglass. [*Loud cheers.*] Further: after the breaking out of this war, the good conduct of the slaves at the South and of the free colored people at the North has increased the kind feelings of the whites towards them; and since they have begun to fight for their rights of manhood, a popular enthusiasm for them is aris-

ing. [*Loud cheers.*] I will venture to say, that there is no place on the earth where millions of colored people stand in a position so auspicious for the future, as the free colored men of the North and the freed slaves of the South. [*Cheers.*]

I meant to have said a good deal more to you than I have said or than I shall have time to say. ["*Go on.*"] I have endeavored to place before you some of the facts which show that slavery was the real cause of this war, and that if it had to be legally decided whether North or South were guilty in this matter, there could be no question before any honorable tribunal, any jury, any deliberative body, that the South, from beginning to end, for the sake of slavery, has been aggressive, and the North patient. Since the war broke out, the North has been more and more coming upon the high ground of moral principle, until at length the government has decreed emancipation. It has been said very often in my hearing, and I have read it oftener since I have been in England—the last reading I had of it was from the pen of Lord Brougham—that the North is fighting for the Union, and not for the emancipation of the African. Why are we fighting for the Union, but because we believe that the Union and its government, *administered now by Northern men*, will work out the emancipation of every living being on the continent of America? [*Loud cheering.*] If it be meant that the North went into this war with the immediate object of the emancipation of the slaves, I answer that it never professed to do that; but it went into war for the Union with the distinct and expressed conviction *on both sides*, that, if the Union were maintained, slavery could not live long. [*Cheers.*] Do you suppose that it is wise to separate the interest of the slave from the interest of the other people on the continent, and to inaugurate a policy which takes in him alone? He must stand or fall with all of us, [*hear, hear,*] and the only sound policy for the North is that which shall benefit the North, the South, the blacks and the whites. [*Cheers.*] We hold that the maintenance of the Union as expounded in its fundamental principles by the Declaration of Independ-

ence and the Constitution, is the very best way to secure to the African ultimately his rights and his best estate. The North was like a ship carrying passengers, tempest tossed, and while the sailors were laboring, and the captain and officers directing, some grumblers came up from amongst the passengers and said, "You are all the time working to *save the ship*, but you don't care to save the passengers." I should like to know how you would save the passengers so well as by taking care of the ship.

[At this point the Chairman read to the meeting a telegram relative to the seizure and detention by the Government of the rams prepared for the Southerners at Liverpool. The effect was startling. The audience rose to their feet, while cheer after cheer was given.]

Allow me to say this of the colored people, our citizens (for in New York colored people vote, as they do also in Massachusetts and in several other Northern States — Lord Wharncliffe notwithstanding): it is a subject of universal remark, that no men on either side have carried themselves more gallantly, more bravely, than the colored regiments that have been fighting for their government and their liberty. My own youngest brother is colonel of one of those regiments, and from him I learn many most interesting facts concerning them. The son of one of the most estimable and endeared of my friends in my congregation was the colonel of the regiment which scaled the rampart of Fort Wagner. Colonel Shaw fell at the head of his men—hundreds fell—and when inquest was made for his body, it was reported by the Southern men in the fort that he had been "buried with his niggers;" and on his gravestone yet it shall be written, "The man that dared to lead the poor and the oppressed out of their oppression, died with them and for them, and was buried with them." [*Cheers.*] On the Mississippi the conduct of the Federal colored regiments is so good, that, although many of the officers who command them are Southern born, and until recently had the strongest Southern prejudices, those prejudices are almost entirely broken down, and there is no difficulty whatever in finding officers, Northern or South-

ern, to take command of just as many of these regiments as can be raised. It is an honorable testimony to the good conduct and courage of these long-abused men, whom God is now bringing by the Red Sea of war out of the land of Egypt and into the land of promise. [*Cheers.*]

I have said that it would give me great pleasure to answer any courteous questions that might be proposed to me. If I cannot answer them I will do the next best thing,—tell you so. [*Hear.*] The length to which this meeting has been protracted, and the very great conviction that I seem to have wrought by my remarks on this Pentecostal occasion in yonder Gentile crowd—[*loud laughter*]—admonish me that we had better open some kind of "meeting of inquiry." [*Renewed laughter.*] It will give me great pleasure, as a gentleman, to receive questions from any gentleman—[*hear, hear,*]—and to give such reply as is in my power.

Mr. Beecher remained standing for a few moments, as if to give the opportunity of interrogation, but no one rising to question him, he sat down amidst great cheers. The speech lasted nearly two and a quarter hours.

SPEECH IN GLASGOW.

OCTOBER 13, 1863.

The hour appointed for the opening of proceedings was seven o'clock, and long before that time the hall was filled to excess by a crowd that waited in silence till the entrance of the speaker of the evening on the platform, accompanied by Bailie Govan, chairman, and a number of clergymen and city councilors.

AFTER brief introductory remarks by Bailie Govan and the Rev. Dr. Anderson, Mr. Beecher spoke:—

Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen: No one who has been born and reared in Scotland can know the feeling with which, for the first time, such a one as I have visited this land, classic in song and in history. I have been reared in a country whose history is brief. So vast is it, that one might travel night and day for all the week, and yet scarcely touch historic ground. Its history is yet to be written; yet to be acted. But I come to this land, which, though small, is as full of memories as the heaven is of stars, and almost as bright. [*Applause.*] There is not the most insignificant piece of water that does not make my heart thrill with some story of heroism, or some remembered poem; for not only has Scotland had the good fortune to have had men that knew how to make heroic history, but she has reared those bards who have known how to sing her fame. [*Applause.*] And every steep and every valley, and almost every single league on which my feet have trod, have made me feel as if I was walking in a dream. I never expected to feel my eyes overflow with tears of gladness, that I had been permitted in the prime of life to look upon dear old Scotland. [*Applause.*] For your historians have taught us history, your poets have been the charm of our firesides, your theologians have enriched our libraries; from your philosophers—Reid, Brown,

and Stewart—we have derived the elements of our philosophy, and your scientific researches have greatly stimulated the study of science in our land. I come to Scotland, almost as a pilgrim would to Jerusalem, to see those scenes whose story had stirred my imagination from my earliest youth; and I can pay no higher compliment than to say that having seen some part of Scotland I am satisfied; and permit me to say that if, when you know me, you are a thousandth part as satisfied with me as I am with you, we shall get along very well together. [*Applause.*]

And yet, although I am not of a yielding mood [*a laugh*], nor easily daunted, I have some embarrassment in speaking to you to-night. I know very well that there are not a few things which prevent me doing a good work among you. I differ greatly from many of you. I respect, although I will not adopt, your opinions. I can only ask as much from you for myself. I am aware that a personal prejudice has been diligently excited against me. There is also the vastness of the subject on which I am about to speak, and the dissimilar institutions of the two countries, which stand in my way. There are also those perplexities which arise from conflicting statements made to you. There is also a supposed antagonism between British and American interests. Now I shall not consider any of these points to-night except the first. It is not a pleasant avenue to a speech for a man to walk through himself. [*Laughter.*] But since every pains is taken to misrepresent me, let me once for all deal with that matter.

In my own land I have been the subject of misrepresentation and abuse so long, that when I did not receive it, I felt as though something was wanting in the atmosphere. [*Laughter and applause.*] I have been the object of misrepresentation at home, simply and only because I have been arrayed ever since I had a voice to speak and a heart to feel—body and soul, I have been arrayed, without regard to consequences and to my own reputation or my own ease, against that which I consider the damning sin of my country and the shame of human nature—slavery.

[*Great applause.*] I thought I had a right, when I came to Great Britain, to expect a different reception; but I found that the insidious correspondence of men in America had poisoned the British mind, and that representations had been made which predisposed men to receive me with dislike. And, principally, the representations were that I had indulged in the most offensive language, and had threatened all sorts of things, against Great Britain. Now allow me to say that, having examined that interesting literature, so far as I have seen it published in British newspapers, I here declare that ninety-nine out of one hundred parts of those things that I am charged with saying I never said and never thought—they are falsehoods wholly, and in particular. [*Great applause.*] Allow me next to say that I have been accustomed freely, and at all times, at home to speak what I thought to be sober truth both of blame and of praise of Great Britain, and if you do not want to hear a man express his honest sentiments fearlessly, then I do not want to speak to you. [*Applause.*] If I never spared my own country [*hear, hear*], if I never spared the American church, nor the government, nor my own party, nor my personal friends, did you expect I would treat you better than I did those of my own country? [*Applause.*] For I have felt from the first that I hold a higher allegiance than any I owe to man—to God, and to that truth which is God's ordinance in human affairs; and for the sake of that higher truth, I have loved my country, but I have loved truth more than my country. [*Applause.*] I have heard the voice of my Master, saying, "If any man come unto me and hate not father, and mother, and brother, and sister, yea, and his own life also, he is not worthy of me." When therefore the cause of truth and justice is put in the scale against my own country, I would disown country for the sake of truth; and when the cause of truth and justice is put in the scale against Great Britain, I would disown her rather than betray what I understood to be the truth. [*Applause.*]

We are bound to establish liberty, regulated Christian liberty, *as the law of the American Continent.* This is our destiny, this

is that towards which the education of the rising generation has been more and more assiduously directed as the peculiar glory of America—to destroy slavery, and root it out of our land, and to establish in its place a discreet, intelligent, constitutional, regulated, Christian liberty. We have accepted this destiny and this task: and if in accomplishing this a part of our own people opposes us, we shall go right against our people to that destiny. [*Applause.*] If France undertakes to interfere, and to say "You shall not," much as we would regret to be at war with any nation on the globe, or with France in particular, who befriended us in our early struggles and trials, still the cause of liberty is dearer to us than any foreign alliance, and we shall certainly say "Stand off, this is our work, and must not be hindered." If they bring war to us, they shall have war: for no foreign nation shall meddle with impunity with our domestic struggle. If Great Britain herself, tied to us by so many interests, endeared by so many historic associations,—to whom we can never pay the debt of love we owe her for those men who wrought out, in fire and blood, those very principles of civil liberty for which we are now contending,—yet, if even Britain shall openly or secretly seek the establishment on our national territory of an independent slaveholding empire, we will denounce her word and deed;—and, terrible and cruel as will be the necessity, we will, if we must, oppose arms to arms. If Great Britain is for slavery, I am against Great Britain. [*Cheers.*] If Great Britain is true to her instincts, and the interests of her illustrious history, and to her own documents, laws, and institutions; if she is yet in favor of liberty, as she has always been here and everywhere in the world, I am for Great Britain; and shall be proud of my blood and boast that I have a share in your ancestral glory. My prayer shall be that Great Britain and America, joined in religion and in liberty, may march shoulder to shoulder in the great enterprise of bearing the blessings of religion and liberty around the globe. [*Cheers.*]

The Slave States may be divided into two classes—the Farming States and the Plantation States. The farm-

ing States are Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, and parts of Tennessee and North Carolina. The lands there are devoted to a mixed husbandry, such as of corn (or maize), wheat, oats, grass, tobacco, and the grazing of herds of cattle. The farms generally are not large. In those States slave-labor is not profitable, and cannot be so. Slave-breeding is profitable, but not the labor of slaves. The plantation States are South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas—eight. These States do not pursue a mixed husbandry. They raise principally cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco, but chiefly the two great staples—cotton and sugar. They buy the principal part of their food, and almost all manufactured products. The pails they carry their water in are made in New England; their broom handles, their pins, glass, stone, iron, and tinware, and all their household furniture, are the manufacture of the North. There are some local exceptions, but what I state is substantially true of the slave States of the extreme South. Now, consider some facts. The labor of slaves in the farming States does not pay. Why? Because mixed farming requires much more skill than slaves have. Slave labor must always be applied to the production of rude and raw material. You cannot go much farther than that. Slave labor is rarely ever skilled labor; that would require too much brain, and its development is not consistent with the condition of the slave. Moreover, slaves are too costly. In the farming States they are better off, and therefore they are more expensive; for a man is expensive just in proportion as he rises in the scale of civilization, as I shall show you more at length in a moment. The object of slavery therefore in the more northerly slave States is not the production of tobacco, or corn, or maize, or wheat, or cattle, or dairy products;—the whole profit of slavery in the Northern slave States is in *breeding slaves.* [*Hear, hear, and sensation.*] Virginia has raised as much as $24,000,000 a year for slaves sold South. I will read you the testimony of a gentleman from the slave States. The editor of the *Virginia Times*, in 1836, made a calculation that 120,000

slaves went out of the State during the year, that 80,000 of them went with their owners who removed, leaving 40,000 who were sold, at an average price of $600, amounting to $24,000,000. You cannot understand anything about slavery until you are admitted into the secrets of raising slaves as colts and calves are raised for market, and begin to see the inside of this, the most detestable and infernal system that the sun ever shone upon.

But you may say that this is so only in Virginia. I ask your attention to the words of Henry Clay. In 1829 he said before the Colonization Society, "It is believed that nowhere in the farming portions of the United States would slave-labor be generally employed if the proprietors were not tempted to raise slaves by the high prices of the Southern market." That is Mr. Clay's testimony, a Kentuckian, a slaveholder; and certainly he ought to know. Political reasons also help to keep up slavery in these States, and some personal reasons of which I shall not speak. These Northern slave States would emancipate their slaves if it were not that the cotton States give them a market. Gentlemen, you abhor the African slave trade. Let me tell you that the domestic slave trade of America is unspeakably worse. Bred amidst churches, refinements, and comparative civilization, they are capable of a thousand pangs more of suffering at ruthless separations than if they were yet but savages. I call your attention to a few propositions then, in reference to slavery as it exists in the extreme Southern States.

And first, the system of slavery requires ignorance in the slave, and not alone intellectual but moral and social ignorance. Anybody who is a slaveholder will find that there are reasons which will compel him to keep slaves in ignorance, if he is going to keep them at all. Not because intelligence is more difficult to govern; for with an intelligent people government is easier. The more you develop a man's intellect, the more you make him capable of self-government; and the more you keep him in ignorance, the more is he the subject of arbitrary government. Virtue and intelligence compel leniency of government; but ig-

norance and vice compel tyranny in government. These things follow a natural law. The slave would not be less easily governed, if he were educated. If the slaveholder taught him to read and write, if he made him to know what he ought to know as one of God's dear children, the South would not be so much endangered by insurrection as she is now. There is nothing so terrible as explosive ignorance. Men without an idea, striking blindly and passionately, are the men to be feared. Even if the slaves were educated, they would be better slaves. What is the reason then that slaves must be kept in ignorance? The real reason is one of *expense*. In order to make slave-labor profitable, you must reduce the cost of the slave; for the difference between the profit and the loss turns upon the halfpenny per pound. If the price of slaves goes up, and cotton goes down a shade in price, in ordinary times the planters lose. The rule is therefore, to reduce the cost of the man; and the slave to be profitable must be simply a working creature. What does a man cost, that is a slave? Just a little meal and a little pork, a small measure of the coarsest cloth and leather, that is all he costs. Because that is all he needs—the lowest fare and the scantiest clothing. He is a being with two hands and two feet, and a belly. That is all there is of a profitable slave. But every new development within him which religion shall make—the sense of fatherhood, the wish for a home, the desire to rear his children well, the wish to honor and comfort his wife, every taste, every sentiment, every aspiration, will demand some external thing to satisfy it. His being augments. He demands more time. He strives to organize that little kingdom in which every human being has a right to be king, in which love is crowned,—the family! It is this that makes an educated slave too expensive for profit. Profitable slaveholding requires only so much intelligence as will work well, and only so much religion as will make men patient under suffering and abuse. More than that—more conscience, more ambition, more divine ideas of human nature, of men's dignity, of household virtue, of Christian refinement, only make the slave too costly in his tastes.

Not only does the degradation of the slave pass over to his work, but it affects all labor, even when performed by free white men. Throughout the South there is the most marked public disesteem of honest homely industry. It is true that in the mountainous portions of the southwest, North Carolina, Northern Georgia, Eastern Tennessee, and Western Virginia, where slaves are few, and where a hardy people for the most part perform their own agricultural labors, there is *less* discredit attached to homely toil than in the rich alluvial districts where sugar and cotton culture demand exclusive slave labor. But even in the most favored portions of the South, manual labor is but barely redeemed from the taint of being a slave's business, and nowhere is it honored as it is in the great and free North. Whereas, in the richer and more influential portions of the South, labor is so degraded that men are ashamed of it. It is a badge of dishonor. The poor and shiftless whites, unable to own slaves, unwilling to work themselves, live in a precarious and wretched manner, but a little removed from barbarism, relying upon the chase for much of their subsistence, and affording a melancholy spectacle of the condition into which the reflex influence of slavery throws the neighboring poor whites. Having turned their own industry over to slaves, and established the province and duties of a gentleman to consist in indolence and politics, it is not strange that they hold the people of the North in great contempt. The North is a vast hive of universal industry. Idleness there is as disreputable as is labor in the South. The child's earliest lesson is faithful industry. The boy works, the man works. Everywhere through all the North men earn their own living by their own industry and ingenuity. They scorn to be dependent. They revolt at the dishonor of living upon the unrequited labor of others. Honest labor is that highway along which the whole body of the Northern people travel towards wealth and usefulness. From Northern looms the South is clothed. From their anvils come all Southern implements of labor; from their lathes all modern ware; from their lasts Southern shoes. The North is growing rich by its

own industry. The small class of slaveholders in the South have precarious wealth, but at the expense of the vast body of poor whites, who live from hand to mouth all their days. No wonder then, that Southerners have been wont to deride the free workmen of the North. Governor Hammond only gave expression to the universal contempt of Southern slaveholders for *work* and workmen, when he called the Northern laborer the "*mudsill of society*," and stigmatized the artisan as the "greasy mechanic." The North and the South alike live by work; the North by their own work, the South by that of their slaves! Which is the more honorable? I have a right to demand of the workmen of Glasgow that they should refuse their sympathy to the South, and should give their hearty sympathy to those who are, like themselves, seeking to make work honorable, and to give to the working man his true place in society. Disguise it as they will, distract your attention from it as they may, it cannot be concealed, that the American question is the *working man's question*, all over the world! The slave master's doctrine is that *capital should own labor*—that the employers should own the employed. This is Southern doctrine and Southern practice. Northern doctrine and Northern practice is that the laborer should be free, intelligent, clothed with full citizen's rights, with a share of the political duties and honors. The North has from the beginning crowned labor with honor. Nowhere else on earth is it so honorable. The free States of the North and West, in America, are the paradise of laborers. One of the predisposing causes of the present conflict was the extraordinary contrast of the riches of the North and the unthriftiness of the South, resulting from their respective doctrines of labor and the laborer!

It would seem as if Providence had demonstrated the wastefulness and mischiefs of every kind of despotism in church and in state, save one—despotism of work. For a grand and final contrast between the sin and guilt of labor-oppression, and the peace and glory of free-labor, he set apart the Western continent. That the trial might be

above all suspicion, to the right he gave the meager soil, the austere climate, short summers, long and rigorous winters. To the wrong he gave fair skies, abundant soils, valleys of the tropics teeming with almost spontaneous abundance. The Christian doctrine of work has made New England a garden, while Virginia is a wilderness. The free North is abundantly rich, the South bankrupt! Every element of prosperous society abounds in the North, and is lacking in the South. There is more real wealth in the simple little State of Massachusetts than in any ten Southern States. In the free States everything flourishes, in the slave States everything languishes. I point to the North and say, behold the testimony of Providence for free labor! I point to the South, and say, behold the legitimate results of slave-labor! Oppression is as accursed in the field as it is upon the throne. It is as odious before God under the slave-driver's hat, as under the prince's crown, or the priest's miter. All the world over, slavery is detestable, and bears the curse of God everywhere!

The South has complained bitterly of this indisputable superiority of the North in the elements of national wealth and general prosperity. It has been charged to class legislation, to Yankee shrewdness at the expense of honesty, and to downright advantage taken by Northern commerce. The facts, are, however, that the legislation of the country has been controlled for fifty years by Southern influence. No class legislation was possible except in her own favor. The North, so far from cheating the South, has itself been obliged largely to make up the wastes and squanderings of the improvident slave-system. Southern bankruptcies have every ten years carried home to Northern creditors the penalty of complicity with slave-labor. Besides this, the South has contributed less and received more from the Federal Government, than the North. The peculiar nature of society under such industry and institutions made the functions of Government oppressive and expensive. Yet, with every partiality and favor of Government, and with the North for fifty years almost submissive to her will in

public matters, the statesmen of the South beheld with dismay the mighty growth of the free States and the relative weakness of the slave States. To maintain equipollence, new territory must be acquired, and new States brought into the Union, that the fatal weakness resulting from slavery in the older States might be compensated by the extent of the South, and by the number of votes in the Congress,—controlling legislation in their interest.

Out of this radical conflict of free labor and slave-labor, have sprung naturally the elements of this war. In the race, slavery has crippled itself. It therefore seeks to escape from institutions and influences that expose its folly, that reveal its degradation and poverty, and would inevitably, in due time, revolutionize and destroy it. Not only is it true that the workingmen of England have an interest in this conflict, as a political struggle; but, as a conflict between the two grand systems—Slave labor and Free labor—it addresses itself to every laboring man on the globe. If the North succeed and slavery be crushed, laboring men, all the world over, will be benefited. The American conflict is but one form of that contest which is going on in all nations. Men that live by the sweat of their brow are aspiring to more education, to a larger sphere of influence, to some share of political power, to some joint fruition of that wealth which they help to create. They ought to know their fellows. They ought to recognize in every land who are striving for them and who against. It is monstrous that British workmen should help Southern slaveholders to degrade labor. Are there not enough already to crush the poor and helpless laborers of the world, without English workingmen, too, joining the rebel gang of oppressors? Every word for the South is a blow against the slave! Every stroke aimed at the slave rebounds upon the European laborer! Join the slave-owner in making labor compulsory and dishonorable, and the slave-owner will unite with European extortioners in grinding the poor operatives here! The North is truly fighting the battle of the laborer everywhere. The North honors work. When the laborer is educated, all doors are open

to him, and it depends on his own powers and disposition whether he shall be a drudge or an honored citizen. It will be a burning shame for British workmen to side against their own friends!

Consider now, for a moment, what were our respective divisions when this war broke out which has fused all parties into one in the North and one in the South. We are not to expect parties formed methodically to suit any philosophical or ethical theory. Such arrangements never happen in a land so large, so diverse in population, so free in the operation of opinions, and swayed by so many motives. Slavery had long exerted a grave influence upon the condition of the country before it was recognized in politics. Indeed, the first sign of the entrance of this vexed question into active politics was seen in the anxious endeavors of all parties to exclude it. The early anti-slavery men found themselves shut out from all parties, from ecclesiastical bodies, from every organization of society. They gathered adherents outside of all moral and civil institutions. But nothing could long keep out a topic which was forced upon the North by the unwise and arrogant legislation of the South. At length the subject took complete possession of politics, and divided the whole public into parties. But I shall consider the division of *opinions*, rather than of parties, which are seldom homogeneous.

There were three degrees of opinion. At the close of the war for independence the term *Abolitionist* was applied to such men as Franklin, John Jay, and others, who united in societies for promoting the abolition of slavery. These societies died out, and the name was almost forgotten, till revived about 1830, and applied, then and since, exclusively to Mr. Garrison and his school. These reformers regarded slavery as so established, and the institutions of the country as so controlled by its advocates, that all remedy was hopeless, and they urged an *utter separation from the South*, as the only way of freeing the North from the guilt and contamination of slavery. There was no *political* difference between Mr. Garrison's disunion and Mr. Davis's secession.

But the *moral* difference was world wide. The disunionists of the Garrison and Wendell Phillips school were seeking to promote liberty and to weaken slavery. Mr. Davis and his followers are seeking to strengthen slavery and to restrict liberty. But the Abolitionists, though a heroic band, sought a right thing by a wrong method. Their party was never large, but their direct and indirect influence was great.

Another section was represented by the great body of moral and intelligent men in the North who held that slavery should be *limited* to its present territory; that, since it existed by *State laws* and not by national laws, it should be restricted to those States in which it was found *de facto;* that Congress should leave it where it was, but defend the Territories from its incursions; that the Government should be put into the hands of men who loved liberty more than slavery; that our courts should be purged of judges appointed to serve Southern interests. It was believed, and I was of this faith myself, that, were slavery rigorously confined to existing bounds, and the institutions of the nation arrayed on the side of liberty, gradually natural laws, with commercial changes and the exigencies of political economy, would work out a system of emancipation. These views were held by the North both in a latent and an active form, by men who were widely different in politics, and who sought different and even conflicting methods of enforcing them.

The third section was represented by that class of men which exists in every land without moral convictions in public affairs, who regard politics as a game, and who look only at *interest* as the end of parties. To such were added vast numbers of ignorant immigrants. With a partial and honorable exception in favor of the Germans, it must be said *that the great body of immigrants flying from foreign hardships and oppression* joined the pro-slavery party in America, and arranged themselves against the negro. This has been the peculiar and chief difficulty of the North in political efforts. We owe to Europe, but chiefly to Great Britain, those hindrances that so long paralyzed political

effort, and divided the action of the North. It will be seen by this brief view, that the Northern movement proposed no violence nor any precipitate action. We relied on the inherent superiority of free labor to develop our embryo territories, and hoped that, with time and patience, moral influences, following the operation of great natural laws, would waste away slavery, without violence or revolution, and with benefit to both the bond and the free. The key-note of Northern policy was NO MORE SLAVE STATES—NO MORE LEGISLATION IN FAVOR OF SLAVERY. Let it die by its own inherent diseases!

Now let me speak of the South. What have been the divisions of the South? There have been two tendencies there; a more moderate and a more extreme party. The former attempted to maintain the South on the basis of slavery; by the multiplication of new States; by the acquisition of territories, and so directing the Government as to fortify slavery till it should stretch across the continent from ocean to ocean. That has been the object of the earlier and main party of the South. The second was the South Carolina party, who date from Mr. Calhoun's time. This party meant to break off from the Union as soon as they were strong enough. Just as long as anything was to be gained by staying, so long they meant to stay; but as soon as nothing more was to be gained, they meant to go. They included the former plan, but more also. They designed, first, separate national existence as the ultimate aim of the Southern States; and secondly, the inclusion of the tropics of America in a gigantic cotton-growing slave empire. They meant, ere long, to seize Mexico and Central America; to include the vast central American tropical Oceanica, and spread slavery over all. They proudly said—*Cotton is king!* and if we have cotton and the means of raising it, we can control the destiny of the globe! They meant also to re-open the African slave-trade for the purpose of cheapening negroes, who are the most expensive item of labor. In South Carolina this scheme was unblushingly and openly advocated: and if I had lived in the South and been a slaveholder, I should have been of

that party. What! an advocate of the African slave-trade? Yes, I should! The day that I make up my mind to keep slaves, I shall have to keep them ignorant; and if I live in the cotton States, I am not likely to pay Virginia, under a home-tariff, a thousand dollars for a slave that I can import from Africa for three hundred dollars. The fact is, the law that makes the foreign slave-trade piracy is nothing but a high tariff in favor of the slave-breeding States; and the States that do not breed slaves, say,—That tariff must be taken off; if Africa can produce the material cheaper than Virginia, we must have the advantage of it. I declare too, that the inter-state slave-trade of America is in many most important respects more cruel than the roughest part of the African slave-trade. To bring up men under the gospel; to bring up women with some of the tender susceptibilities of womanhood, and more than half their blood white blood,—to rear them in your household, and then,—if bankruptcy threatens, or exigencies press, to call out your valuable slaves from a Virginian plantation and sell them to the slave-master, to manacle them,—to drive in gangs men reared under the sound of the bell of the Christian Church,—who have acquired something of refinement in their masters' families—to carry them down South in droves of fifties and hundreds, as is done on every great street and road of the northern line of Slave States, —is, I say, more infernal, more wicked, by as much as these northern-bred slaves are more tender, susceptible, and intelligent, than the poor half-imbruted African. If God sends one bolt at the ship that brings slaves from Africa, double-shotted thunders are aimed at every gang-master that drives them from the Northern slave States to the Southern. [*Applause.*] It was perfectly natural that South Carolina should include in its project of aggrandizement the opening of the African slave-trade; and every freeman in Great Britain that goes for the South, really goes for the opening of that trade. [*Cheers and hisses.*] When you put a drunken engineer to drive a train, you may not *mean* to come to any harm, but when you are in that train you cannot help yourselves. It is just the same here. *You* do

not mean the slave-trade, but *they do;* and all that they ask of you is—"Be blind." [*Laughter and applause.*]

This Southern plan thus includes the opening of the slave-trade for the sake of cheapening negroes, and the secession threw the control of the whole South into the hands of these extremists. You may not be aware that when secession was proposed, after the election of Lincoln, every State by its popular vote went against secession, except South Carolina. Well, that might have seemed a fatal obstacle. Not at all. The leaders of this extreme party immediately began to work upon the legislatures either to call conventions or to act as conventions, and pass secession acts. The States were carried out of the Union into secession notwithstanding the vote of the people not many months before. How was it that Tennessee was carried out?—how was Alabama carried out?—how was even such a State as Georgia carried out against such a man as Mr. Stephens, the vice-president of the Confederacy—a man who, though on the wrong side, is the best man, I think, in the whole Southern States of America [*applause*] and—if it were not for the accursed surrounding of slavery—is as true and far sighted a statesman as we have ever had in America. How did they carry out these States by their legislatures? They said to the members of the legislatures throughout the South, "The North never stood in a fair stand-up fight. It was always anxious about its mills and stores and its money. They will rouse up at first, but whenever it comes to the last, and we threaten fire and bloodshed, they always knuckle under." Well, I am ashamed to say there was too much truth in this. Commercial interest on one side, and a desire for peace and love of the Union on the other, had always led the North to yield to Southern threats. But that was ended. A new spirit had arisen. The North *now for the first time thoroughly believed that the South aimed to nationalize slavery.* The North never had believed that it was worth while to agitate the controversy, until the outrageous conduct of the South in Kansas brought the North to its consciousness. Since then it has been true as steel. Well, the South said,

"The North will not willingly see us go out of the Union —that is a mere ruse on our part: we will go out by 'secession,' and say, We will come back if you give us new guaranties. Even if they will not do that, there will be no war; for the North will not fight us." With these arguments the legislatures were won, and the secession was accomplished in the greater number of the Slave States. The upper classes thought that secession was only a political trick, through which they were to go back into a reconstructed Union, with new guaranties inserted for the nationalization of slavery and for its extension all over the continent.

But at this time there happened to be more or less of conference between friends in the North and friends in the South, and it seemed as if the consummation would be prevented. Virginia had refused persistently to pass the secession ordinance. The convention that was by the popular vote elected in Virginia was known to be immensely in favor of remaining in the Union. It was necessary that something should be done to prevent Virginia standing out with the North; and it was done. The gang of slave-drivers in Richmond intimidated the members of the convention. When the history shall be written, the fact will appear, that numbers of convention members were made afraid for their lives. They were told almost in so many words, "You shall never leave Richmond alive, if you fail to vote secession." It was voted, but secretly, and it was not known in Virginia for weeks. I was myself a fellow-passenger with one man, who was making a circuitous journey throughout the North to get home alive to his farm in the Western part of Virginia, because he had been true, and refused to vote for secession, even secretly. It was to commit the South, to fire the wavering, and arouse the sectional blood, that orders were sent by telegraph from Washington by the Southern conspirators who were lurking there—"Open your batteries on Fort Sumter." And they fired at that glorious old flag, which had carried the honor of the American name round the globe, in order that they might take Virginia

out of the Union, and compel the North to submit either to a degrading compromise, or to the independence of the South. That is the history of the matter. [*Applause.*]

Now let me speak of the North. O, how I wish you could have seen the North! I have stood on the summit of the noblest mountains in Switzerland: I have seen whatever that country had to show me of mountain peak, of more than royal mountains of clouds, of glaciers: I have seen the beauties of Northern Italy: I have seen the glories of the ocean: I have seen whatever Nature has to show of her sublimity on land and on sea: but the grandeur of the uprising of the Northern people, when the thunder of the first cannon rolled through their valleys and over their hills, was something beyond all these; nor do I expect, till the judgment day fills me with wondering awe, to see such a sight again. There had been a secret agreement with a portion of the Democratic leaders in the North, that they were to side with the South, and paralyze Northern resistance. But with stern unanimity the public voice denounced complicity with the South as a treason worthy of death. The astounding outburst of patriotic feeling terrified even such men as the two Woods, and they made haste to join the rolling tide. No rainbow was ever so decked with color as was Broadway with flags. Bunting went up in the market. [*Laughter.*] High and low, rich and poor, "Democratic" and "Republican," men that had been for the South, and men that had been for the North, found themselves in company. It is said that misery makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows, but patriotism makes even stranger transformations. I found men that were ready to mob me yesterday for my anti-slavery agitations, were ready to denounce me to-day because I was not anti-slavery enough. Propelled by this universal feeling, the Government of the United States began—to do what? To defend the laws and the constitution. If they had failed to do this, if when the Government and the country was threatened by this rebellion they had faltered, not Judas, not the meanest traitor that has ever been execrated through all time, would have sur-

passed them in ignominy. [*Cheers.*] I have been asked, would it not have been better to negotiate? What! with cannon balls firing right into your midst! [*Hear, hear.*] The other side was using powder and balls, and you propose to us wad and paper! The day for talking was gone by forever. They had talked too much already. It was then the day for action. [*Cheers.*]

Men in England, Scotland, or Ireland, ask me, Why did you not consent to let them go, since the whole Southern economy is so opposed to Northern? Only on the single matter of *slavery* is there any antagonism. If that were to be an increasing and perpetual evil, many men would assent to separation who now do not. But we believe it to be a removable evil. The nature of our institutions is against it. The laws of nature are against it. The conscience of the nation, the public sentiment of Christendom, are against it. The real and general interest of the South itself is opposed to it. Free labor in place of slave labor would be the greatest boon that could be conferred upon the Southern States. Men that profit by slavery are but a handful; all the rest suffer from its deadly, wasting nature. If then a limit can be placed to its growth, and it can be subjected to the unobstructed influences of natural, moral, and civil laws, it will quickly begin to decay and give place to a healthier system. Already the *tendency* had in many sections been established; and, as it was this fervent hope of a peaceful ending of slavery that disinclined thousands of conscientious men in the North to meddle with it, so now it is the same wish to see slavery ended that leads them to refuse their consent to a separation, which not only dismembers the nation, but gives a new lease of life to slavery, and opens for it a dark empire full of sorrow and tears and blood within, of quarrels and wars without, an empire of belligerent mischiefs to all. When I am asked, Why not let the South go? I return for an answer a question. Be pleased to tell me what part of the British Islands you are willing to let go from under the crown when its inhabitants secede and set up for independence? If you say ten or fifteen States, with twelve millions

of inhabitants, are not to be compared to the county of Kent,—I say, they *are* to be compared to Kent. For that county bears a greater proportion to the square miles of the British Islands than the rebellious States do to the whole territory of the Union. But the right or wrong of such rebellions are not questions in arithmetic. Numbers do not change civil obligations. Secession was an appeal from the ballot to the bullet. It was not a noble minority defying usurpation or despotism in the assertion of fundamental rights. It was a despotism, which, when put to shame by the will of a free people, expressed through the ballot-box, rushed into rebellion as the means of perpetuating slavery. Northern sentiment, and great natural laws, were preparing the way for the emancipation of four million of slaves: thereupon eight million whites broke allegiance and withdrew from a free government in order to maintain this slave system; and that is praised, in Great Britain, as a heroic struggle for independence! *Whose* independence, the white man's or the black man's? Unreflecting men are deceived by the instances of *colonies* in the past, such as the American colonies, breaking off from the parent Government, and asserting their independence. A remote colony, an outlying and separate territory, whose autonomy is already practically established, and whose connection with the home government is not intimate, territorial, adjacent, but only political,—is not to be compared with home territory, geographically touching the country along its whole line. This is not cutting off a foot, or a hand. It is cutting across the body right under the heart. The line of fracture proposed by the South is not a stone's throw from the national capital. France might consent to let Algiers go, but would she let a north and south line be run touching the city of Paris on the east, and separating all the territory east from her dominions? Great Britain might suffer the Canadas to secede from the crown; but would she suffer an east and west line to be run along the edge of London, and all the territory south of it to pass into hostile hands? Yet this is the very case of America. Secession accomplished will

leave Washington toppling on the edge of the Southern abyss, in whose lurid future loom the elements of quarrel, collision, and terrific war. In asserting the integrity of our territory under the national Government, we shut that door, through which threaten to come just such storms as have for hundreds of years past deluged Europe with blood. Better a single gigantic struggle now than a hundred years of intermittent wars, ending in treacherous truces, and breaking out again at every decade in fierce conflict.

I shall now refer to the astonishing pretense made in England that this war has nothing to do with slavery! Never has the South asserted this. The interest of slavery was the very ground alleged for rebellion, and the justification put in for it. Slavery having been adopted as the central principle of Southern political economy,—her politics having for thirty years avowedly and indisputably moved around that center,—all her quarrels with the North having been about slavery, directly or indirectly,—the issues of the last Presidential election having been issues made upon this very question of slavery,—all her principal statesmen having made interferences with slavery *wrongs* at the hands of the North (wrongs in the past or feared in the future), the very reason of rebellion,—the whole interior history of America for seventy years having been wound up on this spool,—what amazing impudence do they manifest, who, calculating on the ignorance of the British public, dare to affirm, that slavery has nothing to do with this war! Slavery has been the very alphabet of the war. Every letter of its history has been taken from the font of slavery. The whole black literature of the war has been drawn from slavery! To be sure there is a division of opinion in America, whether the fire-eaters of the South, or the Abolitionists of the North, are most to blame for making slavery the occasion of the war; but not a sane man on our whole continent can be found denying that slavery is the root of it! You cannot point to a war either in ancient or modern times, that has turned so much upon fundamental principles as this one between

the North and the South. There is the South with her gigantic system of slavery, and there is the North with her freedom, her free soil, free labor, free speech, and her free press; and the question is, *which of these two shall govern the American continent?* [*Applause.*] The North preferred to settle this question by discussion, by moral influence, by legal and constitutional means; but the South threw down the gauntlet, refused a convention, and fired on the old flag; and now her minions are whining and crying in England because the North will make war! If they did not like blows, why did they strike them? I will admit that the South are as gallant a people as ever lived; I will admit that when they shall come back to the Union, as they will—[*applause, and cries of "Never," and waving of handkerchiefs*]—they will come back—[*a voice, "Never."*]—Perhaps *you* will not, but—[*laughter*]—*they* will. ["*Never.*" *A voice, "They are Anglo-Saxon and will never come back."*] Why, if I thought that this thing was to be fought out here, I would say it over and over again till daylight broke; but not your breath denying or mine affirming will alter the issue. The Grants, the Rosecranses, the Bankses, must do that. [*Hisses.*] But when the South shall come back into the Union ["*Never*"], we shall honor them more than ever we did, for their good management and courage. [*Applause.*] There are some things that men may pay too much to find out; but if the South, by paying the blood of thrice ten thousand of her sons, finds out that liberty is better than slavery, she will not have paid a drop too much. [*Applause.*]

The triumph of the North in this conflict will be the triumph of free institutions, even if the Northern people and Government could be proved to have been delinquent, in every individual and in every public officer. Large as is our country, independent in opinions, and hitherto divided in sentiment about slavery,—never was any people so sincere, so religiously earnest, as is now the North. But, what if its people were insincere, its president a trickster, his emancipation proclamation a hollow pretense? What if the North were as cruel to colored peo-

ple as slavery is? All that would not change the inevitable fact, that the triumph of the North carries with it her free institutions all over the continent! *It is a war of Principles and of Institutions.* The victory will be a victory of Principles and of Institutions. This is avowed by the South as well as by us. If the North prevails, she carries over the continent her pride of honest work, her free public schools, her homestead law, which gives to every man who will occupy it a hundred and sixty acres of land; her free press, her love and habit of free speech, her untiring industry, her thrift, frugality, and morality, and above all her democratic ideas of human rights, and her Old English notions of a commonwealth, transmitted to her from Sydney, Hampden, Vane, Milton; and not least, her free churches with their vast train of charities and beneficences! These results do not depend upon the will of individuals. They go with the society, the civilization, the ineradicable nature of those Northern democratic institutions which are in conflict with Southern despotic institutions. If then any one says, I cannot give my sympathy to the Northern cause, because the people of the North are just as bad as the people of the South, I first utterly deny the fact, but next, for the sake of argument, I for a moment yield it, and reply that the institutions of the North are not so bad as the institutions of the South, even if the people are. This is a war of institutions, not simply of races. It is not necessary to look into the motives of her individual citizens. Look into the spirit and structure of Northern society. Look at her history and see in the vast Western States what is the result of the ascendency of her ideas. Look into those great natural laws which have generated and controlled her civilization!

But I return to the shameless and impudent assertion that the North is not sincere in this conflict. True, the North has her own ways of managing her own affairs. She is guided by the genius of her own institutions, and not by the whims of unsympathizing critics three thousand miles off, ignorant of her ideas, history, institutions, emergencies, and difficulties. But there has never before,

since time began, been a spectacle like that in America. A million men have been on foot in the army and navy, *every man a volunteer*, the best blood of the North, her workmen, her farmers and artisans, her educated sons, lawyers, doctors, ministers of the gospel, young men of wealth and refinement, side by side with the modest sons of toil, *and every man a volunteer!* They have come, not like the Goths and Huns from a wandering life or inclement skies, to seek fairer skies and richer soil; but from homes of luxury, from cultivated farms, from busy workshops, from literary labors, from the bar, the pulpit, and the exchange, thronging around the old national flag that had symbolized *liberty* to mankind, all moved by a profound love of country, and firmly, fiercely determined that the mother-land shall not be divided, especially not in order that slavery may scoop out for itself a den of refuge from Northern civilization, and an empire to domineer over all the American tropics! It is this sublime patriotism which, on every side, I hear stigmatized as the mad rush of national ambition! Has then the love of country run so low in Great Britain, that the rising of a nation to defend its territory, its government, its flag, and all the institutions over which that has waved, is a theme for cold aversion in the pulpit, and sneers in the pew? Is generosity dead in England, that she will not admire in her children those very qualities which have made the children proud of the memories of their common English ancestors?

But, it is asked, since the South is so utterly discordant with the North, why not let her go, and have peace? Go! But it is to STAY that they are fighting! If their white population would but go and leave to us and to the negroes a peaceful territory, we might be willing; but it is a rebellious population asking leave to organize political independence within the United States for the sake of threatening the peace of the whole future! Our trouble is, that if we give them leave to go, they will stay. [*Laughter.*] No mountains divide the North from the South—they run the other way. No cross rivers divide them—they run the other way. No latitudes or climates divide the one from

the other. Don't you know that God has affianced the torrid and the temperate zones in America one to the other, and that they are always running into each other's arms? The Gulf-streams of population are constantly interchanging in such a continent as ours. There is no division line that you can make, except a merely arbitrary one. There is a line of twelve hundred miles, east and west, which you propose in your division to make the fiery line of a slave empire. Do you ask us to such a bequest of peace as that? A Southern boundary of twelve hundred miles long, charged with the flames and thunder of war, ready to explode on any occasion? Well, may be—may be—*you* could lie down on a powder magazine, with a thousand tons of powder in it, and a fire raging within an inch of it, but *I* could not! Will so much as one cause of quarrel be taken out of the way? Will there be anything that will stop slaves running across, and the South being irritated because we harbor them? Of course we should harbor them, as you do in Canada. No law could stop it then. [*Cheers.*] The only thing that ever gave to the Fugitive Slave Law a shadow, a vestige of power, was that for the sake of peace many in the North consented, somehow or other, to get rid of their consciences. I never did. [*Applause.*] I hated the law. I trod it underfoot; and I declared, to the face of the magistrates and the government, that I would break it in every way I could. And I did. [*Cheers.*] Now say, if it were so, when there were motives of patriotism to maintain such an obnoxious law, what would it be when the sections were rent asunder? If separated, would the contrast of free labor and slave-labor be less exciting? Would our press be less bold in its proclamation of doctrines of liberty? Would not parties in secret league with Southern parties torment the border States with new divisions, and make impossible that peace by which we are to be bribed to cease this war? Cruel as the war is, yet to stop it until slavery has its death-wound, would be even more cruel! When the surgeon has cut half the cancer out, is that man the friend of the patient, who, seeing the blood and hearing the groans, should persuade him to

leave the operation half performed, and bind up the cancered limb? But, you ask, How long shall we carry violence into the South? I will ask you a question in reply. If in the purlieus of vice in old Glasgow, there should be a ward of which a confederation of burglars and thieves had taken possession, how long would you invade it with your police? [*Laughter.*] Would Glasgow give up to them or would they have to give up to Glasgow?

We may now understand what Southern rebellion means. There seems a need of information on this point in high places. Earl Russell, in replying to Mr. Sumner's arguments upon rebellion, reproached him with inconsistency in such a horror of rebellion, America being the child of two rebellions! Were they rebellious against liberty to more despotism; or against oppression to more freedom? The English rebellion and the American rebellion were both toward greater freedom of all classes of men. This rebellion is for the sake of holding four million slaves with greater security, and less annoyance from free institutions! And now observe! The South, expressly in order to hold fast her four million slaves, makes war against what the Confederate vice-president, Mr. Stephens, in dissuading secession, pronounced to be "the best, freest, justest, most lenient Government that the sun ever shone upon." He declared that the South had no grievances; and since secession, he has glorified the new Confederation, as established with "slavery as its corner-stone." On this is written in lurid letters of infernal light, "The only foundation of our liberty is to own the laborer and to oppress the slave." When such a body of insurgents comes to ask you to recognize its independence, do you think it just and humane—is it according to the instinct—is it according to the conscience of Great Britain to say "That nation *ought* to have its independence"?

And now let me say one word more; for I am emboldened by your courtesy. You now see what it means to give your aid and succor to the South. [*Cheers.*] Why were you in favor of giving the Hungarians their liberty? Because they said, The yoke of Austria is heavier than we

can bear; and you sympathized with them because it was a step toward larger liberty. When Greece complained, why did the nations interfere? It was to give her more liberty, not less. When Italy asked help, why did France—then guided by her better genius—give her armies to beat back the Austrians and give Italy her sway in the Northern part of that beautiful peninsula? It was because Italy sighed for the sweets of liberty—that which is the right of every people on the globe. Why to-day does every man wish that the Czar may be baffled, that he may be sent back to the frozen fastnesses of the North, and that Poland may stand erect in her nationality? [*Cheers.*] Why? It is because Poland is under a despotism and is struggling for independence and liberty. [*Applause.*] You know now what I think about sending clothes, arms, powder, ships, and all the muniments of war, or supplies of any kind, to the South. I do not stop to discuss whether it is legal or illegal. I do not discuss this as a question of technical law at all. I lift it up and put it on the ground of moral law. Between two parties, one of whom is laboring for the integrity and sanctity of labor, and the other is for robbery, the degradation of labor, and the integrity of slavery,—I say that the man that gives his aid to the Slave Power is allied to it, and is making his money by building up tyranny. [*Hear, and cheers.*] Every man that strikes a blow on the iron that is put into those ships for the South, is striking a blow and forging a manacle for the hand of the slave. [*Applause and hisses.*] Every free laborer in old Glasgow who is laboring to rear up iron ships for the South, is laboring to establish on sea and on land the doctrine that capital has a right to own "labor." [*Cheers and hisses.*] You are false to your own principles, to your own interests, to mankind, and to the great working classes. You have no right, for the sake of poor pitiful pelf, to go against the great toiling multitudes of Europe that are lifting up their hands for more education and more liberty. You have no right to betray that cause by allying yourselves with despots who, in holding slaves, establish the doctrine that might makes right. [*Applause.*] It is not in anger that I

speak, it is not in pettishness or in vehemence. It is the Day-of-Judgment view of the matter. O! I would rather than all the crowns and thrones of earth to have the sweet, assuring smile of Jesus when he says, "Come, welcome; inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me." And I would rather face the thunderbolt than stand before him when he says on that terrible day, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my little ones, ye did it not unto me." You strike God in the face when you work for slaveholders. Your money so got and quickly earned will be badly kept, and you will be poor before you can raise your children, and dying you will leave a memory that will rise against you at the day of judgment. By the solemnity of that judgment—by the sanctity of conscience—by the love you bear to humanity—by your old hereditary love of liberty;—in the name of God and of mankind, I charge you to come out from among them, to have nothing to do with the unclean and filthy lucre made by pandering to slavery.

One word more. I protest, in the name of all that there is in kindred blood, against Great Britain putting herself in such a position that she cannot be in cordial and ever-during alliance with the free republic in America. [*Applause.*] I declare to you that it is a monstrous severance of your only natural alliance, for Great Britain to turn aside from free America and seek close relations with despotism! You owe youselves to us, and we owe ourselves to you. You ought to live at peace with France—you ought to study their reciprocal interest and they yours. But after all, while you should be in Christian peace with France, I tell you it is unnatural for England to be in closer alliance with France than America. [*Hear, and disapprobation.*] Nevertheless, like it or dislike it, so it is! On the other hand, it is truly unnatural for America, when she would go into a foreign alliance to seek her alliance with Russia. [*Hear, and applause.*] O, why don't you hiss now? [*Laughter.*] I declare that America should study the prosperity of Russia, as of every nation of the globe; but when she gives her heart and hand in alliance, she owes it

to Great Britain. [*Applause.*] So! you want to hear *that!* And when Great Britain turns to find one that she can lean on—can go to with all her heart—one of her own—we are her eldest-born, strongest—to *us* she must come. [*Applause.*] A war between England and America would be like murder in the family—unnatural—monstrous beyond words to depict. Now, then, if that be so, it is our duty to avoid all cause and occasion of offense. [*Hear, hear.*] But remember—remember—remember—*we are carrying out our dead.* Our sons, our brothers' sons, our sisters' children—they are in this great war of liberty and of principle. We are taxing all our energies. You are at peace; and if in the flounderings of this gigantic conflict we accidentally tread on your feet, are we or you to have most patience? When the widowed mother sits watching the shortening breath of her child, hovering between life and death,—it may be that the rent has not been paid,—it may be that her fuel has not yet been settled for; but what would you think of that landlord or of that provision dealer who would send a warrant of distress when the funeral was going out of the door, and arrest her when she was walking to the grave with her first-born son. Even a brute would say, "Wait—wait!" Yet it was in the hour of our mortal anguish, that when, by an unauthorized act, one of the captains of our navy seized a British ship for which our Government instantly offered all reparation, that a British army was hurried to Canada. I do not undertake to teach the law that governs the question; but this I do undertake to say, and I will carry every generous man in this audience with me, when I affirm that if between America, bent double with the anguish of this bloody war, and Great Britain, who sits at peace, there is to be forbearance on either side, it should be on your side. [*Applause.*]

Here then I rest my cause to-night, asking every one of you to unite with me in praying that God, the arbiter of the fates of nations, would so guide the issue that those who struggle for liberty shall be victorious; and that God, who sways the hearts of nations, may so sway the hearts of Great Britain and America that not to the remotest period

of time shall there be dissension, but golden concord between them, for their own sakes and for the good of the whole world. [*Great cheering.*]

Several questions having been put and answered, the Rev. Dr. George Jeffery moved and Councilor Alexander seconded a resolution expressive of approbation of Mr. Beecher's able and uncompromising advocacy of the rights of the slave to freedom, and thanking him for the very admirable and eloquent address delivered that evening, which was carried amid great and prolonged cheering.

SPEECH IN EDINBURGH.

OCTOBER 14, 1863.

LONG before the hour fixed for the meeting, all the entrances to the hall were besieged by large masses of people; and the rush for places was so great that a few minutes after the opening of the doors every available seat was taken possession of. Crowds of people still continued to pour into the hall, and the passages became crammed. As the time arrived for the entrance of the chairman and Mr. Beecher, it became a serious question how they were to gain admission to the hall. After some time, however, they managed to reach the platform, and were received with loud and prolonged cheers. Some of the gentlemen for whom seats had been reserved on the platform also gained admission—some by the passage, and others by climbing to the Moderator's gallery and walking along the ledge.

The Chairman, Mr. Duncan M'Laren, said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: May I entreat as a great favor that the utmost quietness be preserved, because I have often observed that it is those in a large meeting who, with the best intentions in the world, cry 'Peace,' that practically make all the noise. Since I have been made Chairman, every one, I have no doubt, will be quite disposed to give up a little of his personal liberty to my dictation to-night. You know what the meeting is about. The advertisement tells you honestly what the object is in calling you together, and therefore there is no person here present who has any right to take offense at anything that is said within the four quarters of the hall. The objects of the meeting are twofold—the first is to hear the Rev. Mr. Henry Ward Beecher. That means that we are to hear him express his own opinions; and whether or no these opinions may be in unison with your opinions or with mine, that is a matter of which the meeting has, I apprehend, no right to complain. We are greatly indebted to him, I think, for responding to the call. He has been toiling night and day, I may say, in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and other towns; and he has come here on a very short notice, and your anxiety to hear him

has been such that you almost excluded him. . . . . I feel that in this question, which has been so keenly contested in this country, there may be great difference of opinion on the part of the persons who are here present. I entreat that whatever difference of opinion may exist, every one may be heard fairly and courteously, and if the resolution which is proposed to the meeting be disapproved of, and any gentleman comes forward to the platform to move an amendment, I will do as much to give him a hearing for his speech, if within the scope of the resolution, as I would do to any other gentleman. [*Loud cheers.*] I am most anxious that everything should be done in such a straightforward manner as will commend itself to all lovers of fair play. [*Cheers.*] I may just state, in addition, this one fact, that from other circumstances we have been honored in this city with the presence of many distinguished foreigners, and among these three or four gentlemen who were to have gone by the six o'clock train to-night in order to get to Paris to-morrow morning. They kindly agreed to testify their detestation of slavery by attending at this meeting, in order to say a few words in unison with what I have no doubt will be said by Mr. Beecher. These are M. Garnier Pages, M. Desmarest, and M. Henri Martyn, the distinguished historian of France." [*Applause.*] Mr. M'Laren concluded by introducing Mr. Beecher to the meeting.

Mr. Beecher, on coming forward, was received with loud and prolonged cheers and some hissing. When silence had been restored, he spoke:—

I should regret to have my associations of this, the most picturesque city of the world, disturbed as they would be if I thought that you needed so much preparatory pleading to persuade you to hear me. [*Loud applause and laughter.*] I have lived in a very stormy time in my own land, where men who did not believe in my sentiments had pecuniary and political interests in disturbing meetings, but neither in East, nor West, nor in all the Middle States, have I thought it necessary to ask an audience to hear me —not even in America, the country, as we have lately been informed, of mobs! [*Loud cheers and laughter.*] I am not to-night a partisan seeking for proselytes. I have no other interests to serve but those which are common to all good men—the interests of truth, of justice, of liberty, and of good morals. If I differ with you in the way in which they

are to be promoted, what then? Cannot you hear opinions that you do not believe? I am so firm in my convictions that I can bear to hear their opposites. [*Cheers.*] It is not then so much to persuade you to my views, though I should be glad to do that, as it is to give a full and frank expression of them, supposing that there are many here that would be interested in a statement of affairs, as they are now proceeding on the continent of America,—if for no other reason, at least for the philosophic interest there must be in these passing phenomena. It may be to you but a simple question of national psychology; it may be to some of you a matter of sympathy; but whether it be philosophic interest or whether it be humanitarian and moral interest, it shall be my business to speak, for the most part, of what I know, and so to speak that you shall be in no doubt whatever of my convictions. [*Loud cheers and laughter.*]

America has been going through an extraordinary revolution, unconsciously and interiorly, which began when her present national form was assumed, which is now developing itself, but which existed and was in progress just as much before as now that it is seen. The earlier problem was how to establish an absolute *independence* in States from all external control. Next (and this is the peculiar interest of the period which formed our Constitution), how, out of independent States to form a Nation, yet without destroying local sovereignty. The period of germination and growth of the Union of the separate colonies is threefold. The first colonies that planted the American shores were separate, and jealous of their separateness. Sent from the mother country with a strong hatred of oppression, they went with an intense individualism, and sought to set up, each party, its little colony, where they would be free to follow their convictions and the dictates of conscience. [*Loud applause.*] And nothing is more characteristic of the earlier politics of the colonists than their jealous isolation, for fear that even contact would contaminate. Two or three efforts were made within the first twenty or twenty-five years of their exist-

ence to bring them together in Union. Delegates met and parted, met again and parted. Indian wars drove them together. It became by external dangers necessary that there should be a Union of those early colonies, but there was a fear that in going into Union they would lose something of the sovereignty that belonged to them as colonial States. The first real Union that took place was that of 1643, between the colonists of what is now New England. It is a little remarkable, I may say in passing, that the fugitive slave clause of our Constitution is founded almost in so many words on the first Articles of Federation that were made in 1643 between these little New England colonies. This earliest Union was the type and model of later ones. With various alternations of fortune the country grew, but maintained a kind of irregular Union as exigencies pressed upon it. It was not until 1777, a year and a half after the Declaration of Independence, and while the colonies were at full war with the mother country, that what is called the Articles of Federation were adopted; and this was the second period of Union, when the Southern States, the Middle States, and the States of New England came together in Federation, which was declared, in the preamble, to be perpetual. [*Cheers.*] But about ten years after these articles were framed, they were found to be utterly inadequate for the exigencies of the times; and in 1787 the present Constitution of the United States was adopted by convention, and, at different dates thereafter, ratified by the thirteen States that first constituted the present Union.

Now, during all this period of the first Union of 1643, the second Union of 1777, and the third or final Union—the present one—of 1787, there is one thing to be remarked, and that is, the jealousy of State independence. The States were feeling their way towards nationality; and the rule and measure of the wisdom of every step was, how to maintain individuality with nationality. That was their problem. It never had been found out for them. They had some analogies, but these were only analogies. In that wilderness, for the first time, the problem was

about to be solved—How can there be absolute independence in local government with perfect nationality? Slavery was only incidental during all this long period; but in reading from contemporaneous documents and debates that took place in conventions both for Confederation and for final Union, it is remarkable that the difficulties which arose were difficulties of representation, difficulties of taxation, difficulties of tariff and revenue; and, so far as we can find, neither North nor South anticipated in the future any of those dangers which have overspread the continent from the black cloud of slavery. The dangers they most feared, they have suffered least from: the dangers they have suffered most from, they did not at all anticipate, or but little. But the Union was formed. The Constitution, defining the national power conferred by the States on the Federal Government, was adopted. Thenceforward, for fifty years and more, the country developed itself in wealth and political power, until, from a condition of feeble States exhausted by war, it rose to the dignity of a first class nation.

We now turn our attention to the gradual and unconscious development within this American nation of two systems of policy, antagonistic and irreconcilable. Let us look at the South first. She was undergoing unconscious transmutation. She did not know it. She did not know what ailed her. She felt ill—[*laughter*]—put her hand on her heart sometimes; on her head sometimes; but had no doctor to tell her what it was, until too late; and when told she would not believe. [*Laughter and cheers.*] For it is a fact, that when the colonies combined in their final Union, slavery was waning not only in the Middle and Northern States but also in the South itself. When therefore they went into this Union, slavery was perishing, partly by climate in the North, and still more by the convictions of the people, and by the unproductive character of farm-slavery. Slavery is profitable only by breeding and on plantations. In the North it never was very profitable, though somewhat convenient as a household matter; for if you can get a good chambermaid and a

good cook, it is worth while to keep them. [*Laughter.*] There was for the most part in New England only the shadow of slavery—household slavery. The first period of the South was the wane and weakness of slavery. Nevertheless it existed. The second period is the increase of slavery, and its apologetic defense; for, with the invention of the cotton gin, an extraordinary demand for cotton sprang up. Slave labor began to be more and more in demand, and the price of slaves rose; but still there was a number of years within my remembrance—and I am not a patriarch—in which men said, "Slavery is among us; we don't know how to get rid of it; we accept it as an evil; we wish we had a better system, but it is a misfortune and not a fault." I remember the apologetic period. Then came the next period, one of revolution of opinion as to the inferior races of the South, a total and entire change in the doctrines of the South on the question of human rights and human nature. It dates from Mr. Calhoun. From the hour that Mr. Calhoun began to teach, there commenced a silent process of moral deterioration. I call it a retrogression in morals—an apostasy. Men no longer apologized for slavery: they learned to defend it; to teach that it was the normal condition of an inferior race; that the seeds and history of it were in the Word of God; that the only condition in which a republic can be prosperous, is, where an aristocracy *owns the labor* of the community. That was the doctrine of the South, and with that doctrine there began to be ambitious designs, not only for the maintenance but the propagation of slavery. This era of propagation and aggression constitutes the fourth and last period of the revolution of the South. They had passed through a whole cycle of changes. These changes followed certain great laws. No sooner was the new philosophy set on foot, than the South recognized its legitimacy and accepted it with all its inferences and inevitable tendencies. They gave up wavering and misgivings, adopted the institution—praised it, loved it, defended it, sought to maintain it, burned to spread it. During the last fifteen years, I believe you cannot find a

voice, printed or uttered, in the cotton States of the South, which deplored slavery. All believed in and praised it, and found authority for it in God's Word. Politicians admired it, merchants appreciated it, the whole South sang pæans to the new found truth, that man was born to be owned by man. [*Loud cheers.*] This change of doctrine made it certain that the South would be annoyed and irritated by a Constitution which, with all its faults, still carried the God-given principle of human rights, which were not to be taken by man except in punishment for crime. That Constitution, and the policy which went with it at first, began to gnaw at, and irritate, and fret the South, after they had adopted slavery as a doctrine. How could they live in peace under a Constitution that all the time declared the manhood of men and the dignity of freedom? It became necessary that they should do one of two things: either give up slavery, or appropriate the government to themselves, and in some way or other drain out of the Constitution this venom of liberty, and infuse a policy more in harmony with Southern ideas. They took the latter course. They contrived to possess themselves of the government; and for the last fifty years the policy of the country has been Southern. Was a tariff wanted? It was made a Southern tariff. Was a tariff oppressive? The Southerners overthrew it. Was a tariff wanted again? The Southern policy declared it to be necessary, and it was passed. Was more territory wanted? The South must have its way. Was any man to obtain a place? If the South opposed it, he had no chance whatever. For fifty years most of the men who became judges, who sat in the Presidential chair and in the Courts, had to base their opinions on slavery or on Southern views. All the filibustering, all the intimidations of foreign Powers, all the so-called snubbing of European Powers, happened during the period in which the policy of the country was controlled by the South. May I be permitted to look on it as a mark of victorious Christianity, that England now loves her worst enemy, and is sitting with arms of sympathy round her neck? [*Loud cheers.*]

There was at the same time a revolution going on in the North unconsciously. The first period of revolution begun in the North was what might be called the foundation-laying. Material wealth began to be amassed, manufacturing and farm-labor flourished, schools were multiplied, colleges were rising. It was a period in which the North was developing and consolidating its power. Then, for many years—and it is a count of about thirty years ago—the North began to be assailed by bold prophets of the truth, and a crusade was commenced against slavery. [*Cheers.*] I was then a boy, but old enough to be a spectator and a sympathizer. Those men, for the most part, have gone down into their graves—their names not yet honored as they will be; for the day is coming, when round their names, and the names of all who have been faithful to the sacred cause of liberty, there will be hung garlands, and they shall be clothed with honor; but around the brows of those who have betrayed their country to despotism shall shine lurid light in flame that shall consume. [*Cheers.*] The man who was an abolitionist when I was twenty-one years of age might bid farewell to any hopes of political advancement; and the merchant who held these opinions was soon robbed of customers. As far as I remember, there was nothing in the world that so ruined a man—not crime itself was so fatal to a man's standing in the country—as to be known to hold abolition sentiments. The churches sought to keep the question of slavery out; so did the schools and colleges; so did synods and conventions; but still the cause of abolition progressed; and still, as is always the case with everything that is right, though the men who held those sentiments were scoffed at, though such men as Garrison were dragged through the streets with halters round their necks, yet, the more it was spoken of and canvassed, the more the cause prospered, because it was true. [*Cheers.*] The insanity at last abated; for the command came from on high, saying to the evil spirit concerning the North: "I command thee to come out of her." Then the nation wallowed on the ground, and foamed at the mouth; but the unclean spirit

passed out, and she became clean. The more some people wanted to keep down this subject and keep out the air, the more God forced the subject on their minds. If you let a steam engine, when it is full of steam, hiss at the rivets, with the scape valve open, it cannot explode; but if the steam is shut up, and the valve closed, it will be still for a moment, and then, like thunder, it will go off! So it was in regard to this subject. Those who discussed it, became convinced of its truth; but those who would not permit it to be spoken of, and shut it up, brought on explosion. [*Laughter and cheers.*]

About this time the South began to take such steps as more and more brought the North into a rightful frame of mind. The first conflict that arose between the South and the North was in regard to the admission of the new State of Missouri in 1818. [*Hear.*] The North contended that there should be no more slave States—the doctrine that is now reviving as the doctrine of the Republican Party. It was the original doctrine and conviction that slavery might be tolerated where it was, but that no more States should be admitted. When Missouri knocked at the door, there were those who opposed its admission as a slave State, but by Southern management and intimidation Henry Clay persuaded the North to a compromise. Now when there is no difference in principle, but only conflicting interests, a compromise is honorable and right, but when antagonistic principles are in question, I believe compromises to be bargains with the devil,—who is never cheated. [*Loud laughter and cheers.*] The North gave up her principles and admitted the Missouri State with slavery as *an exception*, and by the compromise obtained a line of latitude that should limit slavery. Above the latitude of 36° 30′ all States, except Missouri, were to be free; south of that line there might be slave States. By this concession, however, they gave up the whole principle, as such compromises always must.

Then came the next conflict. The policy of the North and the policy of the South again jarred against each other. The North was striving, according to the spirit

of the Constitution and the expressed convictions of the fathers of the country, the founders of the Union, to carry out the doctrines of liberty. The South became ambitious, and having possession of the Government, aimed to enforce their ideas of slavery upon the whole continent. Hence, admission of Texas and the war with Mexico for the sake of territory. Next were seized the regions of New Mexico and California. These were added to the Union not by the North, but by the South. Then came the compromise measures of 1850, and the Fugitive Slave Bill, which the North accepted finally, as children take medicine, when the silver spoon is forced into their teeth, and they are almost choked to make them take it. [*Laughter.*] Then came the only abolition that I ever heard the South were in favor of—the abolition of the Missouri Compromise. What that was, I have just been telling you. But now the South suddenly found out that the compromise was unconstitutional and void. They claimed to abolish the compromise and have slave States north of the line of 36° 30′. The North, although incensed and indignant, yet from love for the Union of the States, gave up their own convictions and their proper line of duty. After the abolition of the Missouri Compromise it was declared by the South that the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty should be established—a doctrine to the effect that when the admission of a State was determined on, it should come in a slave State or a free State, according to the vote of its population. The South carried this measure, and the moment they carried it they attempted to get Kansas introduced as a slave State; but the Northern men were too quick for them [*laughter and applause*], for they sent such a superabundant population into Kansas, that they soon lifted the white banner without a black star upon it. [*Cheers.*] The instant this was done, the South turned round and said, "Popular sovereignty is not constitutional or expedient. [*Laughter and applause.*] The States applying for admission shall not have the liberty of saying whether they will come in free or slave." This was the work of Mr. Slidell [*hisses*], now Minister for the Southern

States in Paris. [*Hisses and slight applause.*] I wish he were in this hall to hear you hissing. [*Cheers.*]

By this time the North had become thoroughly roused and indignant. They had at length opened their eyes, and reluctantly began to see that the South meant nothing short of forcing slavery over the whole continent. The North thereupon grew firmer, and in 1856 nominated Frémont, for the purpose of showing that they were no longer to be browbeaten by slavery. He failed of election; but failed in the noblest way, by the cheats of his opponents. The State that gave us Buchanan to be a burden for four years, was the State in which the cheating took place. Then came the last act of this revolution of feeling in the North—the election of Mr. Lincoln. [*Loud and protracted cheering.*] The principle that was laid down as a distinct feature of the platform on which Mr. Lincoln was elected, was, that there should be no more slave Territories—in other words, the breathing hole was stopped up, and slavery had no air; it was only a question of time how long it would last before it would be suffocated. [*Laughter and cheers.*] The North respected the doctrine of State rights, when Georgia said that slavery was municipal and local, and that the government of the United States had no right to touch slavery in Georgia. The North accepted the doctrine. It was true, that they could not touch slavery in the States; yet the North had a right, in connection with the Middle States, to say, "Although in certain States slavery exists beyond our political reach, yet the territory that is free and is *not* beyond Federal jurisdiction shall not be touched by the foot of a slave. [*Loud cheers.*] That was the spark which exploded, and this is the war that followed; for the South knew perfectly well,—and there is no place where logic is better understood than in the South,—that if limits were set to the Slave States, if the territory could be no further extended, the prosperity of the slaveholders was at an end. They determined that that doctrine should be broken up, and they went into the Secession war for that very purpose.

All these were conflicts between the North and the

South, about the growth of slavery, and in all but one of them the South had its own way. [*Hear.*] The States had been charging each other with guilt, and with infidelity to obligations, but it was now collision. It was the attraction of great underlying influences that moved both South and North. The principle which had been operating in the North for many years was the principle of free labor, while the principle which had impregnated all Southern minds was the principle of slave labor. The result is this: the South is exhausting the whole life of the States in defense of slavery. This is historical now. The great cause of the conflict—the center of necessity, round which the cannons roar and the bayonets gleam,—is the preservation of slavery. Beyond slavery, there is no difference between North and South. Their interests are identical, with the exception of *work*. The North is for free work—the South is for slave work; and the whole war in the South, though it is for independence, is, nevertheless, expressly in order to have slavery more firmly established by that independence. [*Hear, hear; cheers, and some hisses.*] On the other hand, the whole policy of the North, now at last regenerated, and made consistent with their documents, their history, and real belief—the whole policy of the North, as well as the whole work of the North, rejoicing at length to be set free from antagonism, bribes, and intimidations,—is for liberty; liberty for every man in the world. [*Cheers.*]

I wish you to consider for a moment what is the result of this state of things in the North. There never was so united a purpose as there is to-day to crush the rebellion. We have had nearly three years of turmoil and disturbance, which not only has not taken away that determination, but has increased it. In the beginning of this conflict we were peculiarly English. What do I mean by that? Well, if I have observed aright, England goes into wars to make blunders at first, always—[*hisses and cheers*]—but you must be aware, that in the end it is not England that has blundered. I have noticed, in the course of my study of the Peninsular war under Wellington, that the first whole year was a series of blunders and fraudulent squandering

[*cheers*]; but, if I recollect aright, at last the same Wellington drove his foes out of the Peninsula. [*Cheers.*] And so it is with us. We have so much English blood in our veins, that when we began this war we blundered and blundered; but we are doing better and better every step. [*Loud cheering.*] There has been time enough for mere enthusiasm to have cooled in the North. That has passed away. Enthusiasm is like the vapor, just enough condensed to let the sun striking upon it fill it with gorgeous colors; but when still further it condenses, and falls in drops for the thirsty man to drink, or carries the river to the cataract, then it has become useful and substantial. Enthusiasm, at first, is that airy cloud; but when it has become a principle in the hearts of the people, then it becomes substantial; and such is the case in the North. Enthusiasm has changed its form, and is now become substantial moral principle. [*Cheers.*] The loss of our sons in battle has been grievous; but we accept it as God's will, and we are determined that every martyred son shall have a representative in one hundred liberated slaves. [*Loud cheers.*] Never was such a unity of Christian men in the North as there is to-day. I have in my possession some two hundred resolutions, passed by different Christian churches and denominations in America, saving the Roman Catholics. In every form of language they express themselves alike resolute for the maintenance of the government and the crushing of the rebellion. I may say that there is no seam in the garment that binds us together. We are one. [*Cheers.*] The Peace-Democrats have tried three times to put a stop to the war, and every time they tried it, it became evident that the only platform in America, on which this subject can be discussed, is this—that the war must be carried on till the Union is re-established. [*Loud cheers.*] The Americans are a practical people. They know their own business. [*Hear, hear.*] No one so well able as they are, to judge what they want; and when they have deliberately arrived at a firm resolve, they surely are to be regarded, at least with respect, if not with sympathy. [*Cheers.*] This much we expect, that when a people twenty

millions strong, intelligent, moral, and, as you know, thrifty —when people of this sort, after three years of deliberation, are fixed on one purpose, they at least demand courtesy, if not respect. [*Loud cheers.*]

We are told that we are breaking our constitutional obligations by the measures we have taken; but we were forced to adopt those measures, and the reasons are abundant and plain. How? When a fire first breaks out, the engineer goes down and plays upon the fire, thinking that he will be able to save the furniture and the neighboring houses; but, as the devouring element increases, and threatens destruction to all around, the engineer says, "Bring me powder," and he blows up the neighboring house, then the next, and then the next, until a sufficient gap is made to prevent the spread of the conflagration. [*Cheers.*] When he began, he did not think that he would require to sacrifice so much: and so it is with us. When this rebellion commenced, we thought to put it down, and to maintain, at the same time, the rights of the States; but, when the war assumed such proportions as seemed to threaten the destruction of the nation and its constitutional Government, it became a question whether the President should put in practice the powers he possessed of saving the Union at all hazards. [*Cheers.*] Long he paused, I know; for I assisted in bombarding him. [*Laughter and cheers.*] For months, and months, and months, I both pleaded and inveighed against the dilatory policy at Washington, and at last the President issued a proclamation, declaring that the rebellion had assumed such proportions, that, for the sake of saving the country, he intended to exercise the power he possessed, and to confiscate the total "property" of the South, the whole of the slaves being included, for the sake of saving the Union and the Constitution. [*Cheers.*]

But some men speak to me, and say, "O, I am tired of waiting; when is this little quarrel of yours on the other side to be settled?" [*Laughter.*] A little quarrel—[*laughter*] —with 1,200 miles of a base line—a little quarrel that commenced only seventy-five years ago! You ask how? The

smouldering fire that by some means or other has caught a rafter between the ceilings is not known of at first; but after two or three days it bursts out, and the whole building is consumed. The fire did not begin when it became visible to the eyes; it began some time before. In the same way this war did not begin three years ago. It began when this Constitution was adopted—a Constitution for liberty with a policy for slavery—[*cheers*]—and it is as impossible to tell when it will come to a termination as it is to foretell the conclusion of any great matter affecting the welfare of thirty millions of people, contingent partly on great laws and partly on interfering politicians. It might close next year; it might close in three years; it might close in five. We have lost many sons, we have spilled much blood. This is the operation by which the cancer is to be severed from our system; the operation is now far advanced, and woe be to the man who interferes with it before the last bit of virus is removed. [*Cheers.*] But, let me say, even a servant who will bear a blow cannot bear to be beaten and preached at both together. If you insist on groaning over the tediousness of the war, you must not aid to prolong it. Either do not ask us when it will end, or else do not send ships and guns to the rebels in the South. If you want to sympathize with us, do so; and if you must assist the rebels, do so; but do not attempt both things at once. [*Hear, hear; and applause.*]

I thank Earl Russell for his speech at Blairgowrie. It is a speech that has brought comfort and gladness to the hearts of our American friends. [*Hear, hear.*] A friend of mine in New York has written to me, stating that the whole feeling there has been changed since the intelligence of Earl Russell's speech. We do not want to quarrel; we do not want animosity between Great Britain and America. No man has spoken of Great Britain words of praise and blame with more honest heart than I have. [*Cheers and some hisses.*] That man is not your friend who dares not speak of your faults to your face. The man that is your friend tells you when he thinks you are wrong; and whether I am right or wrong, I assert, that in giving moral sym-

pathy largely to the South, and above all, in allowing the infamous traffic of your ports with the rebels, thus strengthening the hands of the slaveholders,—and that, without public rebuke,—you have done wrong. I have said this, because, dear as your country is to us, precious as were the legacies given to us of learning and religion, and proud as we have been for years past to think of our ancestry and common relationship to you—yet so much dearer to us than kindred is the cause of God, that, if Great Britain sets herself against us, we shall not hesitate one moment on her account, but shall fulfill our mission! [*Cheers.*]

Earl Russell was, however, pleased to say that this was a conflict for territory on the one part, and for independence on the other. You know just as well as I, that the North has been adverse to the acquisition of territory. It was the South that brought in Texas, that brought in the whole of the Louisiana tract by purchase; it was the South that went to war with Mexico, and added New Mexico, and the whole of California; and it was the South that sent Walker, the filibusterer, to Cuba. The South would have territory. It is not the North that has been avaricious of land, but the South that needed the land for the extension of their slave system. Now, we are striving for the territory that belongs to the Union. [*Hear, hear.*] Let me see that man who dares to say here that he believes in the kind of patriotism that would let every citizen sit still while their territory was dismembered, and never raise a hand or lift a sword? If that is your idea of patriotism, it is not mine. I have taught my people, and I have practiced the doctrine myself as far as necessary, that it was the duty of every Christian to defend his house, and if any robber broke into his house, that he was bound to resist, and recover any goods that might have been carried off. Now that which is true of the householder, I declare to be true of the nation. The love of country means this, to defend every part and particle of the country from unjust alienation. [*Loud applause.*] It amounts then to just this, that we are trying to get back our own; though Lord John Russell—I beg his pardon, Earl Russell—[*laughter*]—

says that we were ambitious of territory! Well, here come two men before a Justice of the Peace, the one with the other by the coat. The one says: "I found this man in my house carrying off my wife's silks, finery, and jewels." Suppose the Justice to remonstrate with the complainant, and reprimand him for avarice, and blandly let the thief go without a word! What would become of a community in which the victim of robbery was scolded and the robber set free? [*Applause.*] Now the territory in question was paid for by the money of the Union, and we swore by as solemn an oath as people can swear to hold it for the good of the nation. Because we are striving to keep our oath, I do not see how that can make us ambitious of territory. [*Hear, hear; and applause.*] On the other side, Earl Russell says the South are contending for independence. Yes they are, and I would to God that so much gallantry had a better cause. It needs but that, to be illustrious to the end of time. [*Cheers.*] Ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to say, that we have not in that Western Continent degenerated from your British blood. There is high spirit yet in America just as much as there is here. [*Applause.*]

Yet, *Southern independence*,—what is it? When they seceded and went to Montgomery to frame a Constitution, what did they do? They made one or two little alterations in the old Constitution. They lengthened the term of the Presidency, and made a few alterations in the forms of procedures in the Congress; but substantially they took the same Constitution that they had just escaped from. [*Hear, hear.*] The only material clause they added was the one that made SLAVERY PERPETUAL, and declared it to be illegal to undertake to abolish it. What then is Southern independence? It is the meteor around the dark body of slavery. King Bomba of Naples wanted to be independent, and his idea of independence was, that he should be let alone whilst he was oppressing his subjects. This very idea of independence has been the same, since the days when Nimrod hunted men. [*Laughter and cheers.*] This is the only independence the South is fighting for.

But it is said, that the North is just as bad as the South

in its hatred for the negro. At one time I admit that there was a prejudice against the black man, arising out of the political condition of things; but I can bear witness that this prejudice has almost entirely passed away, in so far as the native population is concerned. [*Cheers.*] I shall not say who are the bitterest enemies of the black men, because you would hiss me if I did so. [*Loud cries of "Speak out," and a voice, "The Irishmen"—another voice, "The Irish Roman Catholics."*] There is no doubt that the Irish have a strong prejudice against the negroes, but it arises simply from this, that they have been led to believe by the enemies of the North, that, were the slaves freed, they would dispute the field of labor with them; whereas everybody who knew anything of their disposition could tell, that, were they freed, the Northern negroes would flock to the South, leaving the North for Northern laborers.

The statement has been made that the Americans are seeking to destroy the Anglo-Saxons for the sake of a few millions of negroes. I contend, that, although the freedom of the negroes will no doubt result from this war, yet we are fighting for the good of all mankind—black, white, and yellow [*laughter*], for men of all nations—to save representative government and universal liberty. It is also said, that the proclamation by the President was not sincere—that he had issued it merely as an official, and that it did not express his personal convictions. All I need to reply, is, that the President, whatever his own feelings, is bound to act as an official and discharge the duties of his office. He is bound to administer the Constitution of the country. It was the President and not the man who spoke; and it was the country, and not the President, that was responsible for the proclamation. At the same time I affirm, that the manner in which all these proclamations have been carried out is a sufficient test of their sincerity. The President was very loath to take the steps he did; but, though slow, Abraham Lincoln was sure. A thousand men could not make him plant his foot before he was ready; ten thousand could not move it after he had put it down. This national crisis in my own country is a spectacle worthy of

the admiration of the world, and I can only hope that when next the Social Science Congress assembles, this great conflict will have gone so far towards an issue, that it may be found consistent with duty to inaugurate its meeting without sneering at a neighboring nation. [*Great cheering and hisses.*]

I have a closing word to speak. It is our duty in America, by every means in our power, to avoid all cause of irritation with every foreign nation, and with the English nation most especially. On your side it is your duty to avoid all irritating interference, and all speech that tends to irritate. Brothers should be brothers all the world over, and you are of our blood, and we are of your lineage. May that day be far distant when Great Britain and America shall turn their backs on each other, and seek an alliance with other nations. [*Loud cries of "Russia."*] The day is coming when the foundations of the earth will be lifted out of their places; and there are two nations that ought to be found shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand for the sake of Christianity and universal liberty, and these nations are Great Britain and America. [*Loud and prolonged cheering.*]

At the close of Mr. Beecher's address Dr. Alexander came forward and was received with loud applause. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the resolution which I have had put into my hands is the following:—

"'That this meeting most earnestly and emphatically protests against American slavery in all its ramifications, as a system which treats immortal and redeemed human beings as goods and chattels, which denies them the rights of marriage and of home, which consigns them to ignorance of the first rudiments of education, and exposes them to the outrages of lust and passion; and that this meeting is therefore of opinion that it should be totally abolished; and, further, that this meeting, rejoicing in the progress which has already been made in America towards this end, desires to encourage, with their cordial sympathy, the earnest Abolitionists in that country in the noble efforts they are making.'

"I do not think that it is necessary that I should offer any observations in support of this resolution. After the magnificent oration to which we have just listened, I do not feel myself inclined at all to intrude in the way of speaking upon this question,

and I presume the meeting is not at all inclined to hear anything I might be disposed to say. I do not think the motion which has been put into my hands requires very much to be said in support of it. I think it is exceedingly moderate, rather more moderate than perhaps I should have expressed it, had it been in my own words. [*Applause.*] I think it pledges us to nothing but what we may heartily agree to [*loud applause*], from our abhorrence of slavery, our desire to see that feeling acknowledged, and our sympathy with those who are trying to abolish it in America. Some may perhaps think that in the resolution we might directly sympathize with the Federals in their struggle, but that might probably lead to a division in the meeting. I would venture to suggest that our esteemed friend has gone very far to show that the Northerners, as such, are Abolitionists. Those who think that he has made out that point might interpret the latter part of this resolution to mean the whole of the Federals as a body; and those who do not think that might restrict it in their own minds to suit their views." [*Laughter.*]

Dr. George Johnston then came forward amid loud cheers, and said: "It is not necessary that I should say one word in seconding the motion. I am quite satisfied that this meeting is perfectly unanimous in accepting the sentiments expressed in the motion, and why, therefore, should I occupy more time. [*Applause.*] Just let me say this one word, that I apprehend that the magnificent speech of our friend Mr. Beecher Stowe—[*loud laughter*]—I mean Mr. Ward Beecher—has removed some prejudices [*hear, hear*], has given some information which, if rightly used, will guide us to the same conclusion to which I long ago came—viz., that the North is banded together to maintain the liberties of mankind." [*Loud applause.*]

A show of hands was then taken, when only three were held up against the resolution, which was carried amidst loud and prolonged cheering.

SPEECH IN THE PHILHARMONIC HALL, LIVERPOOL.

OCTOBER 16, 1863.

THE hall was crowded in every part. Immediately upon the doors being opened the hall was filled, and the aspect of the audience showed that the proceedings were anticipated with no little eagerness. Mr. Charles Robertson was the chairman of the evening.

On the entrance of Mr. Beecher, preceded by the chairman, a vast shout of mingled welcome and disapprobation was immediately raised. Placards had been posted throughout the town inciting the people of Liverpool to give the lecturer a hostile reception; and it soon became evident that a determined minority of the meeting were present with that intention. The extent to which their exertions, which were sedulously continued throughout, interfered with the proceedings, will be perceived by the report.

Charles Robertson, Esq., on rising to introduce the lecturer, was received with loud cheers and hisses. After obtaining silence he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are met here to-night to hear an address from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. [*Cheers and hisses.*] I hope, gentlemen, this is an assembly of Englishmen [*hear, hear*], and that everybody will be heard with calmness and impartiality. [*Hear, hear.*] Well, gentlemen, we are met together this evening to receive such information from Mr. Beecher as he has it in his power to communicate to us respecting the present state of the contest now going on in the United States of America, and its bearing on that most important question which has so powerfully stirred the hearts of Englishmen, the question of the emancipation of the negro race. [*Loud applause and hisses.*] I need not say to you, gentlemen, it is that aspect of the question which has induced many of us to take a part in this meeting. It is because we believe that this is a contest which has a most important bearing on the emancipation of the negro race, and the introduction, to a larger portion

of the population of the Southern States, of those rights and liberties which, as men, they ought to possess—that we have taken a deep interest in this struggle, believing that the success of the Northern States will lead to the emancipation of the slave. [*"No, no," hisses and cheers.*] . . . . It is with no unfriendly feelings to the South that I say these things. They are our own kinsmen as well as the people of the North. We have admired their courage and unflinching devotedness to what they believe a right cause. [*Applause.*] But we are equally convinced that their cause is wrong. [*Loud cries of "No, no," and "Hear, hear."*] If there is a righteous God in Heaven, we believe that cause cannot prosper." [*Renewed interruption.*] The chairman concluded by asking the respectful attention of the audience to Mr. Beecher's address, adding that that gentleman was perfectly prepared to answer any questions that might be addressed to him after the lecture, provided they were put in writing, with the name of the writer attached, and handed up to the chairman. [*"Oh, oh."*]

Mr. Beecher then rose, and, advancing to the front of the platform, was greeted with mingled cheers, hisses, and groans. A considerable proportion of the audience stood up, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and cheering. A man in the gallery called for "Three cheers for the Southern States," which created much laughter and some uproar. Mr. Beecher proceeded to say—"Ladies and gentlemen," when the uproar again commenced, and efforts were made to eject one noisy individual from the body of the hall.

The chairman said: "A fair opportunity will be afforded to express approval or dissent at the close of the lecture, but if any one interrupts the meeting by disorderly conduct, I shall be obliged to call in the aid of the police." [*Cheers.*]

Mr. Beecher then spoke:—

For more than twenty-five years I have been made perfectly familiar with popular assemblies in all parts of my country except the extreme South. There has not for the whole of that time been a single day of my life when it would have been safe for me to go south of Mason's and Dixon's line in my own country, and all for one reason: my solemn, earnest, persistent testimony against that which I consider to be the most atrocious thing under the sun—the system of American slavery in a great free republic. [*Cheers.*] I have passed through that early period, when right of free speech was denied to me. Again and again

I have attempted to address audiences that, for no other crime than that of free speech, visited me with all manner of contumelious epithets; and now since I have been in England, although I have met with greater kindness and courtesy on the part of most than I deserved, yet, on the other hand, I perceive that the Southern influence prevails to some extent in England. [*Applause and uproar.*] It is my old acquaintance; I understand it perfectly [*laughter*], and I have always held it to be an unfailing truth that where a man had a cause that would bear examination he was perfectly willing to have it spoken about. [*Applause.*] And when in Manchester I saw those huge placards, "Who is Henry Ward Beecher?" [*laughter, cries of "Quite right," and applause*]—and when in Liverpool I was told that there were those blood-red placards, purporting to say what Henry Ward Beecher had said, and calling upon Englishmen to suppress free speech—I tell you what I thought. I thought simply this—"I am glad of it." [*Laughter.*] Why? Because if they had felt perfectly secure, that *you* are the minions of the South and the slaves of slavery, they would have been perfectly still. [*Applause and uproar.*] And, therefore, when I saw so much nervous apprehension that, if I were permitted to speak [*hisses and applause*]—when I found they were afraid to have me speak [*hisses, laughter, and "No, no"*],—when I found that they considered my speaking damaging to their cause [*applause*]—when I found that they appealed from facts and reasonings to mob law [*applause and uproar*], I said: No man need tell me what the heart and secret counsel of these men are. They tremble, and are afraid. [*Applause, laughter, hisses, "No, no," and a voice: "New York mob."*] Now, personally, it is a matter of very little consequence to me whether I speak here to-night or not. [*Laughter and cheers.*] But, one thing is very certain—if you do permit me to speak here to-night you will hear very plain talking. [*Applause and hisses.*] You will not find a man [*interruption*], —you will not find me to be a man that dared to speak about Great Britain three thousand miles off, and then is afraid to speak to Great Britain when he stands on her

shores. [*Immense applause and hisses.*] And if I do not mistake the tone and the temper of Englishmen, they had rather have a man who opposes them in a manly way [*applause from all parts of the hall*] than a sneak that agrees with them in an unmanly way. [*Applause and "Bravo."*] If I can carry you with me by sound convictions, I shall be immensely glad [*applause*]; but if I cannot carry you with me by facts and sound arguments, I do not wish you to go with me at all; and all that I ask is simply *fair play.* [*Applause, and a voice: "You shall have it, too."*] Those of you who are kind enough to wish to favor my speaking—and you will observe that my voice is slightly husky, from having spoken almost every night in succession for some time past—those who wish to hear me will do me the kindness simply to sit still and to keep still; and I and my friends the Secessionists will make all the noise. [*Laughter.*]

There are two dominant races in modern history. The Germanic and the Romanic races. The Germanic races tend to personal liberty, to a sturdy individualism, to civil and to political liberty. The Romanic race tends to absolutism in government; it is clannish; it loves chieftains; it develops a people that crave strong and showy governments to support and plan for them. The Anglo-Saxon race belongs to the great German family, and is a fair exponent of its peculiarities. The Anglo-Saxon carries self-government and self-development with him wherever he goes. He has popular GOVERNMENT and popular INDUSTRY; for the effects of a generous civil liberty are not seen a whit more plain in the good order, in the intelligence, and in the virtue of a self-governing people, than in their amazing enterprise and the scope and power of their creative industry. The power to create riches is just as much a part of the Anglo-Saxon virtues as the power to create good order and social safety. The things required for prosperous labor, prosperous manufactures, and prosperous commerce are three. First, liberty; second, liberty; third, liberty. [*Hear, hear.*] Though these are not merely the same liberty, as I shall show you.

First, there must be liberty to follow those laws of business which experience has developed, without imposts or restrictions, or governmental intrusions. Business simply wants to be let alone. [*Hear, hear.*] Then, secondly, there must be liberty to distribute and exchange products of industry in any market without burdensome tariffs, without imposts, and without vexatious regulations. There must be these two liberties—liberty to create wealth, as the makers of it think best according to the light and experience which business has given them; and then liberty to distribute what they have created without unnecessary vexatious burdens. The comprehensive law of the ideal industrial condition of the world is free manufacture and free-trade. [*Hear, hear; a voice: "The Morrill tariff." Another voice: "Monroe."*] I have said there were three elements of liberty. The third is the necessity of an intelligent and free race of customers. There must be freedom among producers; there must be freedom among the distributers; there must be freedom among the customers. It may not have occurred to you that it makes any difference what one's customers are; but it does, in all regular and prolonged business. The condition of the customer determines how much he will buy, determines of what sort he will buy. Poor and ignorant people buy little and that of the poorest kind. The richest and the intelligent, having the more means to buy, buy the most, and always buy the best. Here then are the three liberties—liberty of the producer; liberty of the distributer; and liberty of the consumer. The first two need no discussion, they have been long thoroughly and brilliantly illustrated by the political economists of Great Britain, and by her eminent statesmen; but it seems to me that enough attention has not been directed to the third; and, with your patience, I will dwell on that for a moment, before proceeding to other topics.

It is a necessity of every manufacturing and commercial people that their customers should be very wealthy and intelligent. Let us put the subject before you in the familiar light of your own local experience. To whom do the

tradesmen of Liverpool sell the most goods at the highest profit? To the ignorant and poor, or to the educated and prosperous? [*A voice: "To the Southerners." Laughter.*] The poor man buys simply for his body; he buys food, he buys clothing, he buys fuel, he buys lodging. His rule is to buy the least and the cheapest that he can. He goes to the store as seldom as he can,—he brings away as little as he can,—and he buys for the least he can. [*Much laughter.*] Poverty is not a misfortune to the poor only who suffer it, but it is more or less a misfortune to all with whom they deal. On the other hand, a man well off,—how is it with him? He buys in far greater quantity. He can afford to do it; he has the money to pay for it. He buys in far greater variety, because he seeks to gratify not merely physical wants, but also mental wants. He buys for the satisfaction of sentiment and taste, as well as of sense. He buys silk, wool, flax, cotton; he buys all metals —iron, silver, gold, platinum; in short he buys for all necessities and of all substances. But that is not all. He buys a better quality of goods. He buys richer silks, finer cottons, higher grained wools. Now, a rich silk means so much skill and care of somebody's that has been expended upon it to make it finer and richer; and so of cotton, and so of wool. That is, the price of the finer goods runs back to the very beginning, and remunerates the workman as well as the merchant. Indeed, the whole laboring community is as much interested and profited as the mere merchant, in this buying and selling of the higher grades in the greater varieties and quantities. The law of price is the skill; and the amount of skill expended in the work is as much for the market as are the goods. A man comes to the market and says, "I have a pair of hands," and he obtains the lowest wages. Another man comes and says, "I have something more than a pair of hands; I have truth and fidelity;" he gets a higher price. Another man comes and says, "I have something more; I have hands and strength, and fidelity, and skill." He gets more than either of the others. The next man comes and says, "I have got hands and strength, and skill, and fidelity; but

my hands work more than that. They know how to create things for the fancy, for the affections, for the moral sentiments;" and he gets more than either of the others. The last man comes and says, "I have all these qualities, and have them so highly that it is a peculiar genius;" and genius carries the whole market and gets the highest price. [*Loud applause.*] So that both the workman and the merchant are profited by having purchasers that demand quality, variety, and quantity. Now, if this be so in the town or the city, it can only be so because it is a law. This is the specific development of a general or universal law, and therefore we should expect to find it as true of a nation as of a city like Liverpool. I know it is so, and you know that it is true of all the world; and it is just as important to have customers educated, intelligent, moral, and rich, out of Liverpool as it is in Liverpool. [*Applause.*] They are able to buy; they want variety, they want the very best; and those are the customers you want. That nation is the best customer that is freest, because freedom works prosperity, industry, and wealth. Great Britain then, aside from moral considerations, has a direct commercial and pecuniary interest in the liberty, civilization, and wealth of every people and every nation on the globe. [*Loud applause.*] You have also an interest in this, because you are a moral and a religious people. ["*Oh, oh,*" *laughter, and applause.*] You desire it from the highest motives; and godliness is profitable in all things, having the promise of the life that is, as well as of that which is to come; but if there were no hereafter, and if man had no progress in this life, and if there were no question of moral growth at all, it would be worth your while to protect civilization and liberty, merely as a commercial speculation. To evangelize has more than a moral and religious import —it comes back to temporal relations. Wherever a nation that is crushed, cramped, degraded under despotism, is struggling to be free, you, Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester, Paisley, all have an interest that that nation should be free. When depressed and backward people demand that they may have a chance to rise—Hungary, Italy, Poland

—it is a duty for humanity's sake, it is a duty for the highest moral motives, to sympathize with them; but beside all these there is a material and an interested reason why you should sympathize with them. Pounds and pence join with conscience and with honor in this design.

Now, Great Britain's chief want is—what? They have said that your chief want is cotton. I deny it. Your chief want is consumers. [*Applause and hisses.*] You have got skill, you have got capital, and you have got machinery enough to manufacture goods for the whole population of the globe. You could turn out fourfold as much as you do, if you only had the market to sell in. It is not therefore so much the want of fabric, though there may be a temporary obstruction of that; but the principal and increasing want—increasing from year to year—is, where shall we find men to buy what we can manufacture so fast? [*Interruption, and a voice, "The Morrill tariff," and applause.*] Before the American war broke out, your warehouses were loaded with goods that you could not sell. [*Applause and hisses.*] You had over-manufactured; what is the meaning of over-manufacturing but this, that you had skill, capital, machinery, to create faster than you had customers to take goods off your hands? And you know that, rich as Great Britain is, vast as are her manufactures, if she could have fourfold the present demand she could make fourfold riches to-morrow; and every political economist will tell you that your want is not cotton primarily, but customers. Therefore the doctrine How to make customers, is a great deal more important to Great Britain than the doctrine How to raise cotton. It is to that doctrine I ask from you, business men, practical men, men of fact, sagacious Englishmen—to that point I ask a moment's attention. [*Shouts of "Oh, oh," hisses, and applause.*]

There are no more continents to be discovered. [*Hear, hear.*] The market of the future must be found—how? There is very little hope of any more demand being created by new fields. If you are to have a better market there must be some kind of process invented to make the

old fields better. [*A voice, "Tell us something new," shouts of "Order," and interruption.*] Let us look at it, then. You must civilize the world in order to make a better class of purchasers. [*Interruption.*] If you were to press Italy down again under the feet of despotism, Italy, discouraged, could draw but very few supplies from you. But give her liberty, kindle schools throughout her valleys, spur her industry, make treaties with her by which she can exchange her wine, and her oil, and her silk for your manufactured goods; and for every effort that you make in that direction there will come back profit to you by increased traffic with her. [*Loud applause.*] If Hungary asks to be an unshackled nation—if by freedom she will rise in virtue and intelligence, then by freedom she will acquire a more multifarious industry, which she will be willing to exchange for your manufactures. Her liberty is to be found—where? You will find it in the Word of God, you will find it in the code of history; but you will also find it in the Price Current [*hear, hear*]; and every free nation, every civilized people—every people that rises from barbarism to industry and intelligence, becomes a better customer. A savage is a man of one story, and that one story a cellar. When man begins to be civilized, he raises another story. When you Christianize and civilize the man, you put story upon story, for you develop faculty after faculty; and you have to supply every story with your productions. The savage is a man one story deep; the civilized man is thirty stories deep. [*Applause.*] Now if you go to a lodging-house, where there are three or four men, your sales to them may, no doubt, be worth *something;* but if you go to a lodging-house like some of those which I saw in Edinburgh, which seemed to contain about twenty stories—["*Oh, oh," and interruption*]—every story of which is full, and all who occupy buy of you—which is the best customer—the man who is drawn out, or the man who is pinched up? [*Laughter.*]

There is in this a great and sound principle of political economy. ["*Yah! yah!" from the passage outside the hall, and loud laughter.*] If the South should be rendered inde-

pendent—[*at this juncture mingled cheering and hisses became immense; half the audience rose to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and in every part of the hall there was the greatest commotion and uproar. Mr. Beecher quietly and smilingly waited until quiet was restored, and then proceeded.*] Well, you have had your turn; now let me have mine again. [*Loud applause and laughter.*] It is a little inconvenient to talk against the wind; but, after all, if you will just keep good-natured—I am not going to lose my temper; will you watch yours? [*Applause.*] Besides all that,—it rests me, and gives me a chance, you know, to get my breath. [*Applause and hisses.*] And I think that the bark of those men is worse than their bite. They do not mean any harm—they don't know any better. [*Loud laughter, applause, hisses, and continued uproar.*] I was saying, when these responses broke in, that it was worth our while to consider both alternatives. What will be the result if this present struggle shall eventuate in the separation of America, and making the South—[*loud applause, hisses, hooting, and cries of "Bravo!"*]—a slave territory exclusively—[*cries of "No, no," and laughter*]—and the North a free territory; what will be the first result? You will lay the foundation for carrying the slave population clear through to the Pacific Ocean. That is the first step. There is not a man who has been a leader of the South any time within these twenty years, that has not had this for a plan. It was for this that Texas was invaded, first by colonists, next by marauders, until it was wrested from Mexico. It was for this that they engaged in the Mexican war itself, by which the vast territory reaching to the Pacific was added to the Union. Never have they for a moment given up the plan of spreading the American institution, as they call it, straight through towards the West, until the slave, who has washed his feet in the Atlantic, shall be carried to wash them in the Pacific. [*Cries of "Question," and uproar.*] There! I have got that statement out, and you cannot put it back. [*Laughter and applause.*]

Now, let us consider the prospect. If the South become a slave empire, what relation will it have to you as a customer? [*A voice: "Or any other man." Laughter.*] It

would be an empire of twelve millions of people. Of these, eight millions are white and four millions black. [*A voice: "How many have you got?"—applause and laughter. Another voice: "Free your own slaves."*] Consider that one-third of the whole are the miserably poor, unbuying blacks. [*Cries of "No, no," "Yes, yes," and interruption.*] You do not manufacture much for them. [*Hisses, "Oh!" "No."*] You have not got machinery coarse enough. [*Laughter, and "No."*] Your labor is too skilled by far to manufacture bagging and linsey-woolsey. [*A Southerner: "We are going to free them every one."*] Then you and I agree exactly. [*Laughter.*] One other third consists of a poor, unskilled, degraded white population; and the remaining one-third, which is a large allowance, we will say, intelligent and rich. Now here are twelve millions of people, and only one-third of them are customers that can afford to buy the kind of goods that you bring to market. [*Interruption and uproar.*] My friends, I saw a man once, who was a little late at a railway station, chase an express train. He did not catch it. [*Laughter.*] If you are going to stop this meeting, you have got to stop it before I speak; for after I have got the things out, you may chase as long as you please—you will not catch them. [*Laughter and interruption.*] But there is luck in leisure; I'm going to take it easy. [*Laughter.*] Two-thirds of the population of the Southern States to-day are non-purchasers of English goods. [*A voice: "No, they are not;" "No, no," and uproar.*] You must recollect another fact—namely, that this is going on clear through to the Pacific Ocean; and if by sympathy or help you establish a slave empire, you sagacious Britons—["*Oh, oh," and hooting*]—if you like it better, then, I will leave the adjective out—[*laughter, hear, and applause*]—are busy in favoring the establishment of an empire from ocean to ocean that should have fewest customers and the largest non-buying population. [*Applause, "No, no." A voice: "I thought it was the happy people that populated fastest."*]

Now, for instance, just look at this, the difference between free labor and slave-labor to produce cultivated

land. The State of Virginia has 15,000 more square miles of land than the State of New York; but Virginia has only 15,000 square miles improved, while New York has 20,000 square miles improved. Of unimproved land Virginia has about 23,000 square miles, and New York only about 10,000 square miles. These facts speak volumes as to the capacity of the territory to bear population. The smaller is the quantity of soil uncultivated, the greater is the density of the population—[*hear, hear*];—and upon that, their value as customers depends. Let us take the States of Maryland and Massachusetts. Maryland has 2,000 more square miles of land than Massachusetts; but Maryland has about 4,000 square miles of land improved, Massachusetts has 3,200 square miles. Maryland has 2,800 unimproved square miles of land, while Massachusetts has but 1,800 square miles unimproved. But these two are little States,—let us take greater States: Pennsylvania and Georgia. The State of Georgia has 12,000 more square miles of land than Pennsylvania. Georgia has only about 9,800 square miles of improved land, Pennsylvania has 13,400 square miles of improved land, or about 2,300,000 acres more than Georgia. Georgia has about 25,600 square miles of unimproved land, and Pennsylvania has only 10,400 square miles, or about 10,000,000 acres less of *un*improved land than Georgia. The one is a Slave State and the other is a Free State. I do not want you to forget such statistics as those, having once heard them. [*Laughter.*] Now, what can England make for the poor white population of such a future empire, and for her slave population? What carpets, what linens, what cottons can you sell to them? What machines, what looking-glasses, what combs, what leather, what books, what pictures, what engravings? [*A voice: "We'll sell them ships."*] You may sell ships to a few, but what ships can you sell to two-thirds of the population of poor whites and blacks? [*Applause.*] A little bagging and a little linsey-woolsey, a few whips and manacles, are all that you can sell for the slave. [*Great applause, and uproar.*] This very day, in the Slave States of America there are eight millions out of twelve

millions that are not, and cannot be your customers from the very laws of trade. [*A voice: "Then how are they clothed?" and continued interruption.*]

The chairman finally said: If gentlemen will only sit down, those who are making the disturbance will be tired out.

Mr. Beecher resumed: There are some apparent drawbacks that may suggest themselves. The first is that the interests of England consist in drawing from any country its raw material. [*A voice: "We have got over that."*] There is an interest, but it is not now the chief interest of England. The interest of England is not merely where to buy her cotton, her ores, her wool, her linens, and her flax. When she has put her brains into the cotton, and into the linen and flax, and it becomes the product of her looms, a far more important question is, What can be done with it? England does not want merely to pay prices for that which brute labor produces, but to get a price for that which brain labor produces. [*Hear, hear, and applause.*] Your interest lies beyond all peradventure in customers; therefore, if you should bring ever so much cotton from the slave-empire—["*Yah, yah*"]—you cannot sell back to the slave-empire. [*A voice: "Go on with your subject; we know all about England."*] Excuse me, sir, I am the speaker, not you; and it is for me to determine what to say. [*Hear, hear.*] Do you suppose I am going to speak about America except to convince Englishmen? I am here to talk to you for the sake of ultimately carrying you with me in judgment and in thinking —["*Oh! oh!*"]—however, as to this logic of cat-calls, it is slavery logic,—I am used to it. [*Applause, hisses and cheers.*] Now, it is said that if the South should be allowed to be separate there will be no tariff, and England can trade with her; but, if the South remains in the United States it will be bound by a tariff, and English goods will be excluded from it [*interruption*]. Well, I am not going to shirk any question of that kind. In the first place, let me tell you that the first tariff ever proposed in America was not only supported by Southern interests and votes, but was originated by the peculiar structure of Southern society. The first and chief difficulty—after the

Union was formed under our present Constitution—the first difficulty that met our fathers was, how to raise taxes to support the government; and the question of representation and taxes went together; and the difficulty was, whether we should tax the North and South alike, man for man *per caput*, counting the slaves with whites. The North having fewer slaves in comparison with the number of its whites; the South, which had a larger number of blacks, said, "We shall be overtaxed if this system be adopted." They therefore proposed that taxes and representation should be on the basis of five black men counting as three white men. In a short time it was found impossible to raise these taxes in the South, and then they cast about for a better way, and the tariff scheme was submitted. The object was to raise the revenue from the ports instead of from the people. The tariff therefore had its origin in Southern weaknesses and necessities, and not in the Northern cities [*loud applause*]. Daniel Webster's first speech was against it; but after that was carried by Southern votes (which for more than fifty years determined the law of the country), New England accepted it, and saying, "It is the law of the land," conformed her industry to it; and when she got her capital embarked in mills and machinery, she became in favor of it. But the South, beginning to feel, as she grew stronger, that it was against her interest to continue the system, sought to have the tariff modified, and brought it down; though Henry Clay, a Southern man himself, was the immortal champion of the tariff. All his life-time he was for a high tariff, till such a tariff could no longer stand; and then he was for moderating the tariffs. But there has not been for the whole of the fifty years a single hour when any tariff could be passed without the South. The opinion of the whole of America was, Tariff, high tariff. I do not mean that there were none that dissented from that opinion, but it was the popular and prevalent cry. I have lived to see the time when, just before the war broke out, it might be said that the thinking men of America were ready for free-trade. There has been a steady progress throughout America for free-trade ideas.

How, then, came this Morrill tariff? The Democratic administration, inspired by Southern counsels, left millions of millions of unpaid debt to cramp the incoming of Lincoln; and the government, betrayed to the Southern States, found itself unable to pay those debts, unable to build a single ship, unable to raise an army; and it was the exigency, the necessity, that forced them to adopt the Morrill tariff, in order to raise the money which they required. It was the South that obliged the North to put the tariff on. [*Applause and uproar.*] Just as soon as we begin to have peace again, and can get our national debt into a proper shape as you have got yours—[*laughter*]—the same cause that worked before will begin to work again; and there is nothing more certain in the future than that America is bound to join with Great Britain in the world-wide doctrine of free-trade. [*Applause and interruption.*]

Here then, so far as *this* argument is concerned, I rest my case, saying that it seems to me that in an argument addressed to a commercial people it was perfectly fair to represent that their commercial and manufacturing interests tallied with their moral sentiments; and as by birth, by blood, by history, by moral feeling, and by everything, Great Britain is connected with the liberty of the world, God has joined interest and conscience, head and heart; so that you ought to be in favor of liberty everywhere. [*Great applause.*] There! I have got quite a speech out already, if I do not get any more. [*Hisses and applause.*]

Now then, leaving this for a time, let me turn to some other nearly connected topics. It is said that the South is fighting for just that independence of which I have been speaking. [*Hear, hear.*] But the South is divided on that subject. ["*No, no.*"] There are twelve millions in the South. Four millions of them are asking for their liberty. ["*No, no,*" *hisses,* "*Yes,*" *applause and interruption.*] Four millions are asking for their liberty. [*Continued interruption, and renewed applause.*] Eight millions are banded together to prevent it. ["*No, no,*" *hisses, and applause.*] That is what they asked the world to recognize as a strike for independence. [*Hear, hear, and laughter.*] Eight

million white men fighting to prevent the liberty of four million black men, challenging the world. [*Uproar, hisses, applause, and continued interruption.*] You cannot get over the fact. There it is; like iron, you cannot stir it. [*Uproar.*] They went out of the Union because slave-property was not recognized in it. There were two ways of reaching slave-property in the Union: the one by exerting the direct Federal authority: but they could not do that, for they conceived it to be forbidden. The second was by indirect influence. If you put a candle under a bowl it will burn so long as the fresh air lasts, but it will go out as soon as the oxygen is exhausted; and so, if you put slavery into a State where it cannot get more States, it is only a question of time how soon it will die. By limiting slave territory you lay the foundation for the final extinction of slavery. [*Applause.*] Gardeners say that the reason why crops will not grow in the same ground for a long time together, is that the roots excrete poisoned matter which the plants cannot use, and thus poison the grain. Whether this is true of crops or not, it is certainly true of slavery, for slavery poisons the land on which it grows. Look at the old Slave States,—Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and even at the newer State of Missouri. What is the condition of slavery in those States? It is not worth one cent, except to breed. It is not worth one cent so far as productive energy goes. They cannot make money by their slaves in those States. The first reason with them for maintaining slavery is, because it gives political power; and the second, because they breed for the Southern market. I do not stand on my own testimony alone. The editor of the *Virginia Times*, in the year 1836, made a calculation that 120,000 slaves were sent out of the State during that year; 80,000 of whom went with their owners, and 40,000 were sold at the average price of 600 dollars, amounting to 24,000,000 dollars in one year out of the State of Virginia. Now, what does Henry Clay, himself a slave-owner, say about Kentucky? In a speech before the Colonization Society, he said: "It is believed that nowhere in the farming portion of the United States would

slave-labor be generally employed, if the proprietary were not compelled to raise slaves by the high price of the Southern market," and the only profit of slave property in the northern farming slave States is the value they bring. [*A voice: " Then if the Northerners breed to supply the South, what's the difference?"*] So that if you were to limit slavery, and to say, it shall go so far and no further, it would be only a question of time when it should die of its own intrinsic weakness and disease. This was the Northern feeling. The North was true to the doctrine of constitutional rights. The North refused, by any Federal action within the States, to violate the compacts of the Constitution, and left local compacts unimpaired; but feeling herself unbound with regard to what we call the Territories,—free land which has not yet State rights,—the North said there should be no more territory cursed with slavery. [*Applause.*] With unerring instinct the South said, " The government administered by Northern men on the principle that there shall be no more slave-territory, is a government fatal to slavery," and it was on that account that they seceded ["*No, no,*" "*Yes, yes,*" *applause, hisses, and uproar*]—and the first step which they took when they assembled at Montgomery, was, to adopt a constitution. What constitution did they adopt? The same form of constitution which they had just abandoned. What changes did they introduce? A trifling change about the Presidential term, making it two years longer; a slight change about some doctrine of legislation, involving no principle whatever, but merely a question of policy. But by the constitution of Montgomery they *legalized slavery*, and made it the *organic law of the land.* The very Constitution which they said they could not live under when they left the Union they took again immediately afterwards, altering it in only one point, and that was, making the fundamental law of the land to be slavery. [*Hear, hear.*] Let no man undertake to say in the face of intelligence—let no man undertake to delude an honest community—by saying that slavery had nothing to do with the Secession. Slavery is the framework of the South; it is the root and the branch

of this conflict with the South. Take away slavery from the South, and she would not differ from us in any respect. There is not a single antagonistic interest. There is no difference of race, no difference of language, no difference of law, no difference of constitution; the only difference between us is, that free labor is in the North, and slave labor is in the South. [*Loud applause.*]

But I know that you say, you cannot help sympathizing with a gallant people. [*Hear, hear.*] They are the weaker people, the minority; and you cannot help going with the minority who are struggling for their rights against the majority. Nothing could be more generous, when a weak party stands for its own legitimate rights against imperious pride and power, than to sympathize with the weak. But who ever yet sympathized with a weak thief, because three constables had got hold of him? [*Hear, hear.*] And yet the one thief in three policemen's hands is the weaker party; I suppose *you* would sympathize with him! [*Hear, hear, laughter, and applause.*] Why, when that infamous king of Naples, Bomba, was driven into Gaeta by Garibaldi with his immortal band of patriots, and Cavour sent against him the army of Northern Italy, who was the weaker party then? The tyrant and his minions; and the majority was with the noble Italian patriots, struggling for liberty. I never heard that Old England sent deputations to King Bomba, and yet his troops resisted bravely there. [*Laughter and interruption.*] To-day the majority of the people of Rome are with Italy. Nothing but French bayonets keeps her from going back to the Kingdom of Italy, to which she belongs. Do you sympathize with the minority in Rome or the majority in Italy? [*A voice: "With Italy."*] To-day the South is the minority in America, and they are fighting for "independence!" For what? [*Uproar. A voice: "Three cheers for independence," and hisses.*] I could wish so much bravery had had a better cause, and that so much self-denial had been less deluded; that that poisonous and venomous doctrine of State Sovereignty might have been kept aloof; that so many gallant spirits, such as Stonewall Jackson, might

still have lived. [*Great applause and loud cheers, again and again renewed.*] The force of these facts, historical and incontrovertible, cannot be broken, except through diverting attention by an attack upon the North. It is said that the North is fighting for Union, and not for emancipation. The North *is* fighting for Union, for that *insures* emancipation. [*Loud cheers, "Oh, oh," "No, no," and cheers.*] A great many men say to ministers of the Gospel: "You pretend to be preaching and working for the love of the people? Why, you are all the time preaching for the sake of the church." What does the minister say? "It is by means of the church that we help the people," and when men say that we are fighting for the Union, I too say we are fighting for the Union. [*Hear, hear, and a voice: "That's right."*] But the motive determines the value; and why are we fighting for the Union? Because we never shall forget the testimony of our enemies. They have gone off declaring that the Union in the hands of the North was fatal to slavery. [*Loud applause.*] There is testimony in court for you! [*A voice: "See that," and laughter.*]

We are fighting for the Union, because we believe that preamble, which explains the very reason for which the Union was constituted. I will read it. "We"—not the States—"WE, the *People* of the United States, in order to form a more perfect UNION" [*uproar*]—I don't wonder you don't want to hear it [*laughter*]—"in order to form a more perfect UNION, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity [*uproar*]—provide for the common Defense, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of LIBERTY ["*Oh, oh*"]—to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." [*A voice: "How many States?"*] It is for the sake of that justice, that common welfare, and that liberty for which the National Union was established, that we fight for the Union. [*Interruption.*] Because the South believed that the Union was against slavery, they left it. [*Renewed interruption.*] Yes. [*Applause, and "No, no."*] To-day, however, if the North believed that the Union was against liberty, they would leave it. ["*Oh, oh," and great disturbance.*]

Gentlemen, I have traveled in the West ten or twelve hours at a time in the mud knee-deep. It was hard, toiling my way, but I always got through my journey. I feel to-night as though I were traveling over a very muddy road; but I think I shall get through. [*Cheers.*]

Well, next it is said, that the North treats the negro race worse than the South. [*Applause, cries of "Bravo!" and uproar.*] Now, you see I don't fear any of these disagreeable arguments. I am going to face every one of them. In the first place I am ashamed to confess that such was the thoughtlessness—[*interruption*]—such was the stupor of the North—[*renewed interruption*]—you will get a word at a time; to-morrow will let folks see what it is you don't want to hear—that for a period of twenty-five years she went to sleep, and permitted herself to be drugged and poisoned with the Southern prejudice against black men. [*Applause and uproar.*] The evil was made worse, because, when any object whatever has caused anger between political parties, a political animosity arises against that object, no matter how innocent in itself; no matter what were the original influences which excited the quarrel. Thus the colored man has been the football between the two parties in the North, and has suffered accordingly. I confess it to my shame. But I am speaking now on my own ground, for I began twenty-five years ago, with a small party, to combat the unjust dislike of the colored man. [*Loud applause, dissension, and uproar. The interruption at this point became so violent that the friends of Mr. Beecher throughout the hall rose to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and renewing their shouts of applause. The interruption lasted some minutes.*] Well, I have lived to see a total revolution in the Northern feeling—I stand here to bear solemn witness of that. It is not my opinion; it is my knowledge. [*Great uproar.*] Those men who undertook to stand up for the rights of all men—black as well as white—have increased in number; and now what party in the North represents those men that resist the evil prejudices of past years? The Republicans are that party. [*Loud applause.*] And who are those men in the

North that have oppressed the negro? They are *the Peace Democrats; and the prejudice for which in England you are attempting to punish me, is a prejudice raised by the men who have opposed me all my life.* These pro-slavery Democrats abused the negro. I defended him, and they mobbed me for doing it. Oh, justice! [*Loud laughter, applause, and hisses.*] This is as if a man should commit an assault, maim and wound a neighbor, and a surgeon being called in should begin to dress his wounds, and by and by a policeman should come and collar the surgeon and haul him off to prison on account of the wounds which he was healing.

Now, I told you I would not flinch from anything. I am going to read you some questions that were sent after me from Glasgow, purporting to be from a working man. [*Great interruption.*] If those pro-slavery interrupters think they will tire me out, they will do more than eight millions in America could. [*Applause and renewed interruption.*] I was reading a question on your side, too.

"Is it not a fact that in most of the Northern States laws exist precluding negroes from equal civil and political rights with the whites? That in the State of New York the negro has to be the possessor of at least two hundred and fifty dollars worth of property to entitle him to the privileges of a white citizen? That in some of the Northern States the colored man, whether bond or free, is by law excluded altogether, and not suffered to enter the State limits, under severe penalties? and is not Mr. Lincoln's own State one of them; and in view of the fact that the $20,000,000 compensation which was promised to Missouri in aid of emancipation was defeated in the last Congress (the strongest Republican Congress that ever assembled), what has the North done towards emancipation?"

Now, then, there's a dose for you. [*A voice: "Answer it."*] And I will address myself to the answering of it.

And first, the bill for emancipation in Missouri, to which this money was denied, was a bill which was drawn by what we call "log-rollers," who inserted in it an enormously disproportioned price for the slaves. The Republicans offered to give them $10,000,000 for the slaves in Missouri, and *they* outvoted it because they could not get $12,000,-

000. Already half the slave-population had been "run" down South, and yet they came up to Congress to get $12,000,000 for what was not worth ten millions, nor even eight millions.

Now as to those States that had passed "black" laws, as we call them, they are filled with Southern immigrants. The Southern part of Ohio, the Southern part of Indiana, where I myself lived for years, and which I knew like a book, the Southern part of Illinois, where Mr. Lincoln lives [*great uproar*], these parts are largely settled by immigrants from Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, and North Carolina, and it was their votes, or the Northern votes pandering for political reasons to theirs, that passed in those States the infamous "black" laws; and the Republicans in these States have a record, clean and white, as having opposed these laws in every instance as "infamous."

Now as to the State of New York, it is asked whether a negro is not obliged to have a certain freehold property, or a certain amount of property, before he can vote. It is so still in North Carolina and Rhode Island for *white* folks —it is so in New York State. [*Mr. Beecher's voice slightly failed him here, and he was interrupted by a person who tried to imitate him; cries of "Shame," and "Turn him out."*] I am not undertaking to say that these faults of the North, which were brought upon them by the bad example and influence of the South, are all cured; but I do say that they are in a *process* of cure which promises, if unimpeded by foreign influence, to make all such odious distinctions vanish.

"Is it not a fact that in most of the Northern States laws exist precluding negroes from equal civil and political rights with the whites?" I will tell you. Let us compare the condition of the negro in the North and the South, and that will tell the story. By express law the South takes away from the slave all attributes of manhood, and calls him "chattel," which is another word for "cattle." [*Hear, hear, and hisses.*] No law in any Northern State calls him anything else but a person. [*Applause.*] The South denies the right of legal permanent marriage to the

slave. There is not a State in the North where the marriage of the slave is not as sacred as that of any free white man. [*Immense cheering.*] Throughout the South, since the slave is not permitted to live in anything but in concubinage, his wife, so called, is taken from him at the will of his master, and there is neither public sentiment nor law that can hinder most dreadful and cruel separations every year in every county and town. There is not a State, county, or town, or school district in the North, where, if any man dare to violate the family of the poorest black man, there would not be an indignation that would overwhelm him. [*Loud applause. A voice: "How about the New York riots?"*] Pro-slavery Irishmen made that. [*Laughter.*] In the South by statutory law it is a penitentiary offense to teach a black man to read and write. In the North not only are hundreds and thousands of dollars of State money expended in teaching colored people, but they have their own schools, their own academies, their own churches, their own ministers, their own lawyers. [*Cheers and hisses.*] In the South, black men are bred, exactly as cattle are bred in the North, for the market and for sale. Such dealing is considered horrible beyond expression in the North. In the South the slave can own nothing by law [*interruption*], but in the single city of New York there are ten million dollars of money belonging to free colored people. [*Loud applause.*] In the South no colored man can determine [*uproar*]—no colored man can determine in the South where he will work, nor at what he will work; but in the North—except in the great cities, where we are crowded by foreigners,—in any country-part, the black man may choose his trade and work at it, and is just as much protected by the laws as any white man in the land. [*Applause.*] I speak with authority on this point. [*Cries of "No."*] When I was twelve years old, my father hired Charles Smith, a man as black as lampblack, to work on his farm. I slept in the same room with him. ["*Oh, oh.*"] Ah, that don't suit you! [*Uproar.*] Now, you see, the South comes out. [*Loud laughter.*] I ate with him at the same table; I sang with him out of the same hymn-book ["*Good.*"]; I

cried, when he prayed over me at night; and if I had serious impressions of religion early in life, they were due to the fidelity and example of that poor humble farm-laborer, black Charles Smith. [*Tremendous uproar and cheers.*] In the South, no matter what injury a colored man may receive, he is not allowed to appear in court nor to testify against a white man. [*A voice: "That's fact."*] In every single court of the North a respectable colored man is as good a witness as if his face were white as an angel's robe. [*Applause and laughter.*] I ask any truthful and considerate man whether, in this contrast, it does not appear that, though faults may yet linger in the North uneradicated, the state of the negro in the North is not immeasurably better than anywhere in the South? [*Applause.*] And now, for the first time in the history of America [*great interruption*],—for the first time in the history of the United States a colored man has received a commission under the broad seal and signature of the President of the United States. [*Loud applause.*] This day [*renewed interruption*] —this day, Frederick Douglass, of whom you all have heard here, is an officer of the United States [*loud applause*], a commissioner sent down to organize colored regiments on Jefferson Davis's farm in Mississippi. [*Uproar and applause, and a voice, "You put them in the front of the battle too."*]

There is another fact that I wish to allude to—not for the sake of reproach or blame, but by way of claiming your more lenient consideration—and that is, that slavery was entailed upon us by your action. [*Hear, hear.*] Against the earnest protests of the colonists the then Government of Great Britain—I will concede, not knowing what were the mischiefs—ignorantly, but in point of fact, forced slave traffic on the unwilling colonists. [*Great uproar, in the midst of which one individual was lifted up and carried out of the room amidst cheers and hisses.*]

The Chairman: If you would only sit down no disturbance would take place.

The disturbance having subsided, Mr. Beecher proceeded:—

I was going to ask you, suppose a child is born with hereditary disease; suppose this disease was entailed upon

him by parents who had contracted it by their own misconduct, would it be fair that those parents, that had brought into the world the diseased child, should rail at that child because it was diseased? [*"No, no."*] Would not the child have a right to turn round and say, "Father, it was your fault that I had it, and you ought to be pleased to be patient with my deficiencies." [*Applause and hisses, and cries of "Order."*]

Great interruption and great disturbance here took place on the right of the platform; and the chairman said that if the persons around the unfortunate individual who had caused the disturbance would allow him to speak alone, but not assist him in making the disturbance, it might soon be put an end to. The interruption was continued until another person was carried out of the hall.

Mr. Beecher continued:—

I do not ask that you should justify slavery in us now because it was wrong in you two hundred years ago; but having ignorantly been the means of fixing it upon us, now that we are struggling with mortal struggles to free ourselves from it, we have a right to your tolerance, your patience, and charitable construction.

I am every day asked when this war will end. [*Interruption.*] I wish I could tell you; but remember, slavery is the cause of the war. [*Hear, hear, applause, "Yes," "No."*] Slavery has been working for more than one hundred years, and a chronic evil cannot be suddenly cured; and as war is the remedy, you must be patient to have the conflict long enough to cure the inveterate hereditary sore. [*Hisses, loud applause, and a voice: "We'll stop it."*] But of one thing I think I may give you assurance—this war won't end until the cancer of slavery is cut out by the roots. [*Loud applause, hisses, and tremendous uproar.*] I will read you a word from President Lincoln. [*Renewed uproar.*] It is a letter from Theodore Tilton. [*Hisses and cheers.*] Won't you hear what President Lincoln thinks? [*"No, no."*] Well, you can hear it or not. It will be printed whether you hear it or hear it not. [*Hear, and cries of "Read, read."*] Yes, I will read. "A talk with

President Lincoln revealed to me a great growth of wisdom. For instance, he said he was not going to press the colonization idea any longer, nor the gradual scheme of emancipation, expressing himself sorry that the Missourians had postponed emancipation for seven years. He said, 'Tell your anti-slavery friends that I am coming out all right.' He is desirous that the Border States shall form free constitutions, recognizing the proclamation, and thinks this will be made feasible by calling on loyal men." [*A voice: "What date is that letter?" and interruption.*]

Ladies and gentlemen, I have finished the exposition of this troubled subject. [*Renewed and continued interruption.*] No man can unveil the future; no man can tell what revolutions are about to break upon the world; no man can tell what destiny belongs to France, nor to any of the European powers; but one thing is certain, that in the exigencies of the future there will be combinations and recombinations, and that those nations that are of the same faith, the same blood, and the same substantial interests, ought not to be alienated from each other, but ought to stand together. [*Immense cheering and hisses.*] I do not say that you ought not to be in the most friendly alliance with France or with Germany; but I do say that your own children, the offspring of England, ought to be nearer to you than any people of strange tongue. [*A voice: "Degenerate sons," applause and hisses; another voice: "What about the Trent?"*] If there have been any feelings of bitterness in America, let me tell you they have been excited, rightly or wrongly, under the impression that Great Britain was going to intervene between us and our own lawful struggle. [*A voice: "No," and applause.*] With the evidence that there is no such intention all bitter feelings will pass away. [*Applause.*] We do not agree with the recent doctrine of neutrality as a question of law. But it is past, and we are not disposed to raise that question. We accept it now as a fact, and we say that the utterance of Lord Russell at Blairgowrie [*applause, hisses, and a voice: "What about Lord Brougham?"*]—together with the declaration of the government in stopping war-steamers here [*great*

uproar, and applause]—has gone far towards quieting every fear and removing every apprehension from our minds. [*Uproar and shouts of applause.*] And now in the future it is the work of every good man and patriot not to create divisions, but to do the things that will make for peace. [*"Oh, oh," and laughter.*] On our part it shall be done. [*Applause and hisses, and "No, no."*] On your part it ought to be done; and when in any of the convulsions that come upon the world, Great Britain finds herself struggling single-handed against the gigantic powers that spread oppression and darkness [*applause, hisses, and uproar*], there ought to be such cordiality that she can turn and say to her first-born and most illustrious child, "Come!" [*Hear, hear, applause, tremendous cheers, and uproar.*] I will not say that England cannot again, as hitherto, single-handed, manage any power [*applause and uproar*]—but I will say that England and America together for religion and liberty [*a voice: "Soap, soap," uproar, and great applause*]—are a match for the world. [*Applause; a voice: "They don't want any more soft soap."*]

Now, gentlemen and ladies—[*a voice: "Sam Slick;" and another voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you please"*]—when I came I was asked whether I would answer questions, and I very readily consented to do so, as I had in other places; but I will tell you it was because I expected to have the opportunity of speaking with some sort of ease and quiet. [*A voice: "So you have."*] I have for an hour and a half spoken against a storm [*hear, hear*]—and you yourselves are witnesses that, by the interruption, I have been obliged to strive with my voice, so that I no longer have the power to control it in the face of this assembly. [*Applause.*] And although I am in spirit perfectly willing to answer any question, and more than glad of the chance, yet I am by this very unnecessary opposition to-night incapacitated physically from doing it. [*A voice: "Why did Lincoln delay the proclamation of slavery so long?"—another voice: "Habeas Corpus." A piece of paper was here handed up to Mr. Beecher.*]

I am asked a question. I will answer this one. "At the auction of sittings in your church, can the negroes bid on

equal terms with the whites?" [*Cries of "No, no."*] Perhaps you know better than I do. [*Hear, hear.*] But I declare that they can. [*Hear, hear, and applause.*] I declare that, at no time for ten years past—without any rule passed by the trustees, and without even a request from me — no decent man or woman has ever found molestation or trouble in walking into my church and sitting where he or she pleased. [*Applause.*] "Are any of the office-bearers in your church negroes?" No, not to my knowledge. Such has been the practical doctrine of amalgamation in the South that it is very difficult nowadays to tell who is a negro. [*Hear, hear, and "No, no."*] Whenever a majority of my people want a negro to be an officer, he will be one; and I am free to say that there are a great many colored men that I know, who are abundantly capable of honoring any office of trust in the gift of our church. [*Applause.*] But while there are none in my church there is in Columbia county a little church where a negro man, being the ablest business man, and the wealthiest man in that town, is not only a ruler and elder of the church, but also contributes about two-thirds of all the expenses of it. [*Hear, hear, and a voice: "That is the exception, not the rule."*] I am answering these questions, you see, out of gratuitous mercy: I am not bound to do so.

It is asked whether Pennsylvania was not carried for Mr. Lincoln on account of his advocacy of the Morrill tariff, and whether the tariff was not one of the planks of the Chicago platform, on which Mr. Lincoln was elected. I had a great deal to do with that election; but I tell you that whatever local—

Here the interruptions became so noisy, that it was found impossible to proceed. The chairman asked how they could expect Mr. Beecher to answer questions amid such a disturbance. When order had been restored, the lecturer proceeded:—

I am not afraid to leave the treatment I have received at this meeting to the impartial judgment of every fair-playing Englishman. When I am asked questions, gentlemanly courtesy requires that I should be permitted to answer them. [*A voice from the further end of the room shouted*

something about the inhabitants of Liverpool.] I know that it was in the placards requested to give Mr. Beecher a reception that should make him understand what the opinion of Liverpool was about him. ["*No, no;*" *and* "*Yes, yes.*"] There are two sides to every question, and Mr. Beecher's opinion about his treatment by Liverpool citizens is just as valid as your opinion about Mr. Beecher. Let me say, that if you wish me to answer questions you must be still; for, if I am interrupted, that is the end of the matter. [*Hear, hear, and* "*Bravo.*"]

I have this to say, that I have no doubt the Morrill tariff, or that which is now called so, did exercise a great deal of influence, not alone in Pennsylvania, but in many other parts of the country; because there are many sections of our country—those especially where the manufacture of iron or wool are the predominating industries—that are yet very much in favor of protective tariffs; but the thinking men and the influential men of both parties are becoming more and more in favor of free-trade.

"Can a negro ride in a public vehicle in New York with a white man?" I reply that there are times when politicians stir up the passions of the lower classes of men and the foreigners, and there are times just on the eve of an election when the prejudice against the colored man is stirred up and excited, in which they will be disturbed in any part of the city; but taking the course of the year throughout, one year after another, there are but one or two of the city horse-railroads in which a respectable colored man will be molested in riding through the city. It is only on one railroad that this happened, and it is one which I have in the pulpit and the press always held up to severe reproof. At the Fulton Ferry there are two lines of omnibuses, one white and the other blue. I had been accustomed to go in them indifferently; but one day I saw a little paper stuck upon one of them, saying, "Colored people not allowed to ride in this omnibus." I instantly got out. There are men who stand at the door of these two omnibus lines, urging passengers into one or the other. I am very well known to all of them, and the next day, when

I came to the place, the agent asked, "Won't you ride, sir?" "No," I said, "I am too much of a negro to ride in that omnibus." [*Laughter.*] I do not know whether this had any influence, but I do know, that after a fortnight's time I had occasion to look in, and the placard was gone. I called the attention of every one I met to that fact, and said to them, "Don't ride in that omnibus, which violates your principles, and my principles, and common decency at the same time." I say still further, that in all New England there is not a railway where a colored man cannot ride as freely as a white man. [*Hear, hear.*] In the whole city of New York, a colored man taking a stage or railway will never be inconvenienced or suffer any discourtesy.

Ladies and gentlemen, I bid you good evening.

Mr. Beecher's resuming his seat was the signal for another outburst of loud and prolonged cheers, hisses, groans, cat-calls, and every conceivable species of expression of approbation and disapprobation. Three cheers were proposed for the lecturer from the galleries, and enthusiastically given.

The Rev. C. M. Birrell then came forward and said it would have been very unlike the fairness of Englishmen if that assembly had not given to a distinguished stranger [*hisses*] a fair and impartial hearing; and it would have been as unlike a free American to demand of Englishmen that they should accept his opinions merely because they were his. But, since Mr. Beecher had given to them, under circumstances of great difficulty, and with marvelous courtesy and patience [*hear, hear*], an elaborate, temperate, and most eloquent lecture, he called upon them to render him a cordial vote of thanks. [*Hear, hear, and renewed hisses.*] He expected that that vote would be joined in by all the representatives of the American slaveholders in that assembly, considering that they had had more instruction that night than they had apparently received during all the previous part of their lives. ["*Oh, oh,*" *cheers and laughter.*]

Mr. W. Crossfield, in seconding the resolution, said, as an inhabitant of Liverpool, he had been ashamed at the conduct of that meeting—an assembly of gentlemen, or those who professed to be gentlemen. For himself he most cordially thanked Mr. Beecher for the very interesting lecture they had had.

The vote was carried with loud and prolonged cheering amid the waving of hats.

SPEECH IN EXETER HALL, LONDON.

OCTOBER 20, 1863.

UNDER the auspices of the Emancipation Society and the London Committee of Correspondence on American Affairs, a meeting was held in Exeter Hall to hear an address from Mr. Beecher. Exeter Hall, on the Strand, London, holds about 3000 people. It was built in 1831, and has been the regular gathering-place of religious assemblies, the "May meetings" of reform societies, etc.

Long before the hour of meeting the great hall was densely packed by as many human beings as could find sitting or standing room in any part of the edifice, however inconvenient or perilous the position. They were both patient and good-humored while waiting for the appearance of Mr. Beecher, who found great difficulty in forcing a way through the enormous mass of people, which, in the Strand and Exeter street, literally beleaguered the place of meeting. On presenting himself to the audience, accompanied by many of the leading supporters of the Emancipation movement, he was welcomed by long and reiterated plaudits, which were again and again repeated, the audience rising *en masse*. The friends of Secession had endeavored to stir up some personal feeling against the lecturer by inflammatory placards, which covered every blank wall in the metropolis; but the result only exhibited their own weakness and the total absence of popular sympathy with their cause.

The chair was taken shortly after seven o'clock, by Benjamin Scott, Esq., Chamberlain of London.*

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* Mr. James B. Pond, in his volume entitled "A Summer in England (1886) with Henry Ward Beecher" [New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert, 1887], says: "It was in this same hall that Mr. Beecher had spoken last in England, at the close of his previous visit, during our American Civil War. At that time our Union was so greatly misunderstood that it was extremely difficult to find in all London a person willing to preside at the hall. Now all was changed. I believe scarcely a clergyman or minister in the city would have declined the honor. But Mr. Beecher said to me: 'Pond, when I spoke here in 1863, and was having hard work to find some

The Chairman said: "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to inform you the crowd outside the building is so dense that Mr. Beecher has not been able to force his way punctually. It has been with the greatest difficulty that I and some other members of the committee have found our way here. You will, therefore, I am sure, make all allowance for Mr. Beecher if he should yet be a few minutes behind time. [*Cheers.*] . . . Our object to-night is to afford an opportunity to a distinguished stranger [*cheers*]—to address us on that absorbing topic—a gentleman who is entitled, whatever opinions we may hold, to our profound respect. [*Great cheering.*] Whether we regard Henry Ward Beecher as the son of the celebrated Dr. Beecher [*hear*]—or as the brother of Mrs. Beecher Stowe [*cheers*]—or a stranger visiting our shores—whether we regard him as a gentleman or a Christian minister, and as the uncompromising advocate of human rights [*loud cheers*]—he is entitled to our respectful and courteous attention. [*Cheers.*] I am quite sure that this assembly of Englishmen and English women will support me in securing for him a respectful hearing. . . . I shall myself abstain advisedly from entering upon the subject of to-night's address. I wish merely to take this opportunity of saying how much I esteem the man personally, and because he has been the uncompromising advocate for twenty-five years, in times of peace and before the war, of the emancipation of the enslaved and oppressed. He was one of the few thinking men who were the noble pioneers of freedom on the American continent. He was so when it was neither fashionable nor profitable to be so. He took his stand, not on the shifting sands of expediency, but on the immovable rock of principle. [*Cheers.*] He had put his hand to the plough, and would never turn back. Some people had allowed their ears to be stuffed with cotton [*laughter and cheers*], some were blinded by gold dust, and some had allowed the gag of expediency to be

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one to preside, Mr. Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the city of London, volunteered his services. See if you can find him; I want him to take the chair to-night.' I did find him, still Chamberlain of the city. He very modestly referred me to others who he said would gladly preside and would lend more honor to the occasion than he could; but at length he kindly consented to serve for this second time. A large audience of ladies and gentlemen packed the great hall; and when Mr. Scott appeared, the memory of his earlier action still green, the burst of applause grew as it continued, the audience finally rising, waving handkerchiefs and cheering. Mr. Scott briefly referred to the meeting in the hall twenty-three years ago. He had never regretted occupying the position filled on that occasion, and now Mr. Beecher had asked him to be present again."

put in their mouths to quiet them. [*Cheers.*] But Henry Ward Beecher stood before the world of America, and for some time stood almost alone, and called things by their right names. [*Cheers.*] He had no mealy-mouthed expressions about 'peculiar institutions,' 'patriarchal institutions,' and 'paternal institutions,' [*hear, hear, and laughter*]—but he called slavery by the old English name of *Slavery*. [*Loud cheers.*] And he charged to the account of that crime cruelty, lust, murder, rapine, piracy. [*Loud cheers.*] He minced not his terms or his phrases. He looked right ahead to the course of duty which he had selected, and, regardless of the threats of man or the wrath of man, although the tar-pot was ready for him and the feathers were prepared—although the noose and the halter were ready and almost about his neck—he went straight onward to the object; and now he has converted—as every man who stands alone for the truth and right will eventually convert—a large majority of those who were originally opposed to him. [*Cheers.*] What the humble draper's assistant, Granville Sharpe, did in this country, Henry Ward Beecher and two or three like-minded men have done on the continent of America. When he heard Christian ministers—God save the mark!—standing in their pulpits with the Book of Truth before them, and stating that the institution of slavery was Christian, he did not mince the matter—he affirmed that it was bred in the bottomless pit. [*Loud cheers.*] I honor and respect him for his manliness. He is every inch a man. He is a standard by which humanity may well measure itself. [*Loud cheers.*] Would to God we had a hundred such men. [*Cheers.*] I will now call upon Mr. Beecher [*great cheering*]—but allow me to say that we shall only prolong our meeting in this heated atmosphere by not affording the speakers a fair opportunity of addressing you." [*Loud applause.*]

Mr. Beecher advanced to the front of the platform amidst the most enthusiastic demonstrations of applause. The whole audience stood up: hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and for some minutes the most exciting manifestations of hearty English good feeling were extended to the American advocate of freedom. As the uproarious greeting subsided, a few hisses rose up from the middle of the room, as if a body of serpents had somehow or other found their way into the assembly, and were adding their prolonged tribute to the general display. Mr. Beecher then addressed the audience as follows, speaking distinctly and deliberately:—

Ladies and gentlemen, the very kind introduction that I have received requires but a single word from me. I

should be guilty if I could take all the credit which has been generously ascribed to me, for I am not old enough to have been a pioneer. And when I think of such names as Weld, Alvin Stewart, Gerritt Smith, Joshua Leavitt, William Goodell, Arthur and Lewis Tappan, William Lloyd Garrison [*loud applause*]—and that most accomplished speaker of the world, Wendell Phillips [*renewed applause*]—when I think of multitudes of that peculiar class of Christians called Friends—when I think of the number of men, obscure, without name or fame, who labored in the earliest days at the foundation of this reformation—and when I remember that I came in afterwards to build on their foundation—I cannot permit in this fair country the honors to be put upon me and wrested from those men that deserve them far more than I do. [*Cheers.*] All I can say is this, that when I began my public life I fell into the ranks under the appropriate captains, and fought as well as I knew how, in the ranks or in command. [*Loud cheers.*]

As this is my last public address upon the American question in England, I may be permitted to glance briefly at my course here. [*Hear, hear.*] At Manchester I attempted to give a history of the external political movement for fifty years past, so far as it was necessary to illustrate the fact that the present American war was only an overt and warlike form of a contest between liberty and slavery that had been going on politically for half a century. [*Hear, hear.*] At Glasgow I undertook to show the condition of work or labor necessitated by any profitable system of slavery, demonstrating that it brought labor into contempt, affixing to it the badge of degradation, and that a struggle to extend servile labor across the American continent interests every free working man on the globe. [*Cheers.*] For my sincere belief is that the Southern cause is the natural enemy of free labor and the free laborer all the world over. [*Loud cheers.*] In Edinburgh I endeavored to sketch how, out of separate colonies and States intensely jealous of their individual sovereignty, there grew up and was finally established a NATION, and how in that nation of united states two distinct and antagonistic systems

were developed and strove for the guidance of the national policy; which struggle at length passed, and the North gained the control. Thereupon the South abandoned the Union simply and solely because the Government was in future to be administered by men who would give their whole influence to freedom. [*Loud cheers.*] In Liverpool I labored, under difficulties [*laughter and cheers*],—to show that slavery in the long run was as hostile to commerce and to manufactures all the world over, as it was to free interests in human society [*cheers*]—that a slave nation must be a poor customer, buying the fewest and poorest goods, and the least profitable to the producers [*hear, hear*]—that it was the interest of every manufacturing country to promote freedom, intelligence, and wealth amongst all nations [*cheers*]—that this attempt to cover the fairest portion of the earth with a slave-population that buys nothing, and a degraded white population that buys next to nothing, should array against it every true political economist and every thoughtful and far-seeing manufacturer, as tending to strike at the vital want of commerce—which is not cotton, but rich customers. [*Cheers.*] I have endeavored to enlist against this flagitious wickedness, and the great civil war which it has kindled, the judgment, conscience, and interests, of the British people. [*Cheers.*]

I am aware that a popular address before an excited audience more or less affected by party sympathies is not the most favorable method of doing justice to these momentous topics; and there have been some other circumstances which made it yet more difficult to present a careful or evenly balanced statement; but I shall do the best I can to leave no vestige of doubt, that slavery was the cause—the only cause—the whole cause—of this gigantic and cruel war. [*Cheers.*] I have tried to show that sympathy for the South, however covered by excuses or softened by sophistry, is simply sympathy with an audacious attempt to build up a slave-empire pure and simple. [*Hear, hear.*] I have tried to show that in this contest the North were contending for the preservation of their Gov-

ernment and their own territory, and those popular institutions on which the well-being of the nation depended. [*Hear, hear.*] So far, I have spoken to the English from an English point of view. To-night I ask you to look to this struggle from an American point of view, and in its moral aspects. [*Hear, hear.*] That is, I wish you to take our stand-point for a little while [*cheers*]—and to look at our actions and motives, not from what the enemy says, but from what we say. [*Cheers.*] When two men have disagreed, you seldom promote peace between them by attempting to prove that either of them is all right or either of them is all wrong. [*Hear, hear.*] Now there has been some disagreement of feeling between America and Great Britain. I don't want to argue the question to-night which is right and which is wrong; but if some kind neighbor will persuade two people that are at disagreement to consider each other's position and circumstances, it may not lead either to adopting the other's judgment, but it may lead them to say of each other, "I think he is honest and means well, even if he be mistaken." [*Loud cheers.*] You may not thus get a settlement of the *difficulty*, but you will get a settlement of the *quarrel*. [*Hear, hear.*] I merely ask you to put yourselves in our track for one hour, and look at the objects as we look at them [*cheers*]—after that, form your judgment as you please. [*Cheers.*]

The first and earliest mode in which the conflict took place between North and South was purely moral. It was a conflict simply of opinion and of truths by argument; and by appeal to the moral sense it was sought to persuade the slaveholder to adopt some plan of emancipation. [*Hear, hear.*] When this seemed to the Southern sensitiveness unjust and insulting, it led many in the North to silence, especially as the South seemed to apologize for slavery rather than to defend it against argument. It was said, "The evil is upon us; we cannot help it. We are sullied, but it is a misfortune rather than a fault. [*Cheers.*] It is not right for the North to meddle with that which is made worse by being meddled with, even by argument or appeal." That was the earlier portion of the conflict. A

great many men were deceived by it. I never myself yielded to the fallacy. As a minister of the gospel preaching to sinful men, I thought it my duty not to give in to this doctrine; their sins were on them, and I thought it my duty not to soothe them, but rather to expose them. [*Cheers.*] The next stage of the conflict was purely political. The South were attempting to extend their slave system into the Territories, and to prevent free States from covering the continent, by bringing into the Union a slave State for every free State. It was also the design and endeavor of the South not simply to hold and employ the enormous power and influence of the Central *Executive*, but also to engraft into the whole Federal Government a slave State *policy*. They meant to fill all offices at home and abroad with men loyal to slavery—to shut up the road to political preferment against men who had aspirations for freedom, and to corrupt the young and ambitious by obliging them to swear fealty to slavery as the condition of success. I am saying what I know. I have seen the progressive corruption of men naturally noble, educated in the doctrine of liberty, who, being bribed by political offices, at last bowed the knee to Moloch. The South pursued a uniform system of bribing and corrupting ambitious men of Northern consciences. A far more dangerous part of its policy was to change the Constitution, not overtly, not by external aggression—worse, to fill the courts with Southern judges [*shame*]—until, first by laws of Congress passed through Southern influence, and secondly, by the construction and adjudication of the courts, the Constitution having become more and more tied up to Southern principles, the North would have to submit to slavery, or else to oppose it by violating the law and constitution as construed by servile judges. [*Hear, hear.*] They were, in short, little by little, injecting the laws, constitution, and policy of the country with the poison and blood of slavery. [*Cheers.*] I will not let this stand on my own testimony. I am going to read the unconscious corroboration of this by Mr. Stephens, now the Vice-President of the present Confederacy—one, to his credit be it said, who at one time was a most sincere and earnest opponent of Secession. It is as follows:—

"This step [of Secession] once taken, can never be recalled; and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow will rest on the convention for all coming time. When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth; when our green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and fiery car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolation of war upon us; who but this convention will be held responsible for it? and who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure, as I honestly think and believe, shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate? Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will even satisfy yourselves in calmer moments—what reasons you can give to your fellow-sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us. What reasons can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case; and what cause or one overt act can you name or point on which to rest the plea of justification? *What right has the North assailed?* What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you to-day name one governmental act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the Government of Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer. While, on the other hand, let me show the facts (and believe me, gentlemen, I am not here the advocate of the North; but I am here the friend, the firm friend and lover of the South and her institutions, and for this reason I speak thus plainly and faithfully, for yours, mine, and every other man's interest, the words of truth and soberness), of which I wish you to judge, and I will only state facts which are clear and undeniable, and which now stand as records authentic in the history of our country. When we of the South demanded the slave-trade, or the importation of Africans for the cultivation of our lands, did they not yield the right for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our slaves was it not granted? When we asked and demanded the return of any fugitive from justice, or the recovery of those persons owing labor or allegiance, was it not incorporated in the Constitution, and again ratified and strengthened in the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850? But do you reply that in many instances they have violated this compact and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individual and local communities they may have done so; but not by the sanction of Government; for that has always been true to Southern interests. Again, gentlemen, look at another fact, when we have asked that more territory should be added, that we might spread the institution of slavery, have they not yielded to our demands in giving us Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, out of which four States have been carved, and ample territory for four more may be added in due time if you by this unwise and

impolitic act, do not destroy this hope, and perhaps by it lose all, and have your last slave wrenched from you by stern military rule, as South America and Mexico were, or by the vindictive decree of a universal emancipation, which may reasonably be expected to follow. But, again, gentlemen, what have we to gain by this proposed change of our relation to the general Government? We have always had the control of it, and can yet, if we remain in it and are as united as we have been. We have had a majority of the Presidents chosen from the South; as well as the control and management of most of those chosen from the North. We have had sixty years of Southern Presidents to their twenty-four, thus controlling the executive department. So of the judges of the Supreme Court, we have had eighteen from the South, and but eleven from the North; although nearly four-fifths of the judicial business has arisen in the Free States, yet a majority of the court has always been from the South. This we have required so as to guard against any interpretation of the Constitution unfavorable to us. In like manner we have been equally watchful to guard our interest in the legislative branch of Government. In choosing the presiding Presidents (*pro tem.*) of the Senate, we have had twenty-four to their eleven. Speakers of the House we have had twenty-three, and they twelve. While the majority of the representatives, from their greater population, have always been from the North, yet we have so generally secured the Speaker, because he, to a greater extent, shapes and controls the legislation of the country. Nor have we had less control in every other department of the general Government. Attorney-Generals we have had fourteen, while the North have had but five. Foreign ministers we have had eighty-six and they but fifty-four. While three-fourths of the business which demands diplomatic agents abroad is clearly from the Free States, from their greater commercial interests, yet we have had the principal embassies, so as to secure the world's markets for our cotton, tobacco, and sugar on the best possible terms. We have had a vast majority of the higher offices of both army and navy, while a larger proportion of the soldiers and sailors were drawn from the North. Equally so of clerks, auditors, and comptrollers filling the executive department, the records show for the last fifty years that of the three thousand thus employed, we have had more than two-thirds of the same, while we have but one-third of the white population of the Republic. Again, look at another item, and one, be assured, in which we have a great and vital interest; it is that of revenue, or means of supporting Government. From official documents we learn that a fraction over three-fourths of the revenue collected for the support of the Government has uniformly been raised from the North. Pause now, while you can, gentlemen, and contemplate carefully and candidly these important items. Leaving out of view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North; with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle, and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of your ambition—and for what? we ask again. Is it for the overthrow of the American Government, established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on

the broad principles of right, justice, and humanity? And, as such, I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that *it is the best and freest Government—the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of heaven ever shone upon.* Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a Government as this, under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century—in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquillity accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed—is the height of *madness*, *folly*, and *wickedness*, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote."

Was there ever such an indictment unconsciously laid against any people! [*Cheers.*] Here Mr. Stephens, talking to people in Georgia, quite unconscious that his speech would be reported, that it would appear in the Northern press, and be read in Exeter Hall to an English audience—tells you what has been the plan and what have been the effects of Southern domination on the national policy, on the Government, and on the courts during the last fifty years. The object of Southern policy, early commenced and steadily pursued, was to control the Government and to establish a slave-influence throughout North America. Now, take notice first, that the North, hating slavery, having rid itself of slavery at a great cost, and longing for its extinction throughout America, was unable until this war to touch slavery directly. The North could only contend against slave-*policy*—not directly against slavery. Why? Because slavery was not the creature of national law, and therefore not subject to national jurisdiction, but of State law, and subject only to State jurisdiction. A direct act on the part of the North to abolish slavery would have been revolutionary. [*A voice: "We do not understand you."*] You will understand me before I have done with you to-night. [*Cheers.*] Such an attack would have been a violation of a fundamental principle of State independence. This peculiar structure of our Government is not so unintelligible to Englishmen as you may think. It is only taking an English idea on a larger scale. We have borrowed it from you. A great many do not un-

derstand how it is that there should be State independence under a national Government. Now I am not closely acquainted with your affairs, but the Chamberlain can tell you if I am wrong, when I say, that there belong to the old city of London certain private rights that Parliament cannot meddle with. Yet there are elements in which Parliament—that is, the will of the nation—is as supreme over London as over any town or city of the realm. Now, if there are some things which London has kept for her own judgment and will, and yet others which she has given up to the national will, you have herein the principle of the American Government [*cheers*] by which certain local matters belong exclusively to the local jurisdiction, and certain general matters to the national Government. I will give you another illustration that will bring it home to you. There is not a street in London, but, as soon as a man is inside his house, he may say, his house is his castle. There is no law in the realm which can lay down to that man how many members shall compose his family—how he shall dress his children—when they shall get up and when they shall go to bed—how many meals he shall have a day, and of what those meals shall be constituted. The interior economy of the house belongs to the members of the house, yet there are many respects in which every householder is held in check by common rights. They have their own interior and domestic economy, yet they share in other things which are national and governmental. It may be very wrong to give children opium, but all the doctors in London cannot say to a man that he shall not drug his child. It is his own business, and if it is wrong it cannot be interfered with. I will give you another illustration. Five men form a partnership of business. Now, that partnership represents the national Government of the United States; but it has relation only to certain great commercial interests common to them all. Yet each of these five men has another sphere—his family—and in that sphere the man may be a drunkard, a gambler, a lecherous and indecent man, but the firm cannot meddle with his morals. It cannot touch anything but business interests that belong

to the firm. Now, our States came together on this doctrine—that each State, in respect to those rights and institutions that were local and peculiar to it, was to have undivided sovereignty over its own affairs; but that all those powers, such as taxes, wars, treaties of peace, which belong to one State, and which are common to all States, went into the general Government. The general Government never had the power—the power was never delegated to it—to meddle with the interior and domestic economy of the States, and it never could be done.

You understand, then, that it was only that part of slavery which escaped from the State jurisdiction, and which entered into the national sphere, which formed the subject of ante-bellum controversy. We could not justly touch the Constitution of the States, but only the policy of the national Government, that came out beyond the State and appeared in Congress and in the Territories. [*Cheers.*] We are bound to abide by our fundamental law. Honor, fidelity, integrity, as well as patriotism, required us to abide by that law. The great conflict between the South and North, until this war began, was, which should control the Federal or central Government, and what we call the *Territories;* that is, lands which are the property of the whole Union, and have not yet received separate *State* rights. [*Cheers.*] That was the conflict. It was not "Emancipation" or "No Emancipation;" Government had no business with that question. Before the war, the only thing on which politically the free people of the North and South took their respective sides was, "Shall the *National* policy be free or slave?" And I call you to witness that forbearance, though not a showy virtue—fidelity, though not a shining quality—are fundamental to manly integrity. [*Cheers.*] During a period of eighty years, the North, whose wrongs I have just read out to you, not from her own lips, but from the lips of her enemy, has stood faithfully to her word. With scrupulous honor she has respected legal rights, even when they were merely civil and not moral rights. The fidelity of the North to the great doctrine of State rights, which was born of her—her for-

bearance under wrong, insult, and provocation—her conscientious and honorable refusal to meddle with the evil which she hated, and which she saw to be aiming at the life of Government, and at her own life—her determination to hold fast pact and constitution, and to gain her victories by giving the people a new *National* policy—will yet be deemed worthy of something better than a contemptuous sneer, or the allegation of an "enormous national vanity." [*Cheers.*] The Northern forbearance is one of those themes of which we may be justly proud [*"Oh," and cheers*]—a product of virtue, a fruit of liberty, an inspiration of that Christian faith, which is the mother at once of truth and of liberty. [*Cheers.*] I am proud to think that there is such a record of national fidelity as that which the North has written for herself by the pen of her worst enemies. Now that is the reason why the North did not at first go to war to enforce emancipation. She went to war to save the National institutions; [*cheers*] —to save the Territories; to sustain those laws, which would first circumscribe, then suffocate, and finally destroy slavery. [*Cheers.*] That is the reason why that most true, honest, just, and conscientious magistrate, Mr. Lincoln—

The announcement of Mr. Lincoln's name was received with loud and continued cheering. The whole audience rose and cheered for some time, and it was a few minutes before Mr. Beecher could proceed.

From having spoken much at tumultuous assemblies I had at times a fear that when I came here this evening my voice would fail from too much speaking. But that fear is now changed to one that *your* voices will fail from too much cheering. [*Laughter.*]

How then did the North pass from a conflict with the South concerning a general slave policy, to a direct attack upon the institutions of slavery itself? Because, according to the foreshadowing of that wisest man of the South, Mr. Stephens, they beleaguered the national Government and the national life with the institution of slavery—obliged a sworn President, who was put under oath not to invade

that institution, to take his choice between the safety and life of the Government itself, or the slavery by which it was beleaguered. [*Cheers.*] If any man lays an obstruction on the street, and blocks up the street, it is not the fault of the people if they walk over it. As the fundamental right of individual self-defense cannot be withdrawn without immorality—so the first element of national life is to defend life. As no man attacked on the highway violates law, but obeys the law of self-defense—a law inside of the laws—by knocking down his assailant; so, when a nation is assaulted, it is a right and duty, in the exercise of self-defense, to destroy the enemy, by which otherwise it will be destroyed. [*Hear.*] As long as the South allowed it to be a moral and political conflict of policy, we were content to meet the issue as one of policy. But when they threw down the gauntlet of war, and said that by it slavery was to be adjudicated, we could do nothing else than take up the challenge. [*Loud cheers.*] The police have no right to enter your house as long as you keep within the law, but when you defy the laws and endanger the peace and safety of the neighborhood they have a right to enter. So in our constitutional Government; it has no power to touch slavery while slavery remains a State institution. But when it lifts itself up out of its State humility and becomes banded to attack the Nation, it becomes a national enemy, and has no longer exemption. [*Cheers.*]

But it is said, "The President issued his proclamation after all for political effect, not for humanity." [*Cries of hear, hear.*] Of course the right of issuing a proclamation of emancipation was political, but the disposition to do it was personal. [*Loud cheers.*] Mr. Lincoln is an officer of the State, and in the Presidential chair has no more right than your judge on the bench to follow his private feelings. [*Applause.*] He is bound to ask, "What is the law?" not "What is my sympathy?" [*Hear, hear.*] And when a judge sees that a rigid execution or interpretation of the law goes along with primitive justice, with humanity, and with pity, he is all the more glad because his private feelings go with his

public office. [*Cheers.*] Perhaps in the next house to a kind and benevolent surgeon is a boy who fills the night with groans, because he has a cancerous and diseased leg. The surgeon would fain go in and amputate that limb and save that life; but he is not called in, and therefore he has no business to go in, though he ever so much wish it. [*Hear, hear.*] But at last the father says to him, "In the name of God, come in and save my child;" and he goes in *professionally* and cuts off the leg and saves the life, to the infinite disgust of a neighbor over the way, who says, "Oh, he would not go in from *neighborly* feeling and cut the leg off." [*Loud applause.*] I should like to know how any man has a right to cut your leg or mine off except professionally [*laughter and cheers*]—and so a man must often wait for official leave to perform the noblest offices of justice and humanity. Here then is the great stone of stumbling. At first the President could not touch slavery, because in time of peace it was a legal institution. How then can he do it now? Because in time of war it has stepped beyond its former sphere, and is no longer a local institution, but a national and public enemy. [*Applause.*] Now I promised to make that clear: have I done it? [*Hear, hear, and applause.*]

It is said, "Why not let the South go?" [*Hear, hear, and cheers.*] "Since they won't be at peace with you, why do you not let them separate from you?" *Because they would be still less peaceable when separated.* [*Hear, hear.*] Oh, if the Southerners only *would* go! [*Laughter.*] They are determined to stay—that is the trouble. [*Hear, hear.*] We would furnish free passage to all of them if they would go. But we say, The *land* is *ours.* [*Cheers.*] Let them go, and leave to the nation its land, and they will have our unanimous consent. [*Renewed cheers.*]

But I wish to discuss this more carefully. It is the very marrow of the matter. I ask you to stand in our place for a little time, and seeing this question as we see it, afterwards make up your judgment. [*Hear, hear.*]

And first, this war began by the act of the South—firing at the old flag that had covered both sections with glory

and protection. [*Applause.*] The attack made upon us was under circumstances which inflicted immediate severe humiliation and threatened us with final subjugation. The Southerners held all the keys of the country. They had robbed our arsenals. They had made our treasury bankrupt. They had possession of the most important offices in the army and navy. They had the vantage of having long anticipated and prepared for the conflict. [*Hear, hear.*] We knew not whom to trust. One man failed, and another man failed. Men, pensioned by the Government, lived on the salary of the Government only to have better opportunities to stab and betray it. There was not merely one Judas, there were a thousand in our country. [*Hear, hear, and hisses.*] And for the North to have lain down like a spaniel—to have given up the land that every child in America is taught, as every child in Britain is taught, to regard as his sacred right and his trust—to have given up the mouths of our own rivers and our mountain citadel without a blow, would have marked the North in all future history as craven and mean. [*Loud cheers and some hisses.*]

Second, the honor and safety of that grand experiment, self-government by free institutions, demanded that so flagitious a violation of the first principles of legality should not carry off impunity and reward, thereafter enabling the minority in every party conflict to turn and say to the majority, "If you don't give us our way we will make war." Oh, Englishmen, would you let a minority dictate in such a way to you? [*Loud cries of "No, no, never!" and cheers.*] Three thousand miles off don't make any difference, then? ["*No, no.*"] The principle thus introduced would literally have no end—would carry the nation back to its original elements of isolated States. Nor is there any reason why it should stop with States. If every treaty may be overthrown by which States have been settled into a Nation, what form of political union may not on like grounds be severed? There is the same force in the doctrine of Secession in the application to counties as in the application to States; and if it be right

for a State or a county to secede, it is equally right for a town and a city. [*Cheers.*] This doctrine of Secession is a huge revolving millstone that grinds the national life to powder. [*Cheers.*] It is anarchy in velvet, and national destruction clothed in soft phrases and periphrastic expressions. [*Cheers.*] But we have fought with that devil "Slavery," and understand him better than you do. [*Loud cheers.*] No people with patriotism and honor will give up territory without a struggle for it. [*Cheers.*] Would you give it up? [*Loud cries of "No."*] It is said that the States are owners of their territory! It is theirs to use, not theirs to run away with. We have equal right with them to enter it. Let me inform you that when those States first sat in convention to form a Union, a resolution was introduced by the delegates from South Carolina and Virginia, "That we now proceed to form a *National* Government." The delegate from Connecticut objected. The New Englanders were State-right men, and the South, in the first instance, seemed altogether for a National Government. Connecticut objected, and a debate took place whether it should be a Constitution for a mere Confederacy of States, or for a nation formed out of those States. [*A voice: "When was that?"*] It was in the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

He wants to help me. [*Laughter.*] I like such interruptions. I am here a friend amongst friends. [*Cheers.*] Nothing will please me better than any question asked in courtesy and in earnest to elucidate this subject. I am not afraid of being interrupted by questions which are to the point. [*Cheers.*]

At this convention the resolution of the New England delegates that they should form a Confederacy instead of a Nation was voted down; and never came up again. [*Cheers.*] The first draft of the preamble contained these words: "We, the people of the United States, for the purpose of forming a Nation;" but as there was a good deal of feeling between the North and South on the subject, when the draft came to the committee for revision, and they had simply to put in the proper phraseology, they put

it "for the purpose of forming a Union." When, later, the question whether the States were to hold their autocracy came up in South Carolina—it was called the Carolina heresy—that too was put down; and never lifted its head up again until this Secession, when it was galvanized to justify that which has no other pretense to justice. [*Cheers.*] I would like to ask those English gentlemen who hold that it is right for a State to secede when it pleases, how they would like it, if the county of Kent should try the experiment. [*Hear, hear.*] The men who cry out for Secession of the Southern States in America would say, "Kent seceding? Ah, circumstances alter cases!" [*Cheers and laughter.*] The Mississippi, which is our Southern door and hall to come in and to go out, runs right through the territory which they tried to rend from us. The South magnanimously offered to let us use it; but what would you say if, on going home, you found a squad of gypsies seated in your hall, who refused to be ejected, saying, "But look here, we will let you go in and out on equitable and easy terms." [*Cheers and laughter.*]

But there was another question involved—the question of national honor. If you take up and look at the map that delineates the mountainous features of that continent, you will find the peculiar structure of the Alleghany ridge, beginning in New Hampshire, running across the New England States through Pennsylvania and West Virginia, stopping in the Northern part of Georgia. [*Hear, hear.*] Now, all the world over, men that live in mountainous regions have been men for liberty [*cheers*]—and from the first hour to this hour the majority of the population of Western Virginia, which is in this mountainous region, the majority of the population of Eastern Tennessee, of Western Carolina, and of North Georgia, have been true to the Union, and were urgent not to go out. They called to the National Government, "We claim that, in fulfillment of the compact of the Constitution, you defend our rights, and retain us in the Union." [*Cheers.*] We would not suffer a line of fire to be established one thousand five hundred miles along our Southern border from which, in

a coming hour, there might shoot out wars and disturbances, with such a people as the slaveholding South, that never kept faith in the Union, and would never keep faith out of it. They have disturbed the land as old Ahab of accursed memory did [*cheers and hisses*], and when Elijah found this Ahab in the way, Ahab said, "It is Elijah that has disturbed Israel." [*A laugh.*] Now we know the nature of this people. We know that if we entered into a truce with them they would renew their plots and violences, and take possession of the continent in the name of THE DEVIL AND SLAVERY. [*Cheers.*]

One more reason why we will not let this people go is because we do not want to become a military people. A great many say America is becoming too strong; she is dangerous to the peace of the world. But if you permit or favor this division, the South becomes a military nation, and the North is compelled to become a military nation. Along a line of 1,500 miles she must have forts and men to garrison them. These 250,000 soldiers will constitute the national standing army of the North. Now any nation that has a large standing army is in great danger of losing its liberties. ["*No, no.*"] Before this war the legal size of the national army was 25,000; that was all. The actual number was 18,000, and those were all the soldiers we wanted. The *New York Tribune* and other papers repeatedly said that even these were useless in our nation. But if the country were divided, then we should have two great military nations taking its place, and instead of a paltry 18,000 soldiers, there would be 250,000 on one side and 100,000 or 200,000 on the other. And if America, by this ill-advised disruption, is forced to have a standing army, like a boy with a knife, she will always want to whittle with it. [*Laughter and cheers.*] It is the interest, then, of the world, that the nation should be united, and that it should be under the control of that part of America that has always been for peace [*cheers, and cries of "No, no"*], that it should be wrested from the control and policy of that part of the nation that has always been for more territory, for filibustering, for insulting foreign nations. [*Cheers.*]

But that is not all. The religious-minded among our people feel that in the territory committed to us there is a high and solemn trust—a national trust. We are taught that in some sense the world itself is a field, and every Christian nation acknowledges a certain responsibility for the moral condition of the globe. But how much nearer does it come when it is one's own country! And the Church of America is coming to feel more and more that God gave us this country, not merely for material aggrandizement, but for a glorious triumph of the Church of Christ. [*Cheers.*] Therefore we undertook to rid the territory of slavery. Since slavery has divested itself of its municipal protection, and has become a declared public enemy, it is our duty to strike down the slavery which would blight this fair western land. When I stand and look out upon that immense territory as a man, as a citizen, as a Christian minister, I feel myself asked, "Will you permit that vast country to be overclouded by this curse? Will you permit the cries of bondmen to issue from that fair territory, and do nothing for their liberty?" What are we doing? Sending our ships round the globe, carrying missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, to the islands of the Pacific, to Asia, to all Africa. And yet, when this work of redeeming our continent from the heathendom of slavery lies before us, there are men who counsel us to give it up to the devil, and not try to do anything with it. Ah! independent of pounds and pence, independent of national honor, independent of all merely material considerations, there is pressing on every conscientious Northerner's mind this highest of all considerations—our duty to God to save that country from the blast and blight of slavery. [*Cheers.*] Yet how many are there who up, down, and over all England are saying, "Let slavery go—let slavery go"? It is recorded, I think, in the biography of one of the most noble of your own countrymen, Sir. T. Fowell Buxton [*cheers*], that on one occasion a huge favorite dog was seized with hydrophobia. With wonderful courage he seized the creature by the neck and collar, and against the animal's mightiest efforts, dashing hither

and thither against wall and fence, held him until help could be got. If there had been Englishmen there of the stripe of the *Times*, they would have said to Fowell Buxton, "Let him go;" but is there one here who does not feel the moral nobleness of that man, who rather than let the mad animal go down the street biting children and women and men, risked his life and prevented the dog from doing evil? Shall we allow that hell hound of slavery, mad, mad as it is, to go biting millions in the future? [*Cheers.*] We will peril life and limb and all we have first. These truths are not exaggerated—they are diminished rather than magnified in my statement; and you cannot tell how powerfully they are influencing us unless you were standing in our midst in America; you cannot understand how firm that national feeling is which God has bred in the North on this subject. It is deeper than the sea; it is firmer than the hills; it is serene as the sky over our head, where God dwells. [*Cheers.*]

But it is said, "What a ruthless business this war of extermination is! I have heard it stated that a fellow from America, purporting to be a minister of the gospel of peace, had come over to England, and that that fellow had said he was in favor of a war of extermination." Well, if he said so he will stick to it; [*cheers*]—but not in the way in which enemies put these words. Listen to the way in which I put them, for if I am to bear the responsibility it is only fair that I should state them in my own way. We believe that the war is a test of our institutions; that it is a life-and-death struggle between the two principles of liberty and slavery—[*cheers*]—that it is the cause of the common people all the world over. [*Renewed cheers.*] We believe that every struggling nationality on the globe will be stronger if we conquer this odious oligarchy of slavery, and that every oppressed people in the world will be weaker if we fail. [*Cheers.*] The sober American regards the war as part of that awful yet glorious struggle which has been going on for hundreds of years in every nation between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, between liberty and despotism, between

freedom and bondage. It carries with it the whole future condition of our vast continent—its laws, its policy, its fate. And standing in view of these tremendous realities we have consecrated all that we have—our children, our wealth, our national strength—we lay them all on the altar and say, "It is better that they should all perish than that the North should falter and betray this trust of God, this hope of the oppressed, this Western civilization." [*Cheers.*] If we say this of ourselves, shall we say less of the slaveholders? If we are willing to do these things, shall we say, "Stop the war for their sakes"? If we say this of ourselves, shall we have more pity for the rebellious, for slavery seeking to blacken a continent with its awful evil, desecrating the social phrase, "National Independence" by seeking only an independence that shall enable them to treat four millions of human beings as *chattels?* [*Cheers.*] Shall we be tenderer over them than over ourselves? Standing by my cradle, standing by my hearth, standing by the altar of the church, standing by all the places that mark the name and memory of heroic men who poured out their blood and lives for principle, I declare that in ten or twenty years of war we will sacrifice everything we have for principle. [*Cheers.*] If the love of popular liberty is dead in Great Britain you will not understand us; but if the love of liberty lives as it once lived, and has worthy successors of those renowned men that were our ancestors as much as yours, and whose example and principles we inherit as so much seed corn in a new and fertile land, then you will understand our firm, invincible determination—to *fight this war through*, at all hazards and at every cost. [*Immense cheering, accompanied with a few hisses.*]

I am obliged for this little diversion; it rests me.

Against this statement of facts and principles no public man and no party could stand up for one moment in England if it were permitted to rest upon its own merits. It is therefore sought to darken the light of these truths and to falsify facts. I will not mention names, but I will say this, that there have been important organs in Great

Britain that have deliberately and knowingly spoken what is not the truth. [*Applause, and loud cries of "The Times!" "Three groans for the Times!"*] It is declared that the North has no sincerity. It is declared that the North treats the blacks worse than the South does. [*Hear, hear.*] A monstrous lie from beginning to end! It is declared that emancipation is a mere political trick—not a moral sentiment. It is declared that this is the cruel unphilanthropic squabble of men gone mad with national vanity. [*Cheers and hisses.*] Oh, what a pity that a man should "fall nine times the space that measures day and night" to make an apostasy which dishonors his closing days, and to wipe out the testimony for liberty that he gave in his youth! But even if all this monstrous lie about the North—this needless slander—were true, still it would not alter the fact that Northern success will carry liberty—Southern success, slavery. [*Cheers.*] For when society dashes against society, the results are not what the *individual motives* of the members of society would make them—the results are what the *institutions* of society make them. When your army stood at Waterloo, they did not know what were the vast moral consequences that depended on that battle. It was not what the individual soldiers meant or thought, but what the British empire—the national life behind, and the genius of that renowned kingdom which sent that army to victory—meant and thought. [*Hear, hear*]. And even if the President were false—if every Northern man were a juggling hypocrite—that does not change the Constitution; and it does not change the fact that if the North prevails, she carries Northern ideas and Northern institutions with her. [*Cheers.*]

But I hear a loud protest against war. [*Hear, hear.*] Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Chairman,—there is a small band in our country and in yours—I wish their number were quadrupled—who have borne a solemn and painful testimony against all wars, under all circumstances; and although I differ with them on the subject of defensive warfare, yet when men that rebuked their own land, and

all lands, now rebuke us, though I cannot accept their judgment, I bow with profound respect to their consistency. [*Hear, hear, and cheers.*] But excepting them, I regard this British horror of the American war as something wonderful. [*Renewed cheers and laughter.*] Why, it is a phenomenon in itself! On what shore has not the prow of your ships dashed? [*Hear, hear.*] What land is there with a name and a people, where your banner has not led your soldiers? [*Hear, hear.*] And when the great resurrection reveillé shall sound, it will muster British soldiers from every clime and people under the whole heaven. [*Cheers.*] Ah! but it is said, This is a war against your own blood. [*Hear, hear.*] How long is it since you poured soldiers into Canada, and let all your yards work night and day to avenge the taking of two men out of the *Trent?* [*Loud applause.*] Old England shocked at a war of principle! She gained her glories in such wars. [*Cheers.*] Old England ashamed of a war of principle! Her national ensign symbolizes her history—the cross in a field of blood. [*Cheers.*] And will you tell us—who inherit your blood, your ideas, and your high spirits [*cheers*], that we must not fight? [*Cheers.*] The child must heed the parents, until the parents get old and tell the child not to do the thing that in early life they whipped him for not doing. And then the child says, "Father and Mother are getting too old; they had better be taken away from their present home and come to live with us." [*Cheers and hisses.*] Perhaps you think that the old island will do a little longer. [*Hisses.*] Perhaps you think there is coal enough. Perhaps you think the stock is not quite run out yet; but whenever England comes to that state that she does not go to war for principle, she had better emigrate and we will give her room. [*Laughter.*]

I have been very much perplexed what to think about the attitude of Great Britain in respect to the South. I must, I suppose, look to the opinion of the majority of the English people. I don't believe in the *Times.* [*Groans for the "Times;" groans for the "Telegraph."*] You cut my poor sentence in two, and all the blood runs out of it. [*Laugh-*

ter.] I was just going to say that like most of you I don't believe in the *Times*, but I always read it. [*Laughter.*] Every Englishman tells me that the *Times* is no exponent of English opinion, and yet I have taken notice that when they talk of men, somehow or other their last argument is the last thing that was in the *Times*. [*Laughter.*] I think it was the *Times* or *Post* that said, that America was sore, because she had not the moral sympathy of Great Britain, and that the moral sympathy of Great Britain had gone for the South. ["*No, no.*"] Well, let me tell you, that those who are represented in the newspapers as favorable to the South are like men who have arrows and bows strong enough to send the shafts 3,000 miles; and those who feel sympathy for the North are like men who have shafts, but have no bows that could shoot them far enough. [*Hear.*] The English sentiment that has made itself felt on our shores is the part that slandered the North and took part with the South; and if you think we are unduly sensitive, you must take into account that the part of English sentiment carried over is the part that gives its aid to slavery and against liberty. [*Hear, hear.*] I shall have a different story to tell when I get back.

The assembly rose, and for a few moments hats and handkerchiefs were waved enthusiastically amidst loud cheering. [*A voice: "What about the Russians?" Hear, hear.*]

A gentleman asks me to say a word about the Russians in New York harbor. As this is a little private confidential meeting [*laughter*], I will tell you the fact about them. [*Laughter.*] The fact is this—it is a little piece of coquetry. [*Laughter.*] Don't you know that when a woman thinks her suitor is not quite attentive enough, she takes another beau, and flirts with him in the face of the old one? [*Laughter.*] New York is flirting with Russia, but she has got her eye on England. [*Cheers.*] Well, I hear men say, this is a piece of national folly that is not becoming on the part of people reputed wise, and in such solemn and important circumstances. It is said that when Russia is now engaged in suppressing the liberty of Poland it is an indecent thing for America to flirt with her. I think so too.

[*Loud cheers.*] Now you know what we felt when you were flirting with Mr. Mason at your Lord Mayor's banquet. [*Cheers.*] Ladies and gentlemen, it did not do us any hurt to have you Englishmen tell us our faults. I hope it don't do you Britishers any hurt to have us tell you some of yours. [*A laugh.*] Let me tell you my honest sentiments. England, because she is a Christian nation, because she has the guardianship of the dearest principles of civil and religious liberty, ought to be friendly with every nation and with every tongue. But when England looks out for an ally she ought to seek for her own blood, her own language, her own children. [*Cheers.*] And I stand here to declare that America is the proper and natural ally of Great Britain. [*Cheers.*] I declare that all sorts of alliances with Continental nations as against America are monstrous, and that all flirtations of America with pandoured and whiskered foreigners are monstrous, and that in the great conflicts of the future, when civilization is to be extended, when commerce is to be free round the globe, and to carry with it religion and civilization, then two flags should be flying from every man-of-war and every ship, and they should be the flag with the cross of St. George and the flag with the stars of promise and of hope. [*Cheers.*]

Now, ladies and gentlemen, when anybody tells you that Mr. Beecher is in favor of war you may ask, "In what way is he in favor of war?" And if any man says he seeks to sow discord between father and son and mother and daughter you will be able to say, "Show us how he is sowing discord." If I had anything grievous to say of England I would sooner say it before her face than behind her back. I would denounce Englishmen, if they were maintainers of the monstrous policy of the South. However, since I have come over to this country you have told me the truth, and I shall be able to bear back an assurance to our people of the enthusiasm you feel for the cause of the North. And then there is the very significant act of your Government—the seizure of the rams in Liverpool. [*Loud cheers.*] Then there are the weighty words spoken

by Lord Russell at Glasgow, and the words spoken by the Attorney-General. [*Cheers.*] These acts and declarations of policy, coupled with all that I have seen, and the feeling of enthusiasm of this English people, will warm the heart of the Americans in the North. If we are one in civilization, one in religion, one substantially in faith, let us be one in national policy, one in every enterprise for the furtherance of the gospel and for the happiness of mankind. [*Cheers.*]

I thank you for your long patience with me. ["*Go on!*"] Ah! when I was a boy they used to tell me never to eat enough, but always to get up being yet a little hungry. I would rather you go away wishing I had spoken longer than go away saying, "What a tedious fellow he was!" [*A laugh.*] And therefore if you will not permit me to close and go, I beg you to recollect that this is the fifth speech of more than two hours' length that I have spoken, on some occasions *under difficulties*, within seven or eight days, and I am so exhausted that I ask you to permit me to stop. [*Great cheering.*]

Professor Newman then rose and moved the following resolution:—

"*Resolved*, That this meeting presents its most cordial thanks to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for the admirable address which he has delivered this evening, and expresses its hearty sympathy with his reprobation of the slaveholders' rebellion, his vindication of the rights of a free Government, and his aspirations for peace and friendship between the English people and their American brethren; and as this meeting recognizes in Mr. Beecher one of the early pioneers of negro emancipation, as well as one of the most eloquent and successful of the champions of that great cause, it rejoices in this opportunity of congratulating him on the triumph with which the labors of himself and his associates have been crowned in the anti-slavery policy of President Lincoln and his cabinet."

After some earnest words by Professor Newman, Rev. Newman Hall, and Mr. G. Thompson, the motion was then carried amidst loud cheers, only three hands being held up against it.

Mr. Beecher briefly acknowledged the vote of thanks.

The Rev. W. M. Bunting moved, and Sir Charles Fox seconded, a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was unanimously passed, and the proceedings then terminated.

OUTSIDE THE HALL.

THE scene outside Exeter Hall that evening was of an extraordinary description. The lecture had been advertised to commence at seven o'clock, and it was announced that the hall doors would be opened at half-past six. The crowd, however, began to assemble as early as five o'clock, and before six o'clock it became so dense and numerous as completely to block up, not only the footway, but the carriage way of the Strand; and the committee of management wisely determined at once to throw open the doors. A great rush took place, and the hall, in every available part, became filled to overflowing in a few minutes. No perceptible diminution, however, was made in the crowd, and at half-past six there were literally thousands of well-dressed persons struggling to gain admission, in spite of the placards exhibited announcing the hall to be "quite full." The policemen and hall-keepers were powerless to contend against this immense crowd, who ultimately filled the spacious corridors and staircases leading to the hall, still leaving an immense crowd both in the Strand and Burleigh Street. At ten minutes before seven o'clock Mr. B. Scott, the City Chamberlain, and the chairman of the meeting, accompanied by a large body of the committee of the Emancipation Society, arrived, but were unable to make their way through the crowd, and a messenger was dispatched to the Bow Street Police station for an extra body of police. About thirty of the reserve men were immediately sent, and those aided by the men already on duty at last succeeded in forcing a passage for the chairman and his friends.

Mr. Beecher at this time arrived, but was himself unable to gain admittance to the hall until a quarter of an hour after the time appointed for the commencement of his address. He bore his detention in the crowd with great good humor, and was rewarded with a perfect ovation, the crowd pressing forward in all directions to shake hands with him. He was at last fairly carried into the hall on the shoulders of the policemen, and the doors of the hall were at once closed, and guarded by a body of police, who distinctly announced that no more persons would be admitted, whether holding tickets or not. This had the effect of thinning to some extent the crowd outside; but some two thousand or more people still remained eager to seize on any chance of admission that might arise. At a quarter-past seven a tremendous burst of cheers from within the building announced that Mr.

Beecher had made his appearance on the platform. The cheering was taken up by the outsiders, and re-echoed again and again.

The bulk of the crowd had now congregated in Burleigh Street. which was completely filled, and loud cries were raised for some member of the Emancipation Committee to address them. The call was not responded to. But several impromptu speakers mounted upon the shoulders of some workingmen addressed the people in favor of the policy of the North, and their remarks were received with loud cheering from the large majority of those present. One or two speakers raised their voices in sympathy with the South, but these were speedily dislodged from their positions by the crowd, whose Northern sympathies were thus unmistakably exhibited. Every burst of cheers that resounded from within the hall was taken up and as heartily responded to by those outside. Indeed, they could not have been more enthusiastic had they been listening to the lecturer himself. This scene continued without intermission until the close of the meeting. When Mr. Beecher and his friends issued from the building they were again received with loud cheers. A call for a cheer for Abraham Lincoln was responded to with genuine English heartiness. During the evening a large number of placards denouncing in strong language the President, the North, and its advocates were posted in the neighborhood of the hall. A strong body of police were stationed in the Strand and Burleigh Street, but no breach of the peace occurred calling for their interference.

FAREWELL BREAKFAST, LONDON.

OCTOBER 23, 1863.

BETWEEN two and three hundred gentlemen, chiefly ministers of various denominations, met Mr. Beecher at breakfast, at Radley's Hotel, upon the invitation of the Committee of Correspondence on American Affairs, for the purpose of wishing him farewell prior to his departure to the United States. The chair was occupied by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel.

The Chairman said that they were met to express their sympathy with the country of which their guest was a citizen, with the Government which he upheld, and with the great movement of which he was an ardent supporter. Mr. Beecher had been for many years a brave advocate of the oppressed, a manly patriot, and he had shown during his stay in England a boldness not easily daunted, and a good temper that no provocation could disturb. [*Applause.*]

Dr. F. Tomkins, the secretary of the Committee of Correspondence, read several letters from gentlemen who were unable to be present, but who wished to express their sympathy with the objects of the meeting.

The Rev. Dr. Waddington read an Address, portions of which are here given :—

To the Christian Church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

DEAR BRETHREN,—At a very numerous assembly of ministers and other Christian gentlemen, held this morning, to bid your beloved pastor an affectionate farewell, it was desired by an unanimous vote of the meeting that we should forward to you the subjoined copy of an address given on the occasion. . . .

The following is the address adopted at the meeting :—

"Sir,—I am requested by the Committee of Correspondence on American Affairs, to give a brief but full expression of the sentiments of fraternal regard we cherish toward our distinguished guest, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and to the deep sympathy we feel for his countrymen, now suffering the innumerable calamities of civil war. . . .

"We tender to Mr. Beecher our warmest acknowledgments for the service he has rendered to the cause of truth, of right, and of liberty by his

manliness, high moral courage, admirable temper, clear intelligence, sound argument, and, above all, by the kindliness of his spirit.

"It is known to us that even those who are opposed to war under all circumstances, frankly acknowledge that the tendency of Mr. Beecher's public speeches in Manchester, in Glasgow, in Edinburgh, in Liverpool, and pre-eminently in London, has been to produce in the highest degree international good will.

"He has sought not to irritate but to convince. He has administered rebuke with mingled fidelity and affection. He has been courteous without servility. He has met passion with patience, prejudice with reason, and blind hostility with glowing charity. He has cast the seed of truth amidst the howling tempest with a clear eye and a steady hand—the effect will, we doubt not, be seen after many days. . . .

"In this cause we recognize in Mr. Beecher a faithful witness and a true soldier. From the time that he stood up as a youth to plead in Indianapolis for the liberation of those who are in worse than Egyptian bondage, until he confronted his opponents in Liverpool, he has evinced the sternest fidelity, the most unfaltering courage, with the most consummate skill. Our estimate of the services he has rendered, is enhanced by the remembrance of his forbearance and moderation at many a critical juncture. He urged the claim of the negro years ago against the selfishness of those who would exclude him from the labor market in New York—and no man has spoken in more conciliatory terms of the misguided men of the South, so long as the attempt at reconciliation, without the sacrifice of principle, seemed to be possible. If the energy of Mr. Beecher is terrible in the hour of conflict, no one knows better than himself that 'calmness hath great advantage.'

"In the openness of the rebukes uttered by Mr. Beecher in this country, we have the guaranty that he will at home stand to his testimony as to what is sound in the heart of Old England. . .

"We know that when the telegraph signals his arrival in American waters thousands will go out to bid him welcome, and in their joyful salutations they will not regard our testimony as impertinent when we say, that no man could have served the cause we love better, and that he has said nothing we could wish him to retract. We adopt in conclusion his own words on the memorable 20th of October: 'Let there be one alliance—if not in form—yet of heart, sympathy, and love between parent and child—for civil liberty—for Christian civilization—for the welfare of the world which yet groans and travails in pain, but whose redemption draweth nigh.'

"With sentiments of fraternal sympathy and the most affectionate Christian regard,

"We are, dear Brethren, faithfully yours,

"In the name and on behalf of the Meeting,

"BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A., Chairman.

"BENJAMIN SCOTT, F.R.A.S., Chamberlain of London, Treasurer.

"FREDK. TOMKINS, M.A., D.C.L., Secretary.

"JOHN WADDINGTON, D.D., Mover of the Address.

"Radley's Hotel, London, Oct. 23d, 1863."

The Address was carried by acclamation, the company standing.

Mr. Beecher, whose rising was the signal for protracted and enthusiastic cheering, replied to the address as follows:—

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,—I propose this morning to say a good many things on a good many subjects, and I am influenced in the direction in which I shall begin by the request of the esteemed brother who has been pleased to honor me this morning, and to confer a favor upon me which I shall never forget. [*Cheers.*] In conversation with our chairman I made some statements which he said would have weight with you, and I therefore consented to make them again. That, gentlemen, is my introduction. [*Cheers.*]

Now I wish it to be understood as a matter of fact that this Secession is rebellion, even judged according to the principles and professions of the South hitherto. Let me then go back and state generally that the South as a whole never has believed in Secession. On the contrary, it has been condemned again and again in all the Southern States but one, and has been only held by a small section throughout the country. Until this rebellion, in fact, it has never been held that the Constitution gives the right to a State to secede. When the Convention of 1787 came together to amend the Articles of the Constitution, the first thing they had to do was to ascertain what their own power was, and what was the province of their action, and the question arose whether they could proceed to institute a national Government. That, I believe, was almost the first question brought before them. After a good deal of debate it was determined, almost unanimously, that they should proceed to make a national Government as distinguished from a perpetual Confederation. And what is remarkable is this, that the proposition for a National as distinguished from a Confederated Government was made by the delegates from Virginia and South Carolina, and it was opposed by Connecticut and some others—I forget which—of the Northern States. It was debated thoroughly, and the Northern proposition that we should continue a mere Confederation in perpetuity was voted down

by an immense majority, and it was voted in express terms—though it does not appear so verbally in our Constitution—that they should proceed to form a National Government in distinction from a Confederated Government. After the resolution was passed it was put—like all the other resolutions—into the hands of what was called the revising committee, and they, as a kind of verbal compromise, introduced the present phraseology, putting the words "Union" and "United States" in the place of "Nation." The change was unfortunate, but it was purely the work of the committee of revision, whereas the Convention themselves had voted the word "Nation." And there never was any change in that until Mr. Calhoun's day; but Mr. Calhoun's doctrine was repudiated in Virginia and Georgia, and, if I do not mistake, in every one of the Southwestern States it was in a minority. It was also repudiated by our courts, and by the national Government itself it was judged that nullification was itself a nullity. [*Cheers.*] Therefore, the South in going into rebellion has not been following out a doctrine held by it from the first, but has suddenly reversed its own principles, gone against the records of its own parties, and dragged in this alleged right of a State to secede, as a mere excuse, against the spirit of the Constitution of the United States. [*Hear, hear.*] I have the right therefore to say to you as ministers of the Gospel, as men who believe in the powers that be, and in the legitimacy of unoppressive governments, that this is nothing more or less than a rebellion. So much for that. [*Cheers.*]

And now, my Christian brethren, I feel I have freedom here. [*Renewed cheers.*] There are some things, you know, that one can say in a lecture-room that one cannot say in the pulpit, and there are things which a man can say in a social festival meeting of this kind that he cannot say on a platform before a mingled audience, where he is liable to have a sentiment cut in two by a hoot or a hiss. [*Laughter.*] Now I want to introduce some matters here that would not well suit a public meeting. I wish to acknowledge the many kind providences which have attended me

at every step since I have been in England. I go home, not for the first time believing in a special Providence, but to be once more a witness to my people to the preciousness and truth of the doctrine "God present with us." In ways unexpected, and as if the very voice of God had sounded in my ears, I have been frequently assisted during my sojourn in this country. When I returned from the Continent I had not spoken in public during the previous twenty weeks. I began my course by addressing about six thousand people in Manchester. I then went to Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Liverpool. The reception I met with at the latter town was very different from the "Welcomes" of the other centers of commerce. I did not feel the slightest animosity towards the people of Liverpool. I saw that those who opposed me were merely partisans. [*Cheers.*] I knew that the people of Liverpool were on the right side. I remember that in the midst of the wild uproar at the Liverpool meeting I felt almost as if a door had been thrown open, and a wind had swept by me. I never prayed more heartily in my life than I prayed for my opponents in the midst of that hurricane of interruption. But it so affected my voice that a reaction came upon me on Saturday and Sunday, and I was almost speechless on Monday. I felt all day on Monday that I was coming to London to speak to a public audience but my voice was gone; and I felt as though about to be made a derision to my enemies—to stand up before a multitude, and be unable to say a word. It would have been a mortification to anybody's natural pride. I asked God to restore me my voice, as a child would ask its father to grant it a favor. But I hoped that God would grant me His grace, to enable me, if it were necessary for the cause, that I should be put to open shame, to stand up as a fool before the audience. When I got up on Tuesday morning, I spoke to myself to try whether I could speak and my voice was quite clear. [*Cheers.*] Many might say this was because I slept in a wet jacket, but I prefer to feel that I had a direct interposition in my favor. [*Cheers.*]

Last night I was saying to myself, "I am going among

Christian ministers, and I should wish to represent to them the state of things in New York," when my servant brought to me a letter from America, from the superintendent of my Sabbath-school—my dear friend Mr. Bell, of Scotland, by the by, [*laughter*] but he is a good man notwithstanding. [*Laughter.*] He said, " It may be that you will have occasion to refer to the report of the committee who inquired into the case of the colored people who suffered from the riots," and so he forwarded their report to me. A gentleman who has been my opponent for the last sixteen years—a gentleman who, because he thought I was opposed to the best interests of America, hated me with Christian fervor—[*laughter*]—was appointed on the committee. The testimony that he gave to the committee as to that riot was that, with the exception of a few leaders, it was the work of Irishmen. The papers, for prudential reasons, did not put that forward in New York. It was no more an American riot than if it had taken place in Cork or Dublin. Therefore, when misinformed persons in England say this riot is a specimen of what Americans can do, I say it is a specimen of what can be done by foreigners, and by ignorance and misrepresentation. Some of the most eminent names in New York are on the committee—many of them devoted members of the Democratic party, strongly opposed to the Republican party movement. They collected upwards of $47,000 for the immediate relief of these poor blacks. The men, women, and children who were relieved amounted to some 12,000. A committee was appointed at once among the lawyers of New York, who gratuitously offered their services to make out the claims of all property of the blacks that was destroyed. There were 2,000 claimants who appeared, and their case was put into legal train without any expense to themselves. [*Cheers.*] The aggregate of their claims in the city of New York was $145,000. The committee's report contains the following account of the martyrdom of a poor black child during the riots:—

" Early in the month of May a boy of some seven summers presented himself for admission to the Sunday-school of the Church of the Mediator in

this city. From the first Sunday he was the object of special interest on the part of both his pastor and teacher. Always punctual in his attendance, tidy in appearance, and eager to learn, he soon won the affection of all his fellows in the infant class to which he belonged. But though comely, he was black. The prejudice which his color excited amongst those of meaner mold he quickly disarmed by his quiet, respectful, Christian manner. He was a child-Christian. What more lovely is there on earth! What more highly esteemed is there in heaven! Little did those who thus casually met him from Sunday to Sunday imagine the witness of suffering God had purposed to perfect in him! At the time of the late riot he was living with an aged grandmother and widowed mother at No. —, East 28th street. On Wednesday morning of that fearful week a crowd of ruffians gathered in the neighborhood, determined on a work of plunder and death. They stole everything they could carry with them, and, after threatening and affrighting the inmates, set fire to the house. The colored people, who had the sole occupancy of the building, were forced in confusion into the midst of the gathering crowd. And then the child was separated from his guardians. He was alone among lions. But ordinary humanity, common decency, had exempted a child so young anywhere from brutality. But no. No sooner did they see his unprotected, defenseless condition than a company of fiendish men surrounded him. They seized him in their fury, and beat him with sticks, and bruised him with heavy cobble-stones. But one, ten-fold more the servant of Satan than the rest, rushed at the child, and with the stock of a pistol struck him on the temple and felled him to the ground. A noble young fireman—God bless the firemen for their manly deeds—a noble young fireman by the name of M'Govern instantly came to the rescue, and single-handed held the crowd at bay. Taking the wounded and unconscious boy in his arms, he went to the house of an American citizen close by and asked to have him received. But on her knees the woman begged him not to leave the dying sufferer with her 'lest the mob should tear her to pieces.' It was a suffering Saviour in the person of His humblest child. Naked and wounded, and a stranger, they took him not in. But a kind-hearted German woman made him a sharer of her poverty. With more than a mother's care did she nurse the forsaken one. A physician was called, and both night and day she faithfully watched over the bed of him outcast from his brethren. Our hearts bless her for her goodness to our child. By name she is as yet unknown, but by her deeds well known and well beloved. His distracted mother found her cherished boy in these kind hands. And when she saw him in the earnest simplicity of her spirit she kneeled in prayer to thank God for the fulfillment of His promise. 'God hath taken him up.' The lad lingered until Thursday evening, when the Saviour released him from his sufferings; and 'the child was caught up to God and the throne.' This is the pastor's memorial to little Joseph Reed, a martyr by the brutality and inhumanity of men, to the cause of law, and order, and right. A tablet to his memory shall be placed on the walls of the Sunday-school room to which he loved to come. Those who were kind to him we count as benefactors to us. May the God of all

grace richly reward them with the blessings of His love. Buried on earth without prayer, but with praises welcomed in Heaven, the chosen loved child of the family, 'Joseph, is not.'"

The colored people sent in their thanks to the committee. There are blacks who can write as beautiful English as the white people of America, and amongst the blacks there are men as high-minded as any to be found among white men. Some people have said that blacks are the connecting link between monkeys and white men. Well, if monkeys have endowments such as I have seen in black men, all I can say is, that it is time to begin preaching the Gospel to monkeys. [*Laughter.*] Take as an example of their intelligence the following address:—

"Gentlemen, we have learned that you have decided this day to bring to a close the general distribution of the funds so liberally contributed by the merchants of New York and others for the relief of the colored sufferers of the late riots, which have recently disgraced our city. We cannot in justice to our feelings permit your benevolent labors to terminate, even partially, without offering some expression of our sincere gratitude to the Universal Father for inspiring your hearts with that spirit of kindness of which we have been the recipients during the severe trials and persecutions through which we have passed. When in the pursuit of our peaceful and humble occupations we had fallen among thieves, who stripped us of our raiment and had wounded us, leaving many of us half dead, you had compassion on us. You bound up our wounds, and poured in the oil and wine of Christian kindness, and took care of us. You hastened to express your sympathy for those whose fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers had been tortured and murdered. You also comforted the aching hearts of our widowed sisters, and soothed the sorrows of orphan children. We were hungry and you fed us. We were thirsty and you gave us drink. We were made as strangers in our own homes and you kindly took us in. We were naked and you clothed us. We were sick and you visited us. We were in prison and you came to us. Gentlemen, this generation of our people will not, cannot, forget the dreadful scenes to which we allude, nor will they forget the noble and spontaneous exhibition of charity which they excited. The former will be referred to as one of the dark chapters of our history in the Empire State and the latter will be remembered as a bright and glorious page in the records of the past. In the light of public opinion we feel ourselves to be among the least in this our native land, and we therefore earnestly pray that in the last great day the King may say to you and to all who have befriended us, 'Inasmuch as you have done it to one of the least of these my brethren you have done it unto me; come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of

the world.' But as great as have been the benefits that we have received from your friendly and unlooked for charity, they yet form but the smaller portion of the ground of our gratitude and pleasure. We have learned by your treatment of us in these days of our mental and physical affliction that you cherished for us a kindly and humane feeling of which we had no knowledge. You did not hesitate to come forward to our relief amid the threatened destruction of your own lives and property. You obeyed the noblest dictates of the human heart, and by your generous moral courage you rolled back the tide of violence that had well nigh swept us away. This ever memorable and magnanimous exhibition of heroism has had the effect to enlarge in our bosoms the sentiment of undying regard and esteem for you and yours. In time of war or peace, in prosperity or in adversity, you and our great State and our beloved country may count us among your faithful friends, and the proffer of our labors and our lives shall be our pleasure and our pride. If in your temporary labors of Christian philanthropy, you have been induced to look forward to our future destiny in this our native land, and to ask what is the best thing we can do for the colored people—this is our answer. Protect us in our endeavors to obtain an honest living. Suffer no one to hinder us in any department of well-directed industry, give us a fair and open field, and let us work out our own destiny, and we ask no more. We cannot conclude without expressing our gratification at the manner in which the arduous and perplexing duties of your office have been conducted; we shall never forget the Christian and gentlemanly bearing of your esteemed secretary, Mr. Vincent Colyer, who on all occasions impressed even the humblest with the belief that he knew and felt he was dealing with a crushed and heart-broken people. We also acknowledge the uniform kindness and courtesy that has characterized the conduct of all the gentlemen in the office in the discharge of their duties. We desire likewise to acknowledge the valuable services contributed by the gentlemen of the legal profession, who have daily been in attendance at the office to make out the claims of the sufferers free of charge. In the name of the people we return thanks to all. In conclusion, permit us to assure you that we will never cease to pray to God for your prosperity, and that of every donor to the Relief Fund. Also for the permanent peace of our country, based upon liberty, and the enjoyment of man's inalienable rights, for the preservation of the American Union, and for the reign of that righteousness in the hearts of the people that saves from reproach and exalteth the nation."

Let this document be an answer to the harsh things that some people have said of the colored people in New York. I regard my reception of this document last night as providential, because it reached me just in time to read to this meeting. [*Cheers.*] I should have wished, had the time permitted, to make a statement respecting what is doing for the freed colored people in South Carolina, and in and

about Norfolk. I have a son in the army, who has had an opportunity of seeing something in that respect. In schools, attended by thousands of colored people, adult and young, education is given without fee or reward by highly educated and pious men and women. My son has narrated to me many beautiful testimonies of the piety of the old colored people who attend these schools, and the great interest they take in the education of the young colored people. One old colored saint with white hair made some remarks to him which struck me very much. He said, "We shall never get any good by this education, massa; we expect to suffer as long as we live; but our children will get the benefit of this education." Now, think of this old saint having passed his life in slavery, and being in a position in which, had his master lived, he would have had a refuge for his old age. Think of him now thrown out in his old age, in a state of liberty, it is true, but with powers ill qualified to use it, saying, "We have been praying for this all our lives, and now our children are going to get it." [*Cheers.*]

I cannot go into details respecting the state of the freedmen along the valley of the Mississippi; but I may say this comprehensively, that the churches of the North are taking up their burden and awakening to their duty. They understand what is required of them, and are determined not to let the men come out of slavery and feel that they are worse off than when they were in it. I don't pretend to say that our people have not made mistakes and blunders; but, judging by the ordinary manner in which persons in difficult circumstances conduct themselves, I do say that the Christian churches in America of all denominations are stirred up by the spirit of their Master to do their duty to the colored men of the North and South. [*Cheers.*]

I now proceed to another topic that is very pleasant to me. I want you to see how American Christians and ministers have felt during the whole of this war. I have here an immense amount of matter—[spreading out a number of printed sheets and cuttings from newspapers on

the table]—and if you don't believe me, I will read it all to you. [*Laughter.*] I shall first read extracts from the reports of various ecclesiastical bodies in America in 1861, the first year of the war. I have not packed or garbled them—indeed, they have not been put together by me, but by a friend in Manchester. I may read perhaps those which are least to the point; but I want you to see what has been the feeling of our Christian churches. I also want to show you another thing. Many of you are opposed to war. [*Hear, hear.*] Now I must say that for any Englishmen to be opposed on principle to war is a greater mark of sincerity and frankness than anything I know of. [*Laughter.*] You Englishmen are always fighting. Why, you have two wars on hand now, and I hardly know the time when you have not had one. The testimony therefore of those of you who are opposed to war is worthy of double attention. [*Hear, and laughter.*] But really you talk to us in America about war as though it were just as pleasant to us as a summer by the sea-side; as though it were nothing to us to have our sons killed, or brought home wounded or maimed, or to have a widow coming home to her father's house with her helpless children. Some people seem to think that the North is in such a savage fury, that nothing tickles them more than to hear of the slaughter of 3,000 or 4,000 men. Oh, gentlemen, war is more terrible by far than anything which comes home to you. [*Hear, hear.*] You, who send armies to China to fight, or to the Continent, do not see what war is. Let war ravage your own island,—let it come upon London, and penetrate into your own homes, while the wounded and maimed are lying around you on every side, or brought into your houses,—then you will realize what war is. Do you suppose, brethren, that we love the war for itself? Do you suppose that anything but the very strongest principle could lead us to submit to it? [*Hear, hear.*] I do not wish you to accept these statements on my testimony, but will read to you a few extracts which will show you how these matters were talked about in 1861. The following is from the report adopted by Ripley Presbytery:—

"More than two hundred years have passed away since the buying and selling of human beings as property commenced in this country, and the slave trade was allowed to be continued twenty years after the formation of the National Constitution. What a system of murder! What multitudes have been murdered in procuring slaves in Africa! How vast the number that died in the passage to this country! How much death has been occasioned by change of climate, by excessive labor, by starvation, and by direct violence and cruel scourging! Have not millions of human beings suffered death in the most horrible forms, under the operation of the system of slavery in this country during the last 200 years? Does not the blood of millions lie upon this nation?"

The report goes on to make an attack on the Fugitive Slave Law, and to enunciate the OBLIGATION of the Government TO PROTECT the four millions or more of colored people, and to SECURE THEIR RIGHTS in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution. It then says:—

"We now enter our solemn *protest against all compromises with the monstrous system of oppression existing in the slaveholding States*, and the enforcement of the barbarous Fugitive Slave Law, and the giving of aid in *any form to the system of slavery*."

The following is from the report of the Maine Conference in May, 1861 (after Mr. Lincoln's call for armed support):—

"*Resolved*, That we will not cease to pray that Divine wisdom may guide our rulers—that the Lord God of Sabaoth may give success to our arms and establish the right—that our sons and brothers who have so nobly responded to the call of their country in this hour of peril, may be under His peculiar care—that we will supplicate God to interpose, to overrule, that these trying events may speedily result in permanent peace—*the liberation of the enslaved*, and the 'opening of the prison to them that are bound.'"

I turn now to the session of the General Association held in Indianapolis, my old home. I will give only one resolution:—

"*Resolved*, That as Christian men, having a living faith in the superintending providence of Almighty God, we recommend the churches to be more instant in prayer for the maintenance of the Government, the integrity of the Union, the *perpetuity of those principles of liberty* upon which it is founded, not forgetting those in bonds as bound with them, and especially for the preservation and spiritual welfare of those who have volunteered in defense of their country."

Now I turn to the General Association of Congregational churches of Illinois:—

"*Resolved*, That as the war is but *the ripe and bitter fruit of slavery*, we trust the American people will demand that it shall result in relieving our country entirely and forever of that sin and curse, that the future of our nation may never again be darkened by a similar night of treason."

Then follows a resolution urging the churches to attend to the spiritual wants of the army. Here is a resolution from the Welsh Congregatibnal Churches:—

"*Resolved*, That we hope and pray that God in His wise and beneficent providence may overrule the present disturbances in our country *to hasten the overthrow of slavery*, which disgraces our land and threatens the existence of our Government."

One from Pennsylvania:—

"*Resolved*, That we regard the war in which our country is now engaged as a *conflict between freedom and slavery*, and the advocates of slavery have tendered the issue, and it is the duty of the friends of liberty both in the Church and in the State, to accept the issue directly and give it the prominence before God and the world that rightfully belongs to it."

These resolutions, you will mark, *were all passed before the proclamation of emancipation.* The following is from the General Association of Congregational Churches in New York:—

"*Whereas*, the *immediate occasion* of this rebellion and its fomenting spirit was the *determination of its leaders to secure and perpetuate the system of slavery;* and, whereas, there can be no guaranty of peace and prosperity in the Union while slavery exists,—therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we rejoice in every act and declaration of the Government that brings freedom to any of the enslaved, and earnestly hope for some definite and reliable measure *for the abolition of slavery* as the conclusion of this great conflict for the support of the Government and the Union.

"*Whereas*, in His good providence God has opened the way for the emancipation of the enslaved in this land, either by the instructions of the Government to military commanders to enfranchise all slaves within their several districts, or by general proclamation of the President, or by Act of Congress under the state of war,—therefore,

"*Resolved*, That it is our duty as Christian patriots in all proper ways to urge this measure upon the attention of the Government, and to pray for its consummation, lest the condemnation of those who knew their duty to the poor and oppressed, and did it not, should be visited upon the nation."

I read this to show you that while, on the one hand, they were conscious of their obligations to the Government and nation, they had also their convictions of humanity towards the oppressed. [*Hear, hear.*] In 1862, these deliverances

became stronger and clearer throughout the length and breadth of the land. Then we come to 1863, and first I will refer to the report of the Dutch Reformed Church—the most immovable church in the world. They come out, however, in a most unmistakable manner. The Methodist Church has covered itself with perpetual honor—thanks be to God for their fidelity. Page after page of their reports is made up of resolutions on the subject full of clear instructions as to Christian duty. Here is the testimony of the American Baptist Missionary Union:—

"*Resolved*, That the developments of the year since elapsed, in connection with this attempt to destroy the best government on earth, have tended only to deepen our conviction of the truth of the sentiments which we then expressed, and which we now and here solemnly reiterate and re-affirm.

"*Resolved*, That the *authors*, *aiders*, and *abettors*, of this slaveholders' rebellion, in their desperate efforts to *nationalize* the *institution of slavery*, and to extend its despotic sway throughout the land, have themselves inflicted on that institution a series of most terrible and fatal and suicidal blows, from which we believe it can never recover, and they have themselves thus fixed its destiny and hastened its doom; and that, for thus overruling what appeared at first to be a terrible national calamity, to the production of results so unexpected and glorious, our gratitude and adoration are due to that wonder-working God, who still 'maketh the wrath of men to praise him, while the remainder of that wrath he restrains.'—Psalm 76, verse 10."

And there is much more to the same purpose. Then I have one from Vermont, and one from Maine, which is scarcely cold yet. [*Hear, hear.*] It is a most honorable utterance, drawn up I think by Dr. Dwight, of Portland, a descendant of the honorable and well-known Dr. Dwight. But I will not read all these documents, which are, however, quite at your service, if you wish to inspect them. I have not counted them, but it seems to me that there are two hundred of them, and if you read them all you would say there were a thousand. [*Laughter and cheers.*] I seek by this not so much to make an argument as, what is better a great deal, to produce in you the moral conviction that the American churches, under great difficulties, having been involved in a trying crisis, have come to the conclusion, through their representatives, that this rebellion ought to be crushed, and that slavery should be destroyed with the rebellion. I have not seen Dr. Massie, but I

know that now he has been to America, and seen there things with his own eyes, he is prepared to come to the same conclusion. I know that he is an honest man, and I am sure that an honest man could come to no other. [*Hear, hear.*]

And now it is not a question with us whether this war should stop. We are not going to stop this war, whatever you do. You have not—let me say—stood up for us so strongly for the last two or three years that you can influence us now to stop the war. [*Hear, and laughter.*] I don't pretend to say that, considering your own difficulties, you have not taken the right path. [*Hear, hear.*] I see a great many things in your internal affairs here in England that I was not aware of before. We thought that you were all well-informed on this question, and that you sat in your ease and arrogance—allow me to say what I would say in the States—and that having thus settled your principles you refused to make an application of them to the States which needed them more than any other country in the world. [*Cheers.*] Now, I find that you are far from well-informed, and it is a great comfort to me to know that your conduct has not all arisen from depravity. I shall go back and say, "You must not think that England simply refused to bear witness to her own principles. She is yet in the battle herself about this question, not as to slavery, but as to her own institutions, and if she had borne witness, as some of her people would have done, it would have created a party movement." I shall not discuss whether there was not higher ground to take than this, and whether England should not have risen in the providence of God and occupied it, but you are men, and we are men, and we are glad to find a reason for not being angry with you. [*Cheers.*] This has been our feeling in the past, and it has been unlike a common national feeling. Generally speaking, the uneducated and passionate men have their prejudices and bitternesses, while the intelligent classes have their better opinions and judgments. But it has been the reverse with us. Those that have felt the most grief and indignation with England have been just the educated and

Christian public, who have felt, with scarcely an exception, that England has been selfishly cold and cruel. I don't intend to say whether that *has* been your state or not. I am not here to make a case against you. I am a Christian amongst Christians. I am for doing what will unite us, if we have not been united before, [*cheers*] and what will keep our countries together in Christian fellowship. [*Renewed cheers.*] And somebody ought to tell you this; a great many would think it, and would not have grace to say it plainly to you. [*Hear.*] But God has strengthened me to speak my mind to you, dear Christian brethren, and to tell you, that, so far as your influence has gone hitherto, it has all been against liberty and for slavery. I do not mean that that is what you meant, but I do say that was the effect of your conduct in America. From one cause or another, unfortunately, the moral influence of Christians in England, with individual exceptions which I live to remember, has been on the side of slavery and against those who were struggling to put it down. Now I know that in such an hour as this, and in the presence of Christ, who is in our midst, you will receive such a statement from me in the same spirit as I make it. [*Cheers.*] I know that you will give this subject your consideration,—that you will revise your opinions, if need be, and not allow yourselves to be influenced by a commercial bias, nor by unscrupulous papers. [*Hear, hear.*] I wish you to understand how much harm has been done on our side, too, by "the coppersmith." [*Hear, hear.*] I beg of you to examine this question of duty to God's people—of duty to God. Yea, I will humble myself for Christ's sake, and for the fellowship of the body of Christ, and beg of you for *your* sakes to examine this fairly. We wish not to be separated from the English people. [*Loud cheers.*] We want to see the old links rubbed brighter. [*Renewed cheers.*]

Let me tell you, however, we *cannot* stop this war—not if you were to line our shores with fleets, which I know you will not do; not if you were to fill Canada with your armies, which I know you will not; not if you remain still indifferent or adverse. That would make no difference;

but is there not to be unity between the Christians of England and America? [*Cheers.*] You say that we have retorted upon you, and said bitter things. Do you recollect that wonderful passage in Scott's "Antiquary," where a certain hero had lost his son and was next morning found by the Antiquary engaged in a work on which, having met with insuperable difficulties, he vented his grief and rage, although it, of course, was in no respect to blame? [*Hear, and laughter.*] How natural a thing it is to vent our impatience and grief upon our own property or upon our own friend. And when we had seen our children slaughtered—Oh! what noble children have fallen in this war—what tears have fallen from us day and night,—and when we found treachery in the Government and on every side, we did hope to have received some sympathy; but instead of that, the wind that came from England was as cold as Greenland; and if, when we were disappointed, we said bitter things of England, because we loved her and expected her to support freedom, may God forgive us! [*Cheers.*]

You will ask me what can be done. Well, in the first place, let me say, dear Christian brethren, that I thank you very much for the kind things you have said and done for me. But I certainly would feel it to be a thousand times better, if every Christian minister and Christian brother would consent, as the result of my importunity, to open this matter on his knees before God. I have great faith in the guiding spirit of God. I do not believe he will allow his dear people of England to go wrong on this question. Then, next, I ask you to remember us in your prayers. I do not mean in those circuitous ubiquities that take in everybody and everything. But I ask you to pray for the North as for those that you believe to be doing a great work for God. Pray for the North as you would have prayed for the Covenanters, for the old Nonconformists, for the old Puritans, for Christians in any age whose duty it became to resist unrighteousness, corruption, and wrong. Pray for them as for men in that dark trouble in which God frequently leaves His people before the daylight comes and the glory of victory is showered down upon them.

[*Cheers.*] But when the trumpet sounds for peace, and what are left of us are gathered together, and there are to be congratulations, and, as it were, divisions of God's spoils, I do not want that you should be left out. I desire that whatever may have been the misinformation regarding this conflict 3,000 miles off, for the future there may be no possible mistake—that there will be eye to eye, heart to heart, and hand to hand. We of the North represent your civilization. In the South, now seeking to become independent, there is not a point of sympathy that can attach her to England. [*Hear, hear.*] If the North prevail in this conflict, and the Union be restored, there is not one single point of religion and civilization in the whole cyclopædia of English attainments honorable, noteworthy, and world-renowned, which would not find something corresponding thereto among us.

This train of remark might be indefinitely continued, but it is unnecessary. I shall go home certainly with a much lighter heart than if I had not spoken in England, and had not through my labor here—too brief for my own comfort—been permitted to see so much of the interior and better feeling of so many Christians in England. Before I sit down let me say that I would name all those honorable names—John Stuart Mill, Professors Cairnes, Goldwin Smith and Newman, Baptist Noel, Newman Hall, and other well-known and honored names—I would name them all but that there are so many whom I would wish to thank, whose names I either do not know or have forgotten, that if I were to try and enumerate those who have done us good and Christian service, I should do injustice to many. And for the same reason I will not mention the papers and magazines that have been towers of strength to us. Yet we *will* remember them; and the day will arrive, I trust, when those who have labored for us in adversity will come to our shores, and we will treat them so well that you never shall see them back again. [*Loud and prolonged applause.*]

Several of the gentlemen present made brief and cordial remarks, when Mr. Beecher said that a question in writing had

been handed up to him from a highly esteemed minister to this effect, "What is to be the end of this; is it to be a war of extermination?" "Now," said Mr. Beecher, "I am glad of this question. So long as there is a fraction of hope on the part of the South that the core cannot be reached, it will form a center of cohesion; but as soon as the conviction enters their mind that slavery *must* come to an end, they will dissolve in that very hour. We have to go on fighting, until this conviction is produced. You talk of extermination! Well, the South has lost two hundred and fifty thousand out of a population of five millions of white men. You might as well say that a father is killing his son when he strikes him one or two blows as a punishment. The North is not trying to carry moral conviction by force, but it is trying to uphold the Government and to put down a wild attempt to destroy it. We are trying by legitimate warfare to produce an impression that the struggle on behalf of slavery is hopeless; and let me say, that when men here cry 'Stop the war,' when such cry reaches America, it means 'Let the South have its own way.'" [*Hear, hear.*]

Another written question, the purport of which was whether the tariff was no ground of Secession, was handed to Mr. Beecher, who replied, "Certainly not; if any man in American were to say that the tariff had anything to do with this Secession we should put him in a lunatic asylum." [*Cheers and laughter.*]

After other interesting interchanges and remarks, Mr. George Thompson moved the following resolution:—

"That this meeting of Christian ministers and Christian laymen, assembled to testify their respect, admiration, and esteem for the character and anti-slavery labor of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, having listened with the deepest interest to his important statements, and wise and weighty counsel, desire to tender to him their warmest thanks for the faithfulness, affection, and fervor with which he has addressed them. They would testify to the importance and timeliness of his recent public speeches, and while regretting that he cannot remain to render additional service to the cause of truth and freedom in this country, would wish him God-speed on his return to his native land, and would assure him that they in future will cherish an affectionate remembrance of his short but truly friendly and most useful visit."

He felt peculiar pleasure in submitting that resolution. He had been permitted on three occasions to listen to their guest, and he had each time learned something with regard to the merits of the question which he did not know before. He was, perhaps more than any living Englishman, an American; and though he had

had, in years past, to say some faithful things there, and had suffered personally in consequence, when the hour of her trial came he felt towards her only as a faithful friend. He regretted that those whose duty it was to lead public opinion in this country did not in all respects do their duty, but he could confirm the statements of his friend Mr. Wilks, that every Englishman who really understood America had given a sound and true utterance upon this great question. . . . With regard to America, it must gladden the hearts of all to notice the wonderful change that had come over the country on the slavery question during the last three years. For one thing especially he begged to thank Mr. Beecher—that whether in his own pulpit or on an English platform, he had always generously, nobly, justly labored in the field so bravely occupied by his father before him, bearing his testimony on behalf of truth and liberty. [*Loud applause.*]

The Rev. J. Graham seconded the motion, which was carried by acclamation, the company standing.

FAREWELL BREAKFAST, MANCHESTER.

OCTOBER 24, 1863.

THE Union and Emancipation Society entertained Mr. Beecher at a public breakfast, on Saturday, the 24th of October, 1863, and there was a very large attendance. In the absence of T. B. Potter, Esq., the President, Mr. George L. Ashworth, the Mayor of Rochdale, occupied the chair.

After the initiatory services had been fulfilled by the Rev. Dr. Parker and the Rev. T. G. Lee, Mr. Edwards, one of the secretaries, read extracts from letters of regret for non-attendance from Messrs. John Bright, W. E. Forster, and other members of Parliament and prominent men.

The Chairman said they were met together not so much to make speeches as to show by their presence their sympathy for the distinguished gentleman who had honored them with his company. They were met together to give the lie to that which had for some time been current in the country, namely, that the people of England had no sympathy with the principles and cause which their guest had so long and so manfully espoused, and which they were now met to show they were prepared to defend and maintain. [*Applause.*] He deemed it a matter of the deepest humiliation that there was in this country even a small section of our countrymen who were prepared publicly to avow the slightest amount of sympathy with that atrocious and wicked system of slavery; and whatever faults we might have to find with the Government of this country—and I am one who thinks it is far from perfection—still on the question of maintaining a strict neutrality with America, on the whole it deserved our warmest support and sympathy. [*Cheers.*] It would have been impossible for Mr. Beecher to have selected a time more appropriate and opportune for visiting this country than the present juncture, in order to render, throughout the length and breadth of the land, an opportunity to Englishmen—at least a vast majority of them—of expressing their honest sympathy with the cause of the North. The speeches which Mr. Beecher had delivered in the more important cities of this great country, had

gone a long way towards enlightening us on many points on which great ignorance prevailed. These speeches had dispelled much that has deceived and misled us, and he (the mayor) believed, in the language of one of the letters just read, that there would be a rapidly increasing number of people in England who would rally round the standard of liberty, and show to the Northern portion of the States that they have our sympathies, and that slavery to-day was with us just what it had been in times past, a thing we viewed with the utmost abhorrence. [*Loud cheers.*] We could not look upon that struggle now going on in America with feelings other than those of the strongest sorrow. We could not contemplate the vast sacrifices of life and blood without feeling the deepest commiseration. But if, in this mighty and gigantic struggle, the result was what he hoped and believed it would be—the entire and permanent abolition of slavery, then terrible and vast as the sacrifices had been, that result would compensate for all. [*Cheers.*] Let there be no mistake on this subject. Let us render all the moral support we can to the Federal Government, and show them by our prayers, sympathies, and kindly expressions of affection that we feel for them in their present fearful conflict, and let us uphold the hands of our Government in maintaining a strict and impartial neutrality. [*Loud cheers.*]

Mr. Francis Taylor said he had been requested to move a resolution which was a speech in itself, and which would render it quite unnecessary that he should detain them with any lengthened remarks. The resolution was: "That we tender our thanks to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, for the able, eloquent, and manly addresses he has delivered to thousands of our fellow countrymen, on the present national crisis in the United States of America; and express our belief that the majority of the intelligent men in this kingdom unmistakably sympathize with the friends of freedom in America, and approve of every effort made to maintain free and constitutional government. We further express our desire that he may be spared to reach his native land in health and strength; and we assure him he will take with him the friendship of many on this side the Atlantic, who will honor his name and remember him with affection." [*Cheers.*] This resolution certainly required no words of his to recommend it to the hearty approval of the company, and he was equally sure that Mr. Beecher, the gentleman referred to in the resolution, needed no compliment either from the mover of the resolution or from any other person. Certainly had not Mr. Beecher estab-

lished for himself a reputation which would endure for all time. before he visited our shores, the addresses he had delivered to crowded audiences since his arrival would have secured for him our most hearty approval, and have entitled him to every expression which the resolution contained. There was one point in the resolution to which for a moment he (Mr. Taylor) wished to refer. It stated that "the majority of the intelligent people of this country unmistakably sympathized with the friends of freedom in America, and approved of every effort to maintain free and constitutional government." [*Cheers.*] Since Mr. Beecher addressed the audience in our Free-trade Hall, and in various other places in the kingdom, comments had been made on these meetings by various newspapers throughout the country. It was asserted by the *Times*, and by its humble follower in Manchester [*laughter*], that notwithstanding all the enthusiasm expressed at these meetings, they really meant nothing at all; that Mr. Beecher would make a great mistake if he assumed that in consequence of large attendances at these meetings, public opinion in this country sympathized with his friends on the other side of the Atlantic. All he (Mr. Taylor) had to say was this: Let Mr. James Spence in the advocacy of the Southern cause in England, try the experiment; let him go round to the large cities in this country and call public meetings, at which all who choose might attend; and let him thus test public opinion and see whether it went with the South. [*Loud cheers, and a voice: "Let him take Liverpool first."*]

When he (Mr. Taylor) presided at the meeting in the Free-trade Hall, he stated before Mr. Beecher addressed the assembly that if any person wished to ask Mr. Beecher any questions after the proceedings had terminated that person would be at perfect liberty to do so, and Mr. Beecher would be ready to answer the questions so put to him. Mr. Beecher himself made a similar offer in the course of his speech but not one person presented himself to ask any question. [*Cheers.*] It appeared however that some gentleman calling himself "a traveler"—whether he was at the meeting or not was not known—if he were, probably he was one of the bellowing bulls that disturbed the back settlements of the hall. [*Loud cheers.*] Well, this person instead of availing himself of the opportunity of putting his questions in person, sneaked off to the columns of a sympathizing newspaper in Manchester and said "it was impossible to get a straightforward answer from Mr. Beecher respecting the treatment of colored people in the North." Now, if this gentleman had appeared on

the platform at the Free-trade Hall to put these questions, he would have found no difficulty in getting a straightforward answer, and no doubt Mr. Beecher would so far notice this question as to give during the remarks he was about to make an answer that would satisfy every one. [*Loud cheers.*] He had much pleasure in moving the resolution he had read.

Mr. John Patterson, of Liverpool, said that man must be very ill informed indeed upon an important subject, if he had not heard of the life labors as well as "Life Thoughts" of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher. [*Applause.*] Among the glorious chapters which adorned the page of humanity was a chapter which recorded the life and labors of the "fanatical abolitionists" of America. He for one gladly embraced the opportunity now afforded to him in this assembly of "fanatical abolitionists" [*laughter*]—to tender his thanks to Mr. Beecher not only for what that gentleman had done in England, but for what he and his friends had done in America during the past twenty-five years. During the few weeks of the past summer which he spent in America he had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. Beecher at his own church, and of telling him that the people in England believed that America was much indebted to him and men like him for having the courage to stand up before the world and rebuke the inattentions and presumptions of one of the basest and foulest Confederacies that ever disgraced humanity. [*Loud cheers.*] It was important that we in England should speak out unmistakably, as well as be spoken to by the eloquent mouthpiece of American abolitionists. . . . In England we were now pretty much as we always were—the minority only possessed of power and privilege. But education was being now more generally diffused, although many men had it forced down their throats. Some only desired that the people should be so much educated as to make them subservient to selfish purposes, while the men who represented the really educated intelligence of the country desired that the people of England should not be merely what Beresford Hope wished, a "well fed, well clothed church peasantry" [*loud laughter*] — but rather a free, intelligent, industrious, and self-elevating people. [*Cheers.*] We owed great thanks and obligations to the men who came to us with not only "40-parson" but 500-parson power across the Atlantic and who spoke words of truth, soberness, and logical demonstration, although opposed by the *Times*, *Telegraph*, and *Manchester Guardian*. [*Laughter and hisses.*] Many persons would say that the opposition given to Mr. Ward Beecher demonstrated the futility of his endeavoring

to speak to the men of England. It showed rather the force with which he has spoken to them, and he (Mr. Patterson) stood there, a Liverpool man, to say that the reception Mr. Beecher met with in Liverpool, exhibiting as it did all the vileness that still clung around them—all the miserable tradition of an intolerant Toryism that pervaded a portion of the community; yet it showed still further how high the intelligence of Liverpool had risen —how amazingly its middle class had risen, and how, if Liverpool men were true to themselves, they could trample under foot that ancient and rotten tradition. [*Loud cheers.*] That meeting in Liverpool was open as the day. It had been stated that it was packed. It was untrue. Every opportunity was given to any man to attend; and pains were taken by their opponents to enlist men to come there for the purpose of opposition. But a lamentable failure the opposition was. [*Cheers.*] Not one-seventh of that audience held up their hands in opposition to the vote. Whilst he thoroughly sympathized with Mr. Beecher, and felt annoyed that a gentleman in his position and from such a distance should be obliged to contend with the wild beasts at Ephesus [*loud laughter*], yet he rejoiced for the sake of liberty that the meeting was held. [*Cheers.*] Many meetings have been held, but the people of Liverpool had pronounced by tremendous majorities in favor of the North. [*Loud cheers.*]

The resolution was supported by several speakers, and passed with acclamation.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher rose to return thanks, and was enthusiastically cheered. He said:—

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen—I wish I could say ladies and gentlemen. But I begin again—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen—[*A voice: The ladies are represented by the gentlemen.*] No man can ever represent a woman. [*Boisterous laughter and cheers.*] It gives me great pleasure this morning to avow myself in some sense a convert. While I have seen, and still see in England, even more perhaps than you will admit of prejudice and misconception, I have been made aware of some prejudices and much misconception in myself, and in other honest men whom I may fairly be said to represent; and it is not the smallest triumph of this short course of two weeks during which I have been permitted to remain in England, that I have gained the victory over my own past impressions and am prepared to

admit some things that I have stoutly denied to Englishmen of my own congregation, who used to say to me, grieved but not angered at the things I said about England, "You do not know Old England." I used as sturdily to say, "I do." But now I shall say to them, very humbly, "I did not." [*Cheers.*]

I have been called to speak on a question which is very broad, very intricate, and multitudinous in its contents, because the question of America is simply the total question of human society. It begins at the top and goes to the bottom, and back again from the bottom to the top; from the circumference to the center, and from the center to the circumference; for there is nothing in political economy, philosophy, human right, or whatever can spring out of this wonderful being — man — in society, that is not involved directly or indirectly in this great American struggle. And in speaking upon a question so broad, it was quite impossible to speak exhaustively: the only thing that I have exhausted has been myself. [*Laughter.*] It has been quite impossible under the circumstances, a stranger in a strange community, not altogether cognizant of the prejudice or the wants or shades of thought in a community, to speak upon this large question so as always to meet the requisitions of my audience. I shall not dwell upon the interruption, which I have taken very kindly—which even in its worst form at Liverpool, I do them the justice to say, was rather an exhibition of party feeling than of personal malignity [*cheers*]; — and although it made my work very hard, God is my witness it did not excite in my mind the slightest animosity towards them, still less towards that very noble community which they misrepresented on that occasion.

There is another matter I wished to speak of; and that is, that the reports of my speeches are not authoritative, nor can they be so, until they have passed under my revision. And I wish to say that no man here is so much indebted to a class of men much abused and very little understood, but to whom I owe lasting obligations—I mean reporters for newspapers. They are young men who are

generally sent out into meetings of all kinds, where men are divided, and where questions are discussed with warmth and excitement at untimely hours; and who, usually crammed into the most inconvenient situations, are obliged to take down either the whole or a part of what is spoken upon arguments on which they have not been thoroughly read, exercising at the same time an immediate judgment as to what should be omitted, or what the wants of their newspaper oblige them to produce. Then they are hurried back in the midnight hour to write out that which is so lately taken, and often because it is not presented next morning as some would wish, men blame them, and impute ill motives. [*Loud laughter and cheers.*] Now, I am a newspaper man myself, and have been made familiar with the life and difficulties which beset the corps of reporters. I have followed the reports of my speeches in England, but have never in a single speech seen that which led me to believe that any reporter had intentionally misrepresented what I had said. I have, however, seen the editorial column, where I know that the editor, thinking he was supporting a certain party, misrepresented both my facts and principles. [*Cheers.*] And, if there are reporters present, I desire to express through them my sense of the obligation under which I lie to their kindness and fidelity in this visit. [*Cheers.*] Yet, for reasons I have stated, my speeches generally occupying more than two hours, and passing generally very rapidly over many great topics, and all having naturally to appear next morning, when the paper could not afford to put in a verbatim report, the reports, while presenting the general tenor of my speeches, have had such inevitable imperfections as to make them not exactly the things upon which to base an attack upon me. [*Cheers.*]

I wish now, in the opening remarks which I shall make, to explain to you precisely the thing which I have attempted to do in England. I have attempted—it is the keynote—the inward keynote of my whole progress here—I have attempted to use my information, and the position which you have been kind enough to secure for me, to

promote a better understanding and a lasting peace between these two great nations. [*Loud cheers.*] There have been therefore a great many things I *might* have said, and feelings I *might* have expressed, which I *have* not. But I have endeavored to bring all things to the bar of a manly judgment, and to say those things which would draw closer the bonds of amity. [*Cheers.*] Even in the cases where I have brought up matters on which your judgment and mine have differed, and still differ, it was not so much to go back and argue them upon the merits of the question as it was to put you in possession of the American standpoint, that you might see, if we did err, what was the reason of our erring. [*Cheers.*] I wish, for instance, to illustrate it by one single case, and that was the *Trent* difficulty. I think it was in Manchester I mentioned the strong feeling that existed in America upon this point. And the London *Daily News*—a paper to which I should be glad to express the great obligations of American citizens [*cheers*]—if I were not afraid it might be employed against it to diminish its influence with Britons ["*No, no,*"]—I say that paper in a friendly spirit criticised my utterances, and said that it would damage my testimony with English people to be so far wrong and mistaken in facts about that question; and that it would damage my testimony amongst English people on questions with which I was better informed. They did not specify, however, what was my mistake. Now, I want just to specify to you how we Americans looked at that transaction, not for the purpose of putting ourselves right and you wrong, but to ask you as I shall, when I have made my statement, if you had been in our situation, and things looked to you as they did to us, would you not have felt as we did? Is not that fair? [*Cheers.*]

You will recollect, then, that an American naval vessel by accident—if there be such things as accidents—overhauled an English mail steamer and took from it two men who represented themselves as ambassadors from the so-called Confederate Government to the courts of England and France respectively. I remember very well, when the

ship came from Europe—and the tidings spread across America as quick as lightning could flash, that for a day or two the universal feeling was, "Here's a stupendous joke." Everybody laughed. It struck the comical feeling of the nation that these two men should have started off to represent the Confederates at St. James's, and in Paris, and instead, had found themselves in Fort Lafayette. [*Laughter.*] And there was a feeling of immense good nature, and even jollity. Then, after two or three days, some lawyer-men began to inquire in the papers, "What is the law on this subject? It may be a very good joke, but what says the law?" We began to draw down our faces and say, "Sure enough there is an England, and she will have a word to say. What then is the law?" Then began to be quoted what the English doctrine was; our papers began to be filled with English precedents and English conduct, and there was a universal feeling that we had acted according to *English* precedent. [*Cheers.*] *That conviction is yet unchanged; and never will be changed, because it was the fact.* [*Cheers.*]

But I had the opportunity of knowing from my position, both as preacher, lecturer, and editor, that the feeling of the people was, "We are going to do what is right now, whatever it is. If we are in the wrong, we shall concede this matter; but if we are in the right, we will not budge an inch, neither by bullying nor intimidation." And the moment the information came to our shores of these facts, Mr. Seward addressed a confidential communication to Mr. Adams, instructing him to read the same to Earl Russell, the purport of which was, that this had been done without the privity or assent of the American Government, who were prepared, on the statement of England's wishes, to settle this matter amicably. Mr. Adams read that to Earl Russell, and it lay nine or ten days quiet. The letter being confidential, Mr. Adams scrupulously avoided speaking of it: but it leaked out nevertheless that there had been a communication from the American Government to the English, and everybody was asking what was its nature. This communication having been read, I think, on the 19th

of December, it would be about the 29th that your *Morning Post*—which is supposed to be a semi-official organ—declared that there had been a communication from the American Government, but that it had nothing to do with the *Trent* affair. And, whereas it was a communication expressly on that and nothing else, to this hour that paper has never explained nor retracted that malicious and deliberate falsehood. From that point, I believe, complication began. But there was something before that. [*Cheers.*] Even before that message came from Washington, and before the British Government had heard what we had to say, orders had issued that British troops should repair to Canada, and the navy and dockyards were put on double labor. England has never shown want of promptness and spirit; but I believe you can find no other case in English history in which a misunderstanding between ships of two nations has been treated with similar precipitancy, not waiting to hear explanations, but preparing war, or threatening war, before you could possibly have the real facts.

As to what took place on the other side, I am alleged to have been all wrong when I said the American Government showed instant disposition to make reparation; because, on the other hand we heaped honors on Captain Wilkes all through the nation. When we thought we were right, we did; but after we found out by the declaration of our own Government that we were wrong, point me to one instance, in which even the slightest popular assembly undertook to traverse the decision of our Government by showing attention to Captain Wilkes? As to whether we did not use all possible speed, let us see what were the facts. Mr. Seward wrote to the English Government saying we were prepared to settle the matter satisfactorily to them, and awaited their demands. Many say: we ought *not* to have waited their demands, but given up the men instantly. But there were conflicting doctrines as to the rights of Governments over contraband of war in neutral vessels. There was the British doctrine and there was the American doctrine. From 1807 certainly to 1813, and I

know not how much longer, the British doctrine was that you had a right to condemn a neutral vessel without bringing her into a prize court. That was the British doctrine and practice down to within a few years. I think the last recognized case—I won't undertake to say it is the last case—is that in which England acted upon the American doctrine, when they took a Bremen vessel and condemned her in an English court because she was bringing the crew of a wrecked Russian vessel home from Japan. She was condemned by a prize court, and that is the first instance I know of the American doctrine being acted on by the English Government or navy. Now, when Mr. Seward wrote to Mr. Adams he said thus: Here is the old British doctrine, which they have never given up technically, and here is the American. Which of the two is the British Government going to take with respect to Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell? If their own, we have committed no offense, and there is nothing more to be said; if our doctrine, evidently we must wait for them to make their own election. I ask you, then, was that not a courteous and just reason for waiting till the overture should proceed from the English Government instead of from ours, as to what should be done in the case of these men? [*Cheers.*]

Now, all these facts are perfectly known to our people, and I ask you not to renew this old subject. It is past for good, I hope, and it rests in peace. But then, I want you so far to review these facts as that when men say, "The Americans have shown an arrogant and intemperate spirit towards Great Britain, without reason, in that *Trent* affair,"—I want you then to say, "Every man, and I for one if I had been an American, should have felt just as they felt." [*Cheers.*] But I want to say one thing more, and it is this: that we were all very much surprised when Mr. Seward issued his decision. So it was and so it stands. I make these explanations in the furtherance of a better understanding between us, so that there may be no unpleasant memory, and no coal that has not gone out in the embers and ashes of this old question. [*Loud cheers.*]

Also I wish to revert to a certain topic, because I am in-

formed that I have been destroyed by several papers, body and soul, honor and reputation, because of gross and intentional misstatements made in Edinburgh. I cannot tell the paper that has originated it, nor would I if I could. I am informed that my statements made respecting the circulation of money were totally at variance with the fact. Now all I can say is, if these statements were not correct, I certainly should be guilty of ignorance, though not intentionally. Let me then state to you, availing myself of this opportunity, what I understand about the condition of the North fiscally, and of material prosperity in this time of war. My venerable and excellent friend, Dr. Massie, is present [*cheers*]—and I speak as before one who knows the truth, and although I have never till this morning seen him—may I see him a thousand times hereafter—though I, of course, know nothing of his opinions, yet I know he is an honest man, and I know what an honest man must say in respect of certain points in our American affairs. I say he will not rebuke me for saying there never was a time of such material or moral prosperity as in the North at this time. Burdened as we are with war, there never was a time when husbandry was carried on with more alacrity or success, when every conceivable form of productive industry, and of manufacturing through its whole range, was more pressed by demand. It is not as it was in Manchester just before this war, when you had manufactured far beyond the consumption of your customers. It is not speculative. There never was a time when monetary affairs were so easy, and I think so healthy, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of the editor of the *Times'* money articles. You say, we shall come to a crash. It may be we shall, though we are going to it by a very pleasant way. [*Laughter.*]

But are we doing this upon an inflated paper currency, without a proper basis and proper security? Paper must represent convertible property. Is there more paper in circulation in the North than there is actual and available property in the North which it represents? On that subject I declare it makes no difference whether paper is is-

sued by State banks, or individual brokers, or the National Government; if there is never more paper than is needed, all then is safe, for there is no more paper than they have means to convert. Again, you may always issue more paper than you can convert in any one day. Three bills to one pound of bullion is a safe measure. The exact state of affairs in the North was, that this uprising so deranged business that it compelled a universal settlement. I don't know how it is in England; but in America we need a financial judgment day once in ten years, and we get it. These crashes, although in one way of looking at them they are unfavorable, in another are always beneficial. A new country must have credit. As countries grow old and rich, they can contract it more and more, but a new country, that has its resources to develop, requires credit, and with it you must have the attendant evils of intense stimulation of hopeful and sanguine natures. Once in ten years you work out, so that the thing comes clear round. There is a kind of miscellaneous crash, in which every man picks up his own. The bubble is broken—the paper is gone; and the property remains. The man that yesterday said, This is my house, does not say so to-morrow: but the community is not hurt; the property is there—the difference is that the owners have shifted. [*Laughter.*] Now, what of these commercial reverses? It is said they are unhealthy, but it is not of that kind of unhealthiness that many political economists have believed; and these periodical settlements are always salutary. We had a settlement in 1857, and there was the less at the beginning of this war to be settled. But what there was, we swept out of the way. And since the day when the infant colony of Plymouth Bay had to pay fifty per cent. for money loaned to her in England, I do not believe there has ever been so sound a state of business in the North as to-day. And your business men in Manchester will see that these reasons work that way. One thing more: the thing does not stop there. As there is more or less of uncertainty in the commercial world, men will no longer go on the credit system as before. They are buying for cash; then going home and selling for

cash. Some of you in Manchester can say whether it is not the case here to an extent never before known, that American merchants are buying for cash. The business is taking that direction; certainly it is in America. Not that there may not be facts the other way, but this is in the main true. Suppose there come by and by further financial difficulties, how are you going to bankrupt a nation which has no foreign debts? You recollect the story of the Frenchman in Boston. He had got money enough and goods enough, but thought a man ought to fail when he could not collect his debts. We may fail so, but I don't see any other form of bankruptcy awaiting us.

Our Government is issuing bonds that are largely becoming the basis of the whole banking system of the North. The Government bonds become the securities of our State banks. They issue Government notes as their circulation, and although there is an immense amount of Government notes in circulation they are taking the place of the individual State bank notes we have been driving in. I do not profess to be fully informed, but my impression is, there is no more paper money in circulation now than there has been at many periods in American history, only it is not a circulation of individual banks, nor of States; it is a circulation of the total United States: and whereas before these bills had the security of what was in the vault of the individual bank or of the State, now the guaranty of these bills with the same circulation is the guaranty of the credit and total property of the United States. [*Hear.*] Neither can I state (as I should have done if I had supposed I was to be called on for these facts) exactly how much has been invested; but probably four or five hundred millions of the capital of the North, not invested already in business, has been invested in what are called Government securities, which are just your "consols" over again. Our people feel two things—first, that our Government *must* stand; and, secondly, that it *will* stand, and it is safe to invest in it. [*Cheers.*] Our savings banks, insurance companies, trust-fund commissioners, and men who have in charge the money of widows and orphans—old men who wish to se-

cure themselves against contingencies and bankruptcies, men who have sums in hand and are looking about for investment, are showing that of all securities none seems to them so sound as the faith and credit of the Government of the United States. [*Loud cheers.*] And hundreds of millions of dollars have been invested in that way; so that I may say the Government of the United States has a lien upon all the inoperative capital of the North and West, and it has become the interest of every business man and every moneyed man in the whole Northern States, to maintain the Government as the way to maintain himself.

If it be said (as it has been) that I have stated that the Government paper had been issued as only three to one of bullion, I reply that I never made any statement on that question at all. But since the Central Government issued this paper—since it represents not only what has been paid in for these bonds as invested, but represents also the total available property of the Federation itself, it is *a better circulation than that of local banks, which do issue three papers to one pound of bullion:* that is what I meant to say at Edinburgh, whether I said it or not. And it is what I say in this great capital of business in England. I cannot, of course, speak authoritatively in this matter. I am not a financier, I am not a banker, but a clergyman and a patriot only. If you were to get hold of a man who knew a great deal more, he would state the matter still more strongly. [*Applause.*] If there is anything I have inadvertently omitted to notice on this fiscal question, I shall be ready to attend to any question that may be put to me now. [*Mr. Beecher paused, and then resumed.*] I may presume, then, that you are satisfied. [*Applause.*]

Now there is some art in speaking so as to relieve one subject against another, and, having given you a few words upon currency, and a sound state of business in the North, I will turn to that letter in one of your local papers, to which my friend Mr. Taylor referred, containing those three questions, which the writer says have never received straightforward answers. I will endeavor to show you

what a straightforward answer is. The first question is, "Do colored persons ever attend your church in Brooklyn?" Yes, by scores and hundreds. [*Cheers.*] Second, "If so, where do they sit?" Wherever they can get a seat. [*Cheers and laughter.*] Allow me to say our church will hold but three thousand, and it is extremely difficult for any one to get a seat. I have said humorously, in expostulating with our people, that they are sometimes impatient of having so little use of their own pews, for which they pay an inordinate rent, "Gentlemen, you know very well when you rent pews here what it means; you pay three hundred dollars for a pew for the sake of sitting in the aisle, and you knew it when you bought your pew." It is expressly stipulated that if a man is not in his pew to occupy it within a certain number of minutes before the service begins, he forfeits his right to sit there. It is in his article of sale. We have from sixteen to twenty-five active and enterprising men whose sole business is to seat people in our church; and sometimes, when there is a public question involving great interests, the entrances to the church are thronged for hours before the doors are open. Well; when our own pewholders have to bustle for their own seats, because strangers may come an hour beforehand; when this has been going on for sixteen continuous years —if you ask me whether we take colored people by platoons, and walk them up and seat them on a platform—why, no; we don't treat them any better than white folks. [*Loud laughter and cheers.*] We treat them just *as* we do white folks. [*Cheers.*] Now, let me say this: I have never exerted any direct influence on this subject; it has only been the Christian feeling and good sense of my own parishioners that have led them to determine their line of action towards colored people within the body of the church. And what does it mean? I have never yet known an instance in which a colored man was refused a seat, if he were properly dressed, well behaved, and modestly asked for a seat. I have myself invited Frederick Douglass and other colored men to sit in my own pew. Sometimes one says to me,—"I would come, but I am afraid." But I give him

a note to one of my friends and then he finds no trouble. To make so much of it, would seem as if I was boasting of the liberality of our people. It is just a matter of course, of Christian common sense. If my answer is not *straight*-forward, it is because I had to go *round* to get all this. [*Cheers and laughter.*] Third, "Have you ever seen any (that is, colored people) amongst your congregation; and would they be allowed to sit in any pew of your church, or intermingle with your white hearers?" If my people were like the man who wrote this letter, they would not be permitted to sit a moment there. [*Cheers.*] That is not a mere jibe. I will tell you in a moment why I make that remark. But I have seen them, not once or twice, or fifty, but hundreds of times. I tell you the truth, gentlemen, though we are not better than hundreds of other churches. We have been led by acquiescence in those great truths preached in Plymouth Church:—that man is not what he is on account of title, education, or wealth, but because God made him and loves him, and God will redeem him to immortality and glory. [*Cheers.*] And that broad ground has led us to feel insensibly, more and more, that a man in the house of God is to be treated as we would treat that man on the threshold of the judgment day. And now, these words will go back to America, and I shall have them set down to me there, and I shall stand to every word I have said on America.

The close of the letter, containing these queries, is as follows: "I could multiply instances to almost any extent of brutality towards the colored people in the North, and of kindness and indulgence towards them in the South, which I witnessed during a long and protracted tour through the States. Though my original antipathy to slavery was never eradicated, I came to this conclusion, —that a Slave in the South was a far gayer and happier creature than a free black in the North." There you have it. Ah! there never was a serpent yet that was taught to speak in human language that first or last the sibilation did not come out. Whenever I find a man undertake to tell me, that any human creature, considered in the totality

that makes up a man, in his body and soul—in his loves, independence, and purities—in his relation to time and eternity—is a better man in slavery than he is out of it, I say, "Thou son of the devil, get thee behind me." [*Loud cheering.*] On the other side, let me say pointedly, that the treatment of the blacks in the North was bad—that we imbibed prejudice from the South — that the poison of slavery in every fiber of our body wrought out bad laws and usages; *nevertheless, the party now predominant throughout the North, though once a small minority, has fought up against that prejudice and wrong, until at last it is in ascendency: and Englishmen are asked now to strike us, who have been martyrs for freedom, because of the prejudices which came from the men who are now in rebellion.* [*Great cheering.*] And I avow, there is a good deal of work yet to be done. We do not appear before you as a saintlike people; we are, just like you, in the midst of struggles where all sorts of influences are in combination. We have fought so far with complete success -thanks to God; but it is not done yet. There are many things we need to change, and are trying to change. All we ask is, that when our faces are as it were turned towards Jerusalem, you will not stop us. [*Loud cheers.*]

And I say still further, that in respect to that riot which took place in New York, and so much used adversely to us, I here, and accountable for what I say, declare my conviction that that riot was nothing in the world but the sore made by a foreign blister put on our body. The rioters were as a body unquestionably Irishmen. [*Cheers.*] But you must not think I am saying this in any ill-will to them. These Irish laborers come to us poor and uneducated creatures, easily led by more intelligent men, men who work through their passions. By corrupt Americans, I am ashamed to say, they have been assiduously taught that the emancipation of the slave would take away from them the market of labor, and that emancipation would bring the whole South Northward; which is just the opposite to the truth, that it is likely to take the whole colored North Southward. But they have been stuffed with falsehood in the most offensive forms, for the purpose of making them

mischievous; hence with the sting of the draft just about to be put on them, there was a wild furious uprising of the Irish immigrants. It was very cruel and wicked, but so cruel and wicked a thing was never done with so much excuse for the wicked actors as this. They were blind, ignorant, misled creatures, who thought they were fighting not so much against the blacks as for themselves. I make these excuses for them therefore, and I say this riot was an Irish riot, just as much as if it had occurred in Dublin or Cork, instead of New York. [*Hear, hear.*] When Archbishop Hughes was called upon to address them and stop it, the street before the Archiepiscopal residence was alive with the crowded thousands; his speech was reported, and he never intimated that he thought anybody else was engaged but Irishmen. He took it for granted it was they; he never excused them in any way by the oppression they had suffered in Old Ireland. From beginning to end it is taken for granted it was the work of Catholic Irish, and he was blaming them in his very maternal and gentle way for doing such naughty things. [*Laughter.*] But what was the conduct of the city of New York? Between forty and fifty thousand dollars were subscribed to relieve the wants of those suffering colored people in a few days. A large committee was appointed from the most respectable merchants, men of the highest business integrity, and of the utmost honor and purity in private life. I marked every one of them as the men who have been my opponents from the beginning of this agitation for sixteen years—men who are intensely conservative, or as we call them, "Old Hunkerish." [*Laughter and cheers.*] But these men had their eyes so opened by the riot, that they followed their noble and generous instincts, so as not only to give their money, but to avow as plainly as words can say: "It has come to this. If the colored people are thus violently treated, we will put ourselves between them and their assailants, and they shall, as long as we live, have the right to labor in freedom." [*Loud cheers.*] A body of lawyers volunteered to receive and put into legal form the complaints of every colored man who had

lost property: according to our law, the municipality is responsible for every cent of property damaged in the riot; and there have been 145,000 to 150,000 dollars* involved in the complaints already made, or making; and legal proceedings have cost the colored people not a cent. [*Cheers.*] The letter of thanks they wrote, which I believe will appear in the papers, is a composition of the most poetical English, and consummate Christian kindness, showing what the grace of God can make appear in the hearts of outcast men. [*Cheers.*] Read that letter in the report of the committee which has just reached this country, and the reply of Mr. McKenzie, and see how an Old Hunker can speak. When I get back, I mean, the first thing, to go to Mr. McKenzie's store and ask him to honor me by shaking hands.

Are there any other questions about these blacks?

Mr. Haughton, of Dublin: "Are we to understand that the practice in your own church is the universal practice in America; that the black man is as respected in other churches as in yours?"

No, sir, I cannot say that it is. Many of our churches are filled with men who are the first merchants of New York, or are politicians. The position of the black man is regulated mainly by the fact that he is the football bandied between side and side; to treat him with public attention has been to abandon one political party, and seem to show confidence in the other side. In many churches of New York—I cannot speak positively, but my impression is—they would not be received except in a particular pew; but a tendency has now been established, and is every week increasing, to receive them when they come into the churches. It is a process begun. Dr. Massie confirms my statement. I do not want to make out our case any better than it is. We do not move in perfection as the saints in glory do; all you can ask of men is, Are they in the right direction, and making progress? [*Cheers.*]

I want now to add a word or two with respect to some questions proposed to me last week. A Mr. David M'Crae,

*The total amount that the city of New York had to pay for property destroyed in that riot was about $2,000,000.

I think, of Glasgow, proposed a question as to the Constitution which I did not then quite understand. The gist of it, as far as I remember, is this: Speaking of the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution—his question was, Are you fighting for the Constitution with that clause in it? If you are, how do you pretend that you are fighting for liberty? Secondly, if you are fighting for Emancipation, you are fighting against that Constitution, and how do you condemn the seceded States? I will answer by a statement of facts, and leave you to settle the logic.

What is the relation of our Constitution to slavery? It contains two clauses: one is the fugitive slave clause; the other is the three-fifths representation clause. I will take the last first. That clause does not legalize slavery. It merely says (as if the founders of the Constitution recognized it as a fact, but not a doctrine or principle), "five men other than free whites shall count for three votes." Now what is the origin of that? When we first formed our present Constitution, having had ten years' trial of what was called Articles of Confederation, the difficulty that struck the Government, as it strikes every Government, was, "How can you raise funds to carry on the Government?" First, taxes were laid on the lands in all the country. But it was found impossible to obtain the statistics which were requisite for levying the tax justly, and therefore they must change their system. It was then proposed they should tax the people *per capita*. Then came the question: as the vast majority are white and free in the North, and as an immense proportion in the South are slaves, if you should tax according to the free whites, the North would pay nineteen-twentieths of the taxes, and the South only one-twentieth part, having the monopoly of wealth. Therefore the North said, in assessing the taxes you must call every able bodied black, as well as white man, one. The South said, "No, we are willing to count four as one." That was the extreme position taken on that side, and you see just how it was. It was on a question of raising money, whether the tax should be raised on the whole black population or not, or whether it should be

raised on a white voting population, excluding Indians and slaves. And it was Mr. Madison who proposed a middle term as the compromise. He said, "Five shall count three instead of one counting one, or four counting one." So it was settled that in laying taxes on the South, there should be three men taxed where there are five black men in the South. But in settling the basis for taxation, they settled at the same time the basis for representation. A few years afterwards we ceased to raise our revenue by taxation at all, and the very thing on which this compromise had been made ceased to exist. Then came in the unexpected operation of this clause on representation, which was *a shadowy sequence* scarcely understood at first to be of much importance, but had *become of prime importance* when the North was represented in Congress by a representation of men (voters) alone, while the South was represented both in the number of men and the amount of property. The South is represented both in property and in men; the North simply in men, and not in property. This clause thus became, by an unforeseen accident, of strength to the South. Tomorrow, if slavery totally ceased, that Constitution would not have to be changed in a single letter in that regard. There is nothing that guarantees or perpetuates it, or carries the consequence along with it as inevitable.

The other clause on slavery in the Constitution, concerning rendition of fugitives, appeared in our history first when New England, which was just as much slave-owning as the South, formed the first rudimental Union. So jealous were the States of their individual sovereignty, that nothing but external wars and difficulties drove them together, and they passed the substance of this fugitive slave clause. It did not appear in the Articles of Confederation in 1777, but in 1787 the present Constitution took away from each State the right to pass laws in contravention of laws existing in other States; that is to say, no man held to service in one State shall be discharged therefrom by another State into which he may go. It was a law for the peace of the whole Union, taking away the power of one *State* to nullify the laws of another *State*. Congress and

the Federal Power are not even alluded to in the clause. Then it went on to provide that such persons shall, upon proper proof, be rendered up again to their claimants, on whom the proof was purposely left. That is the fugitive slave clause. In the convention where it was adopted, it was attempted to include this clause in the one that in our present Constitution precedes it, namely, in Section 2 of Article IV.: "A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime." The State executive can only have conference with the executive of another State, so where there were crimes and felonies, the Article requires that the executive of one State shall demand of the executive of another to deliver the criminal up. And it was attempted to introduce into this the words, "and persons held to servitude;" but this was unanimously voted down, on the ground that there was no more reason to constrain the Government to return any slave, than to ask them to return any ox or ass, and they would not push the States to that indignity. Then the next clause is the following: "No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." When it was first introduced, the terms were "any person held to servitude, or in servitude." The first attempt was to reject that. Why? Because it was declared that the Constitution of the United States should *not* recognize slavery. Mr. Madison has left his impartial and unquestionable authority on the subject, that the day was anticipated when slavery should cease; and the builders of the Constitution so framed it, that while it knew how to steer round slavery while it existed, it should be whole and perfect when slavery ceased. [*Cheers.*] The Northern view, in reference to the operation of this, was that if a slave escaped from

Maryland into Pennsylvania, and the master found his slave there, and brought proof before magistrate and jury that it was his beast of burden, he should take it back if he could. Thus it left the man to manage his own property without being hindered or obstructed. What, then, is the objection we take to the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 (not a part of the Constitution, but a *law* of the Federal Congress)? *That to please the South it was laid down to be a duty of the whole United States to hunt the slave down* WITHOUT PROOF, *and, at the mere summons of the claimant, to deliver up the person claimed and saddle the costs on the population of the United States.* I answer then, in respect to this whole subject, that if to-morrow slavery should cease by the force of arms, the Constitution is not touched, nor is a right that is guaranteed by this Constitution impaired; for as long as slavery exists there is an article which gives a man the right to go and find his slave and take him back without molestation, and that is bad enough; but if to-morrow slavery ceases to exist, what change is there to be made? For our courts have construed that the term "persons held to service" includes all apprentices under indenture, and that a slave is included in that, not as a slave, but by virtue of the fact that he is held to service.

Are we then, by maintaining the Constitution, maintaining slavery? No, not at all—slavery does not exist in the Constitution, nor by virtue of it. It has been settled a hundred times by the lawyers of every slave State that slavery is a *local* (State) institution, and can exist only by *local* statutes. Nay, the very conflict between the South, under Mr. Douglas, and the nascent Republican party, was whether slavery should be local and municipal, or national. They tried to make it national; that was the last form of the political conflict between North and South—they seeking to show that the Constitution did indorse slavery, and we saying the Constitution never did, and never shall. I don't know whether Mr. M'Crae will think I have answered his question, but I am sure I have tried to give you grounds and facts on which every man can answer it for himself. [*Cheers.*]

Mr. Haughton asked—"Is it not the case that William Lloyd Garrison and his party have invariably maintained that the Constitution is in favor of slavery; have not the judges of your land so interpreted the Constitution, and has not your Supreme Court decided that the black man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect?"

No questions could be more pertinent. We all admit that slavery existed as a fact when the present Constitution was adopted; that two clauses were introduced to meet certain practical difficulties arising out of local slavery in its relation to federal government. The framers of the Constitution undertook to recognize the bare political fact of slave-property then existing in some States. They undertook to form a Constitution which should in the widest scope represent liberty, yet should not abruptly destroy slavery, but should neither encourage nor help it. Now, in every slave State that has given a definition of slavery, it is declared to be the condition in which a man ceases to be a man and becomes a chattel—a thing, not a being or person. With this definition before them, when the Constitution was in formation, after debate and full explanation of what they meant, they declared they would not put into the Constitution a description or allusion to slavery that should characterize it by its technical term, but only by terms that brought it out of "chattelhood" into mere "subordination." Therefore in our Constitution slaves are called "persons," always. This was no accident—no indiscriminate use of words. [*Cheers.*] It was done by men who said among themselves, "Not many years can pass before slavery will cease;" and what they tried to do was to have a Constitution that could hold together and keep us afloat for the moment, but yet should not give countenance to slave-doctrines. When a man undertakes to steer a ship he does not necessarily include in his ideas of successful shipbuilding all the shoals and sand-banks that may impede its voyage; and when the Constitution of the United States was formed, the formers merely made two provisions in order that local State rights might be divested of their power of general mischief.

Now, as to public sentiment. There has been recently a small body of men who held that our Constitution did not recognize slavery as doctrine or fact. I differ with them: it does recognize it as fact, but not as doctrine. Other people say, "No matter whether the Constitution does or does not; courts that bind us have declared that it does; therefore let us break the Union in two to clear ourselves from complicity with it." That was the party of Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Wendell Phillips. The great middle-class have said this: "Slavery is dying, bound to die; free men made a Constitution for liberty, and made it so that while slavery was dying the Constitution need not be wrecked by running on it."

As to the decisions of the judges, allow me to say that our Federal courts have been packed by Southerners; while the North has had either to accomplish this change by revolutionary process, or to do it by peaceable methods, such as are organized in the Constitution itself. We knew perfectly well it was part of the plan of the South by packing the courts, and by process of construction, to transmute liberty into slavery in our laws, and in the fundamental law of the land. That was what we believed and prophesied. We warned the nation, and they would not be warned. That declaration was construed into slander of the courts and of men in authority, when I made it, up and down through the land, and said, "The South are taking away your Constitution by dry-rot [*cheers*]—but give us time, and we will by popular *discussions* reverse this policy, and fill Congress and the courts with different men, and then we will reconstrue it back again, and we will find yet the voice of liberty that shall stand by the Constitution, and say unto the bondsman, 'Come forth,' and he shall come forth, and stand among living men, a man again." [*Cheers.*] This was my doctrine as distinguished from that of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Garrison. I have said, "Give us time; there are in our Constitution and in our nation those elements which will bring back to us liberty in the Constitution itself." The South knew it just as well as the North. [*Cheers.*] But they lay in wait and watched,

and the moment that *discussion* had produced a majority for us and Mr. Lincoln was elected, they rebelled. Whatever else you may say about Southern men, it must be said that they are as sagacious as children of darkness. [*Cheers.*] And we said: "So long as our courts are corrupted and construe the Constitution adverse to liberty, we cannot help ourselves. Wherever they do wrong to us, we will bear the wrong; but when they command us to do wrong to others, we will not; we will take a remedy; it is only a question of time when we put this thing right." We said, "Wait — there is liberty in patience:" they said, "There is safety only in rebellion;" so they rebelled. [*Applause.*]

[*Another inquiry was here addressed to Mr. Beecher as to the Dred Scott decision.*] The friends of the judge who made that decision have thought it convenient to deny that he ever used the words imputed to him, that the black man has no rights which whites are bound to respect; but whether he did or not, it is universally conceded by our lawyers that it was not the point before the court, but an extra-judicial opinion. He was a Maryland slaveholding-judge: the very instrument by which the South meant to transmute our institutions. But what he said was his own opinion, not a legal decision.

[*Another questioner asked if the Fugitive Slave Law of* 1850 *was still part of the Constitution.*] It never was part of the Constitution. In England your Constitution is what your Parliament determines to be law; in America our Constitution is what was originally written. There is a marked distinction between law founded on written principles, and those written principles, that we call the Constitution, to which all laws must conform; so that if your Parliament had passed a Fugitive Slave Law, it would become part and parcel of the British Constitution, but with us the State Constitution and the National Constitution stand unchanged by legislation. If the Constitution is contravened by laws, State or Federal, based on other than the principles it enunciates, the courts set them aside. The Fugitive Slave Law is simply a law, not a part of the Constitution; which we hold to be an

outrage, yet inoperative, as having no power beyond the year in which it was passed. It is just as dead now, and has been the last eight or nine years, as the snake's skin that was sloughed ten years ago. It is said we ought to have abolished it. When Congress came together they passed so many reformatory laws that it was thought seriously they should abolish this; but they said—we are charged with coming together for revolutionary purposes, and to destroy the local municipal power of the States, and we must not do anything in our national legislation that shall countenance the doctrine that we are revolutionizing State rights.

[*A gentleman asked how the great religious associations in America regarded the anti-slavery question.*] There are two parties — one is very small and able, and is called Abolitionist; the other comprises all the rest of the North, and is called Anti-slavery. The distinction is not one of doctrine, but of method. Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips said the North must save itself by disunion; the great body of those who hated slavery said, we cannot consent to that. I was one among the latter, from first to last, and that paragraph in the newspapers which says I once said "there could be no getting rid of slavery under the Constitution" is a total and absolute falsehood. [*Cheers.*] I would not burn a barn in order to get rid of the rats. [*Great laughter.*] We have always said, the thing is bad enough, but not so bad but we can cure it by moral means. I have avowed over and over again to Southern slaveholders: "You shall not go off. We will hold you in the bosom of liberty until your slavery is dead." [*Cheers.*] This is the point which you English are liable to misunderstand. A great many good men seem to you to have paltered and connived; but you should recollect it belongs to the nature of free discussion and moral suasion to take time and patience. You cannot convert a whole nation as you may one man, by sitting down and talking to him. Prejudices melt slowly, but we have always had such faith in the ultimate victory of Liberty over Slavery that we have said, "With God on our side we can fight and shall win."

[*Cheers.*] Those slavery-haters who were opposed to any decisive and summary remedy as too dangerous, were called Anti-slavery men; those who were in favor of immediate disruption, as the summary and necessary remedy, were called Abolitionists: that was the distinction. But now there is no distinction at all. Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips are both of them my personal friends. I would not for all the world say a word in England that should carry back pain to their hearts; and although I have differed from them all my life long, I have never failed to see that men more heroic in asserting a great principle never existed in the world. Mr. Garrison has said at a public meeting, that when he declared that the Constitution involved slavery, he never expected to see the Emancipation Proclamation of the President of the United States. [*Cheers.*] I can tell you there is no more welcome speaker in any part of the United States, than that man of genuine senatorial nature, of polished scholarship, of exquisite gentlemanly manners, of most truly Christian feelings and sentiments, even if sometimes over excited,—Mr. Wendell Phillips. But we are all one to-day. There are now but two parties in the North. An overwhelming majority say: "Since they have taken the sword, let slavery perish by the sword." [*Cheers.*] True! there is a small party that lives in crevices and cracks,—a small malignant party called "Peace Democrats," with that thrice-rotten Catiline Wood at the head of it, whom your *Times* newspaper is accustomed to hold up as the exponent of American peace doctrine. Him I have heard praised by the lips of Christian men, who, if they could know his crimes, vices, and Satanic wickedness, would blow him from their parlors, as you do Sepoys from the mouths of your cannon. [*Great cheering.*]

Mr. Robertson asked Mr. Beecher's attention to two clauses in the Constitution, frequently quoted to demonstrate that it was pro-slavery,—the clause where Congress legalized the slave-trade until 1808, and the clause requiring the Executive to lend assistance to any State Government in case of domestic insurrection. A third argument was the New England States repealing the Personal Liberty Bill, and recognizing the Fugitive Slave Law.

If you ask me whether I think what was then done was ineffably wicked, I say yes; but that it has no force now, everybody admits. When this Constitution was made, the question was, how much the separate States would give up, in order to endue the central Federal Government with authority—*how much of sovereignty the Federal Government should receive from the States that had thus far held the whole sovereignty.* They proposed to give the Government in Congress the power to abolish the slave-trade, but they would not let them have that power till 1808. It was then not a question of the Constitution at all, but of the convention of these sovereign States, and *they refused to put into the hands of the Federal Government* until such a date *the power* which after that date the Government was to have. In all these stages, it was the opinion of every man who had part in founding the Constitution, that slavery was dying, and they did not feel as you and I would have felt, but said: "Ease it off in every way." Slavery was like some brigand brought into an Alpine convent, where he was given a room and a place to prepare to die in, decently. On the contrary, the old brigand did not die, but called in his confederates, and domineered over the very hospital where he was being nursed for Christian burial. As to the prevention of rebellion in any State, the National Government is of course bound to exert its whole power to save any State from the intestine mischiefs of insurrection. If this covers slavery as much as liberty, yet because it is a principle born of liberty, slavery gets the benefit of it. Every nation must undertake this duty; the hand to which you give the national sword must defend every part of the nation from internal disorder. The repealing of the Liberty Bill took place in only one or two States.

I wish to say that I feel convinced that, when Dr. Massie issues his report of his visit, he will be able to say he found the educated, intelligent, and religious-minded people of the North, wherever he went, settled down to the conclusion as final and irremovable, that this war must be supported till rebellion shall be crushed, and that rebellion cannot be crushed till slavery has been destroyed. I

do not mean merely what you mean here by the "intelligent classes." The phrase with us includes farmers, mechanics, the very bulk of our people. For it is the legitimate effect of democratic instruction, that no line can be drawn between the college-educated man at the top, and the common-school-educated man at the bottom. A thoroughly educated common people, with collegiate men to be their leaders and mouthpieces, in sympathy with them,—all moving together,—is better than any society where the bottom is ignorant, and the top is educated. [*Cheers.*]

With some further remarks Mr. Beecher concluded, having spoken nearly two hours.

FAREWELL BREAKFAST, LIVERPOOL.

OCTOBER 30, 1863.

MR. BEECHER was entertained by the members of the Liverpool Emancipation Society at a public breakfast in the St. James's Hall, Lime street, prior to his return to America. A party of about two hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down at ten o'clock to the repast. The chair was occupied by Mr. Charles Wilson, president of the Society.

The Chairman said: "It gives me great pleasure to preside, as I have no doubt it also gives you great pleasure to be present on this, which may be the last, occasion on which Mr. Beecher will ever address an English audience; and I feel that I may thank him in your name, in my own, and in the name of the friends of Emancipation and of Union generally, for the ability, the power, the kindly good-will, with which he has advocated the cause of liberty during his stay in England. [*Hear, hear.*] He has stated publicly that his desire is to draw closer the bonds of amity and good fellowship between his country and ours [*cheers*] —and if I have one wish above another it is to do what little I can to promote kind and generous feeling 'between the two great nations which speak the English language, and which are alike entitled to the English name.' [*Cheers.*] I have lived in both countries, and I can never forget the kindness and the hospitality which I and my family experienced when in America; and I bear this testimony, that there is more kindly feeling in the Americans towards England and the English than there is here towards America and the Americans. [*Hear, hear, and applause.*] It is not unnatural that it should be so. They have ties and affections towards the land of their forefathers which we cannot have towards any new country. This island contains the ashes of their ancestors. She is the place from whence they sprung. To them she is ever their mother-country—their dear Old England. They claim her as well as we. Every American who comes to England makes, as it were, a pilgrimage to the old home of his family. . . . As Earl Russell said the other day, they have our language, our literature, our laws, our early history is also theirs.

These appeal to the understanding and the intellect; but those quiet spots, the homes and the graves of their kindred, bind their very hearts to England. O, let us cherish, and seek to return the love that ever flows towards us with the Atlantic wave.

"Now, let me congratulate you, Mr. Beecher, on the success which has attended your recent efforts. [*Cheers.*] In the capital of Scotland you had the opportunity of addressing perhaps the most learned, the most scientific, the most critical [*hear, hear*]—and, at that particular juncture, the most philanthropic assembly which could be got together in this kingdom. I understand that there was not one dissentient voice. [*Cheers.*] In the capital of England no room could be found large enough to contain one-half of those who flocked to hear and support you. [*Hear, hear.*] You have had large and influential meetings in other great towns and cities; and, sir, you have fought with beasts at Ephesus [*hear, hear*]—but, even here, the closing scenes must have convinced you how impotent were the bellowings and howlings, the occasional bleatings and cacklings of the Southern hirelings to stifle the voice of Liverpool for freedom. [*Applause.*] You will relate these things when you go home." The chairman concluded by further congratulations to Mr. Beecher on the success which had attended his labors in England.

Mr. C. E. Rawlins, Jr., read a formal congratulatory Address from the Society to their guest, and the motion was unanimously adopted with a display of enthusiastic feeling.

Mr. Beecher, responded as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, although this is a festive scene, it is rather with feelings of sadness and solemnity that I stand in your midst; for the hours are numbered that I am to be with you, and the ship is now waiting that I trust will bear me safely to my native land. If already I have to the full those sentiments of reverence and even romantic attachment to the memories, to the names, to the truths, and to the very legends of Old England which have been so beautifully alluded to by the chairman on this occasion—if I had already that preparation, how much, working on that predisposition, do you suppose has been the kindness, the good cheer, the helpfulness, which I have received from more noble English hands and hearts than I can name or even now remember. I have to thank them for almost everything, and I have

almost nothing to regret in my personal intercourse with the English people; for I am too old a navigator to think it a misfortune to have steered my bark in a flood or even a storm, and what few waves have dashed over the bows and wetted the deck did not send me below whining and crying. [*Hear, hear, and laughter.*] It was a matter of course. I accepted it with good nature at the time. I look back on it, on the whole, with pleasure now; for storms, when they are past, give us on their back the rainbow, and now even in those discordant notes I find some music. [*Applause.*] I had a thousand times rather that England should be so sensitive as to quarrel with me than that she should have been so torpid and dead as not to have responded at a stroke. [*Cheers.*] I go back to my native land; but be sure, sir, and be sure, ladies and gentlemen that have kindly presented to me this address, that though I needed no such spur I shall accept the incitement of it to labor there for a better understanding and for an abiding peace between these two great nations. [*Hear, and cheers.*]

I do not know that my hardest labor is accomplished on this side. [*Hear, hear.*] I know not what is before me—what criticisms may be made upon my course. I think it likely that many papers that never have been ardent admirers of mine will find great fault with my statements, will controvert my facts, will traverse my reasonings. I do not know but that men will say that I have conceded too much; and that, melting under the influence of England, I have not been as sturdy in my blows here as I was in my own land. [*Laughter.*] One thing is very certain, that while, before I came here, I always attempted to speak the words of truth, even if they were not of soberness [*laughter*]—so here I have endeavored to know only that which made for truth first—love and peace next. [*Cheers.*] Of course I have not said everything that I knew. So to do, would have been to talk in season and out of season, and fail to promote the sublimest ends that a Christian man or a patriot can contemplate—the welfare of two great allied nations. [*Cheers.*] I should have been foolish if I had left the things which made for peace and dug up the things that would have

made offense. [*Renewed cheers.*] Yet the peaceful course was not inconsistent with frankness, with fidelity, and with a due statement of that blame which we have felt attached to the course of England in this conflict. [*Hear, hear.*]

I shall go back to represent to my own countrymen on fitting occasions what I have discovered of the reasons for the recent antagonism of England to America. And I shall have to say primarily that the mouth and the tongue of England have been to a very great extent as were the mouth and the tongue of old of those poor wretches that were possessed of the devil,—not in their own control. [*Laughter and applause.*] The institutions of England—for England is pre-eminently a nation of institutions—the institutions of England have been very largely controlled by a limited class of men; and, as a general thing, the organs of expression have gone with the dominant institutions of the land. Now it takes time for a great unorganized, and to a certain extent unvoting, public opinion, underneath institutions, to create that grand swell that lifts the whole ark up [*hear, hear, and cheers*]; and so it will be my province to interpret to them that there may have been abundant, and various, and widespread utterances antagonistic to us, and yet that they might not have been the voices that represented, after all, the great heart of England. [*Hear, hear, and applause.*]

But there is more than that. Rising higher than party feeling, endeavoring to stand upon some ground where men may be both Christians and philosophers, and looking upon the two nations from this higher point of view, one may see that it must needs have been as it has been, for it so happens that England herself, or Great Britain I should say—I mean Great Britain when I say England, always [*loud cheers*]—Great Britain is herself undergoing a process of gradual internal change. [*Hear, hear.*] All living nations are undergoing such changes. No nation abides fixed in policy and fixed in institutions until it abides in death [*hear, hear*]; for death only is immovable in this life, and life is a perpetual process of supply. Assimilation, excretion,

change, and sensitiveness to the causes of change, are the marks of life. [*Applause.*] And England is undergoing a change, and must do so so long as she is vital; and when you shall have put that round about England which prevents further change, you will have put her shroud around her. [*Hear, hear, and cheering.*] Now changes cannot be brought to pass amongst a free, thinking people as you can bring about changes in agriculture or in mechanics, or upon dead matter by the operation of natural laws. Changes that are wrought by the will of consenting men imply hesitation, doubt, difference, debate, antagonisms; and change in the final stage before which always has been the great conflict, which conflict itself, with all its mischiefs, is also a great benefit, since it is a quickener and a life-giver; for there is nothing so hateful in life as death; and among a people nothing so terrible as dead men that walk about and do not know they are dead. [*Laughter and cheers.*] It therefore comes to pass that in the normal process of a change such as is taking place in England, there will be parties, there will be divided circles, and cliques, and all those aspects and phenomena which belong to healthy national progress and change for progress. But it so came to pass that America too was undergoing a change, more pronounced; and since, contrary to our hope and expectation, it was a change that went on under the form of revolution and war, in its latter period, it at first addressed England only by her senses; for when the rebellion broke out and the tidings rolled across the ocean, everybody has said, "England was for you at first." [*Hear, hear.*] I believe so: because before men had time to weigh in the balances the causes that were at work on our side; before the patrician had had time to study,—"What might be the influence of this upon my class?" and the churchman,—"What will be the influence of these principles on my position?" and the various parties in Great Britain,—"What will be the influence of these American ideas, if they are in the ascendency, on my side and on my position?"—before men had time to analyze and to ponder—they were for the North and against the South; because,

although your anti-slavery feeling is hereditary and legendary, there was enough vitality in it, however feeble, to bring you on to the side of the North in the first instance. Much more would it have done, had it been a really living and quickening principle.

It is said that up to the time of the trouble of the *Trent*, England was with us, but from that time she went rapidly over the other way. That was merely the occasion, but not the cause. I understand it to have been this—that there were a great many men and classes of men in England that feared the reactionary influences of American ideas upon the internal conflicts of England herself [*hear, hear*]; and a great deal of the offense has arisen, not so much from any direct antagonism between Englishmen and Americans, as from the feeling of Englishmen that the way to defend themselves at home was to fight their battle in America [*hear, hear*] and that therefore there has been this strange, this anomalous and ordinarily unexplained cause of the offense and of the difficulties.

Let us look a little at it. I will not omit to state, in passing, that there has been here a great deal of ignorance and of misconception. [*Hear, hear.*] But that was to be expected. We are not to suppose—it would be supreme egotism for an American to suppose—that the great mass of the English people should study American institutions and American policy and American history as they do their own; and when to that natural unknowingness by one nation of the affairs of another are added the unscrupulous and wonderfully active exertions of Southern emissaries here, who found men ready to be inoculated, and who compassed sea and land to make proselytes and then made them tenfold more the children of the devil than themselves [*applause*], when these men began to propagate one-sided facts, suppressing—and suppression has been as vast a lie in England as falsification [*hear, hear*]—perpetually presenting every rumor, every telegram and imperfect dispatch from the wrong point of view, *and forgetting to correct it when the rest came* [*hear, hear*], finding, I say, that through emissaries and easy converts, the South has

propagated an immense amount of false information throughout England,—we are to take this into account.

But, next, consider the antagonisms which there are supposed to be between the commercial interests of North America and of England. We are two great rivals. Rivalry, gentlemen, is simply in the nature of a pair of scissors or shears; you cannot cut with one blade, but if you are going to cut well you must have one rubbing against the other. [*Hear, hear, and laughter.*] One bookstore cannot do as much business in a town as two, because the rivalry creates demand. [*Hear, hear.*] Everywhere the great want of men is people to buy, and the end of all commerce should be to raise up people enough to take the supplies of commerce. [*Hear, hear.*] Now, where in any street you collect one, five, ten, twenty booksellers or dry goods dealers, you attract customers to that point; and so far from being adverse to each other's welfare, men clustering together in rivalry, in the long run and comprehensively considered, are beneficial to each other. There are many men who always reason from their lower faculties, and refuse to see any questions except selfishly, enviously, jealously. It is so on both sides the sea. [*Hear, hear.*] Such men will attempt always to foster rivalry and make it rancorous. They need to be rebuked by the honorable men of the commercial world on both sides of the ocean, and put in their right place—under foot. [*Applause.*] Against all mean jealousies, I say, there is to be a commerce yet on this globe, compared with which all we have ever had will be but as the size of the hand compared with the cloud that belts the hemisphere. [*Applause.*] There is to be a resurrection of nations; there is to be a civilization that shall bring up even that vast populous continent of Asia into new forms of life, with new demands. There is to be a time when liberty shall bless the nations of the earth and expand their minds in their own homes; when men shall want more and shall buy more. There is to be a supply required, that may tax every loom and every spindle and every ship that England has or shall have when they are multiplied fourfold. [*Applause.*] In-

stead therefore of wasting energy, peace, and manhood in miserable petty jealousies, trans-Atlantic or cis-Atlantic, the business of England, as of America, should be to strike those keynotes of liberty, to sound those deep chords of human rights, that shall raise the nations of the earth and make them better customers because they are broader men. [*Great cheering.*]

It has also been supposed that American ideas reacting will have a powerful tendency to dissatisfy men with their form of government in Great Britain. This is the sincere conviction of many. Ladies and gentlemen, England is not perfect. England has not yet the best political instruments any more than we have; but of one thing you may be certain, that in a nation which is so conservative, which does not trust itself to the natural conservatism of self-governing men, but even fortifies itself with conservatism by the most potent institutions, and gives those institutions mainly into the hands of a conservative class, ordained to hold back the impetuosity of the people—do you think that any political change can ever take place in England until it has gone through such a controversy, such a living fight, as shall have proved it worthy to be received? And will any man tell me that, when a principle or a truth has been proved worthy, England will refuse to receive it, to give it house-room, and to make any changes that may be required for it? [*Hear, hear.*] If voting *viva voce* is best, fifty years hence you will be found voting in that manner. If voting by the ballot is best, fifty years hence you will have here what we have in America, the silent fall of those flakes of paper which come as snow comes, soundless, but which gather, as snow gathers on the tops of the mountains, to roll with the thunder of the avalanche, and crush all beneath it. [*Loud applause.*] But it is supposed that it may extend still further. It is supposed that the spectacle of a great nation that governs itself so cheaply will react in favor of those men in Europe who demand that monarchical government shall be conducted cheaply. [*Hear, hear.*] For men say, Look at the civil list—look at the millions of pounds sterling required

to conduct our Government, and see thirty millions of men governed on that vast continent at not one-tenth part of the expense. [*Hear, hear.*] Well, I must say that if this report comes across the sea, and is true, and these facts do excite such thoughts, I do not see how it can be helped. [*Hear, hear, and laughter.*] I do not say that our American example will react to the essential reconstruction of any principles in your edifice. I have not in my own mind the belief that it will do more than re-adapt your economy to a greater facility and to more beneficence in its application; but that it will ever take the crown from the king's head, or change the organization of your aristocracy, I have not a thought. [*Cheers.*] It is no matter what my own private opinion on the subject is. Did I live or had I been born and bred in England, I have no question that I should feel just as you feel, for this I will say: that in no other land that I know of under the sun are a monarchy and an aristocracy holding power under it, standing around as the bulwark of the throne—in not another land are there so many popular benefits accruing under the Government; and if you must have an aristocracy, where in any other land can you point out so many men noble politically, but more noble by disposition, by culture, by manliness, and true Christian piety? [*Loud and reiterated cheering.*] I say this neither as the advocate nor as the adversary of this particular form of government, but I say it simply because there is a latent feeling that American ideas are in natural antagonism with aristocracy. They are not. American ideas are merely these—that the end of government is the benefit of the governed. [*Hear, hear, and cheers.*] If that idea is inconsistent with your form of government, how can that form expect to stand? And if it only requires some slight re-adjustment from generation to generation, and if that idea is consistent with monarchy and aristocracy, why should you fear any change? [*Cheers.*] I believe that monarchy and aristocracy, as they are practically developed in England, are abundantly consistent with the great doctrine that government is for the benefit of the governed. [*Hear, hear.*]

There has also been a feeling that the free church of America, while it might perhaps do in a rough-and-tumble enterprise in the wilderness, is not the proper form of church for Great Britain. Well, you are the judges, gentlemen, about that, not we; and if it is not the proper form for Great Britain, you need not fear that Great Britain will take it. If it is, then it is only a question of time; you will have to take it. [*Cheers.*] For I hold, sturdy as you are, strong as your will is, persistent as you may be for whatever seems to you to be truth, you will have, first or last, to submit to God's truth. [*Applause.*]

When I look into the interior of English thoughts, and feelings, and society, and see how in the first stage of our conflict with your old anti-slavery sympathies you went for the North; how there came a second stage, when you began to fear lest this American struggle should react upon your own parties; I think I see my way to the third stage, in which you will say, "This American struggle will not affect our interior interests and economy more than we choose to allow; and our duty is to follow our own real original opinions and manly sentiments. [*Cheers.*] I know of but one or two things that are necessary to expedite this final judgment of England, and that is, one or two conclusive Federal victories. [*Applause.*] If I am not greatly mistaken, the convictions and opinions of England are like iron wedges; but success is the sledge hammer which drives in the wedge and splits the log. [*Hear, hear, and cheers.*] Nowhere in the world are people so apt to succeed in what they put their hand to as in England, and therefore nowhere in the world more than in England is success honored; and the crowning thing for the North, in order to complete that returning sympathy and cordial good will is to obtain a thorough victory over the South. [*Cheers.*] There is nothing in the way of that but—the thing itself. [*Laughter and cheers.*]

Allow me to say, therefore, just at this point and in that regard, that, whilst looking at it commercially, and whilst looking at it sentimentally, the prolongation of this war seems mischievous, it is more in seeming than reality, for

the North is itself being educated by this war. The North was like men sent to sea on a ship that was but half built as yet; just enough built to keep the water out of the hull: but they had both to sail on their voyage and to build up the ship as they went. We were precipitated into this war at a civil crisis in which there were all manner of complications at all stages of progress in the right direction, and the process of education has had to go on in battle-fields, in the drill-camps, and at home amongst the people, while they were discussing, and taxing their energies for the maintenance of the war. And there never was so good a schoolmaster as war has been in America. Terrible was the light of his eye, fearful the stroke of his hand; but he is turning out as good a set of pupils as ever came from any school in this world. Now every single month from this time forward that this struggle is delayed unitizes the North—brings the North on to that ground which so many have struggled to avoid: "Union and peace require the utter destruction of slavery." [*Loud cheering.*] There is an old proverb, "There's luck in leisure." Let me transmute the proverb, and say, "There is emancipation in delay." [*Loud cheers.*] And every humane heart, yea, every commercial man that takes any comprehensive and long-sighted instead of a narrow view of the question—will say, "Let the war thus linger until it has burnt slavery to the very root." [*Renewed cheers.*]

While it is, however, a great evil and a terrible one,—I will not disguise it,—for war is dreadful to every Christian heart,—yet, blessed be God, we are not called to an unmixed evil. There are many collateral advantages. While war is as great, or even a greater evil than many of you have been taught to think, it is wrong to suppose that it is evil only, and that God cannot, even by such servants as war, work out a great moral result. The spirit of patriotism diffused throughout the North has been almost like the resurrection of manhood. [*Cheers.*] You never can understand what emasculation has been caused by the indirect influence of slavery. [*Hear, hear.*] I have mourned all my mature life to see men growing up who were

obliged to suppress all true conviction and sentiment, because it was necessary to compromise between the great antagonisms of North and South. There were the few pronounced anti-slavery men of the North, and the few pronounced slavery men of the South, and the Union lovers (as they were called during the latter period) attempting to hold the two together, not by a mild and consistent adherence to truth plainly spoken, but by suppressing truth and conviction, and saying, "Everything for the Union." Now during that period I took this ground, that if "Union" meant nothing but this—a resignation of the national power to be made a tool for the maintenance of slavery—Union was a lie and a degradation. [*Great cheering.*] All over New England, and all over the State of New York, and through Pennsylvania, to the very banks of the Ohio, in the presence of hisses and execrations, I held this doctrine from 1850 to 1860—namely, "Union is good if it is Union for justice and liberty; but if it is Union for slavery, then it is thrice accursed." [*Loud cheering.*] For they were attempting to lasso anti-slavery men by this word "Union," and to draw them over to pro-slavery sympathies and the party of the South, by saying, "Slavery may be wrong and all that, but we must not give up the Union," and it became necessary for the friends of liberty to say, "Union for the sake of liberty, not Union for the sake of slavery." [*Cheers.*] Now we have passed out of that period, and it is astonishing to see how men have come to their tongues in the North [*hear, hear, and laughter*]—and how men of the highest accomplishments now say they do not believe in slavery. If Mr. Everett could have pronounced in 1850 the oration which he pronounced in 1860, then might miracles have flourished again. [*Hear, hear.*] Not until the sirocco came, not until that great convulsion that threw men as with a backward movement of the arm of Omnipotence from the clutches of the South and from her sorcerer's breath—not until then was it, that with their hundreds and thousands the men of the North stood on their feet and were men again. [*Great cheering.*] More than warehouses, more than ships, more

than all harvests and every material form of wealth is the treasure of a nation in the *manhood of her men.* [*Great applause.*] We could have afforded to have had our stores of wheat burnt—there is wheat to plant again. We could have afforded to have had our farms burnt—our farms can spring again from beneath the ashes. If we had sunk our ships—there is timber to build new ones. Had we burnt every house—there is stone and brick left for skill again to construct them. Perish every material element of wealth, but give me the citizen intact: give me the man that fears God and therefore loves men, and the destruction of the mere outside fabric is nothing—nothing; [*cheers*]—but give me apartments of gold, and build me palaces along the streets as thick as the shops of London; give me rich harvests and ships and all the elements of wealth, yet corrupt the citizen, and I am poor. [*Immense cheering, during which the audience rose and enthusiastically reiterated the applause.*]

I will not insist upon the other elements. I will not dwell upon the moral power stored in the names of those young heroes that have fallen in this struggle. I cannot think of it but my eyes run over. They were dear to me, many of them, as if they had carried in their veins my own blood. How many families do I know, in which once was the voice of gladness, where now father and mother sit childless! How many heirs of wealth, how many noble scions of old families, well cultured, the heirs to every apparent prosperity in time to come, flung themselves into their country's cause, and died bravely fighting for it. [*Cheers.*] And every such name has become a name of power, and whoever hears it hereafter shall feel a thrill in his heart—self-devotion, heroic patriotism, love of his kind, love of liberty, love of God! [*Renewed applause.*]

I cannot stop to speak of these things; I will turn myself from the past of England and of America to the future. It is not a cunningly devised trick of oratory that has led me to pray to God and his people that the future of England and America shall be an undivided future, and a cordially united one. [*Hear, and cheers.*] I know my friend

Punch thinks I have been serving out "soothing syrup" to the British Lion. [*Laughter.*] Very properly the picture represents me as putting a spoon into the lion's *ear* instead of his *mouth;* and I don't wonder that the great brute turns away so sternly from that plan of feeding. [*Laughter.*] If it be an offense to have sought to enter your mind by your nobler sentiments and nobler faculties, then I am guilty. [*Hear, hear, and cheers.*] I *have* sought to appeal to your reason and to your moral convictions. I have, of course, sought to come in on that side in which you were most good-natured. I knew it, and so did you, and I knew that you knew it; and I think that any man with common sense would have attempted the same thing. I have sacrificed nothing, however, for the sake of your favor [*cheers*]—and if you have permitted me to have any influence with you, it was because I stood apparently a man of strong convictions, but with generous impulses as well. It was because you believed that I was honest in my belief, and because I was kind in my feelings towards you. [*Applause.*] And when I go back home I shall be just as faithful with our "young folks" as I have been with the "old folks" in England [*hear, hear, and cheers*]—I shall tell them the same things that I have said to their ancestors on this side. I shall plead for union, for confidence. [*Cheers.*] For the sake of civilization; for the sake of those glories of the Christian Church on earth which are dearer to me than all that I know; for the sake of Him whose blood I bear about, a perpetual cleansing, a perpetual wine of strength and stimulation; for the sake of time and for the glories of eternity, I shall plead that mother and daughter—England and America—be found one in heart and one in purpose, following the bright banner of salvation, as streaming abroad in the light of the morning, it goes round and round the earth, carrying the prophecy and the fulfillment together, that "The earth shall be the Lord's, and that his glory shall fill it as the waters fill the sea." [*Loud and prolonged cheering.*]

And now my hours are moments, but I linger because it is pleasant. You have made yourselves so kind to me that

my heart clings to you. I leave not strangers any longer —I leave friends behind. [*Loud cheers.*] I shall probably never, at my time of life—I am now fifty years of age, and at that time men seldom make great changes—I shall probably see England no more; but I shall never cease to see her. I shall never speak any more here, but I shall never cease to be heard in England as long as I live. [*Cheers.*] Three thousand miles is not as wide now as your hand. The air is one great sounding gallery. What you whisper in your closet, is heard in the infinite depths of heaven. God has given to the moral power of his church something like his own power. What you do in your pulpits in England, we hear in America; and what we do in our pulpits, you hear and feel here; and so it shall be more and more. Across the sea, that is, as it were, but a rivulet, we shall stretch out hands of greeting to you, and speak words of peace and fraternal love. Let us not fail to hear "Amen" and your responsive greeting, whenever we call to you in fraternal love for liberty—for religion—for the Church of God. Farewell!

MR. BEECHER'S OWN ACCOUNT OF THE SPEECHES IN ENGLAND.

[Without giving here the whole of the narrative (a short-hand report of an account given to friends), the story being sufficiently told elsewhere, we reproduce only Mr. Beecher's reason for speaking at all in England (which he had resolved not to do) and his account of the speeches themselves.

One point to be noticed is the inadequacy of such interpolated phrases as "[*Interruption*]" in, for instance, the report of the Manchester speech, to represent the uproar and confusion which Mr. Beecher describes as having reigned at that place—until he subdued it. And from that point may be imagined something of the mild impossibility of type to express the foaming madness of his Liverpool audience.

He had been through England to the Continent, and now had returned.—ED.]

I CAME over to England again and was met in London by the same gentlemen who had urged me to make addresses. I said, "No; I am going home in September. I don't want to have anything to do with England." But their statement made my resolution give way and changed my programme entirely. It was this: "Mr. Beecher, we have been counted as the off-scouring, because we have taken up the part of the North. We have sacrificed ourselves in your behalf, and now if you go home and show us no favor or help, they will overwhelm us. They will say, 'Even your friends in America despise you,' and we shall be nowhere, and we think it is rather a hard return. Besides," said they, "there is a movement on foot that is going to be very disastrous, if it is not headed off." To my amazement I found that the unvoting English possessed great power in England; a great deal more power, in fact, than if they had had a vote. The aristocracy and

the government felt: "These men know that they have no political privileges, and we must administer with the strictest regard to their feelings or there will be a revolution." And they were all the time under the influence of that feeling. Parliament would at any time for three years have voted for the South against the North, if it had not been for the fear of these common people who did not vote. A plan, therefore, was laid to hold great public meetings during all that autumn and early winter among the laboring masses, to change their feeling, and if that atmospheric change could be brought about, Parliament would very soon have done what it was afraid to do but wanted to do all the time—declare for the Southern Confederacy. The committee said, "If you can lecture for us you will head off this whole movement."

Those considerations were such that I finally yielded. I consented at first to speak at Manchester; and very soon it was arranged that I was to speak at Liverpool also, and out of that grew an arrangement for Glasgow and Edinburgh, and then for London. There was a plan for Birmingham that failed.

Dr. John Raymond could not stay and went home, and I was left alone; I think I never was so lonesome and never suffered so much as I did for the week that I was in London before my tour began. I had been making the tour of Scotland, and came down to Manchester just one or two days in advance of the appointment. The two men that met me were Mr. John H. Estcourt and young Watts; his father was Sir Something Watts, and had the largest business house in Central England. He was a young man just recently married, and Estcourt was the very *beau ideal* of a sturdy Englishman, with very few words, but plucky enough for a backer against the whole world. They met me at the station, and I saw that there was something on their minds. Before I had walked with them twenty steps, Watts, I think it was, said, "Of course you see there is a great deal of excitement here." The streets were all placarded in blood-red letters,* and my friends were very

* See pages at the end of this Account.

silent and seemed to be looking at me to see if I would flinch. I always feel happy when I hear of a storm, and I looked at them and said, "Well, are you going to back down?" "No," said they, "we didn't know how you would feel." "Well," said I, "you'll find out how I am going to feel. I'm going to be heard; and if not now I'm going to be by and by. I won't leave England until I have been heard!" You never saw two fellows' faces clear off so. They looked happy.

I went to my hotel, and when the day came on which I was to make my first speech, I struck out the notes of my speech in the morning; and then came up a kind of horror—"I don't know whether I can do anything with an English audience—I have never had any experience with an English audience. My American ways, which are all well enough with Americans, may utterly fail here, and a failure in the cause of my country now and here is horrible beyond conception to me!" I think I never went through such a struggle of darkness and suffering in all my life as I did that afternoon. It was about the going down of the sun that God brought me to that state in which I said, "Thy will be done. I am willing to be annihilated; I am willing to fail if the Lord wants me to." I gave it all up into the hands of God, and rose up in a state of peace and of serenity simply unspeakable, and when the coach came to take me down to Manchester Hall I felt no disturbance nor dreamed of anything but success.

We reached the hall. The crowd was already beginning to be tumultuous, and I recollect thinking to myself as I stood there looking at them, "I will control you! I came here for victory, and I will have it, by the help of God!" Well, I was introduced, and I must confess that the things that I had done and suffered in my own country, according to what the chairman who introduced me said, amazed me. The speaker was very English on the subject, and I learned that I belonged to an heroic band, and all that sort of thing, with abolitionism mixed in, and so on. By the way, I think it was there that I was introduced as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher Stowe. But as soon as I began to

speak the great audience began to show its teeth, and I had not gone on fifteen minutes before an unparalleled scene of confusion and interruption occurred. No American that has not seen an English mob can form any conception of one. I have seen all sorts of camp-meetings and experienced all kinds of public speaking on the stump; I have seen the most disturbed meetings in New York City, and they were all of them as twilight to midnight compared with an English hostile audience. For in England the meeting does not belong to the parties that call it, but to whoever chooses to go, and if they can take it out of your hands it is considered fair play. This meeting had a very large multitude of men in it who came there for the purpose of destroying the meeting and carrying it the other way when it came to a vote.

I took the measure of the audience and said to myself, "About one-fourth of this audience are opposed to me, and about one-fourth will be rather in sympathy, and my business now is not to appeal to that portion that is opposed to me nor to those that are already on my side, but to bring over the middle section." How to do this was a problem. The question was, who could hold out longest. There were five or six storm-centers, boiling and whirling at the same time: here some one pounding on a group with his umbrella and shouting, "Sit down there;" over yonder a row between two or three combatants; somewhere else a group all yelling together at the top of their voice. It was like talking to a storm at sea. But there were the newspaper reporters just in front, and I said to them, "Now, gentlemen, be kind enough to take down what I say. It will be in sections, but I will have it connected by and by." I threw my notes away, and entered on a discussion of the value of freedom as opposed to slavery in the manufacturing interest, arguing that freedom everywhere increases a man's necessities, and what he needs he buys, and that it was, therefore, to the interest of the manufacturing community to stand by the side of labor through the country. I never was more self-possessed and never in more perfect good temper, and I never was more deter-

mined that my hearers should feel the curb before I got through with them. The uproar would come in on this side and on that, and they would put insulting questions and make all sorts of calls to me, and I would wait until the noise had subsided, and then get in about five minutes of talk. The reporters would get that down and then up would come another noise. Occasionally I would see things that amused me and would laugh outright, and the crowd would stop to see what I was laughing at. Then I would sail in again with a sentence or two. A good many times the crowd threw up questions which I caught at and answered back. I may as well put in here one thing that amused me hugely. There were baize doors that opened both ways into side-alleys, and there was a huge, burly Englishman standing right in front of one of those doors and roaring like a bull of Bashan; one of the policemen swung his elbow around and hit him in the belly and knocked him through the doorway, so that the last part of the bawl was outside in the alley-way; it struck me so ludicrously to think how the fellow must have looked when he found himself "hollering" outside that I could not refrain from laughing outright. The audience immediately stopped its uproars, wondering what I was laughing at, and that gave me another chance and I caught it. So we kept on for about an hour and a half before they got so far calmed down that I could go on peaceably with my speech. They liked the pluck. Englishmen like a man that can stand on his feet and give and take; and so for the last hour I had pretty clear sailing. The next morning every great paper in England had the whole speech. I think it was the design of the men there to break me down on that first speech, by fair means or foul, feeling that if they could do that it would be trumpeted all over the land. I said to them then and there, "Gentlemen, you may break me down now, but I have registered a vow that I will never return home until I have been heard in every county and principal town in the Kingdom of Great Britain. I am not going to be broken down nor put down. I am going to be heard, and my country

shall be vindicated." Nobody knows better than I did what it is to feel that every interest that touches the heart of a Christian man and a patriotic man and a lover of liberty is being assailed wantonly, to stand between one nation and your own and to feel that you are in a situation in which your country rises or falls with you. And God was behind it all; I felt it and I knew it, and when I got through and the vote was called off you would have thought it was a tropical thunder-storm that swept through that hall as the ayes were thundered, while the noes were an insignificant and contemptible minority. It had all gone on our side, and such enthusiasm I never saw. I think it was there that when I started to go down into the rooms below to get an exit, a big, burly Englishman in the gallery wanted to shake hands with me, and I could not reach him, and he called out, "Shake my umbrella!" and he reached it over; I shook it, and as I did so he shouted, "By Jock! Nobody shall touch *that* umbrella again!"

I went next to Glasgow. Glasgow was the headquarters of a ship-building interest that was running our blockade. I gave liberty for questions everywhere, promising to answer any question that should be written and sent up, provided it was a proper one. They were to go into the hands of the presiding officer of the meeting, who would hand them to me and I would answer them. In Glasgow I discussed the question of the relation of slavery to workingmen the world over, carrying along with it the history of slavery in this country. The interruption at that meeting was very bad, but not at all equal to the tumult in Manchester; but after they were once stilled you would have thought we were in a revival. I demonstrated the unity of labor the world around, and discussed the relations of the laboring man to government and to the aristocratic classes, showing the power of wealth, and how slavery had made labor disreputable, and how it was their bounden duty to make labor honorable everywhere, and how it was a disgrace to them to be building ships to put down the laborers of America, and to cast shame and contempt on themselves

and on every man on earth that earned his living by the sweat of his brow. I told them they were driving nails into their own coffins. My interruptions lasted about an hour there, and the rest of the time was fair weather and smooth sailing. The questions that were put to me there were the shrewdest of all that I encountered in England. They included constitutional questions as well as others. There was one question that was very significant and revealed the difficulties that honest men felt there.

Q. "You say this war is a war in the interest of liberty?" A. "Yes." Q. "How, then, is it that your President, in writing to Mr. Greeley, says that if slavery permitted will maintain the Union, slavery will continue, and if the destruction of slavery is necessary to the maintenance of the Union, then it shall be destroyed; the Union is what we want?" It threw me upon the necessity of proving the honor of the North, and showing its ethical difficulty in maintaining its Federal obligations under the Constitution to all the States of the Union, not trespassing upon their guaranteed rights and prerogatives, and our moral relation to freedom and to the workingmen of all the world.

From there I went to Edinburgh, where I discussed the effect upon literature and learning and institutions of learning and general intelligence of the presence of slavery, on the basis again of the history of slavery in America, and the existing state of things. I thought I had seen a crowd before I went there, but when I went through the lower hall and tried to get into the assembly-room the people were wedged in there so tight that you might just as well try to find a passage through the wall, and I was finally hoisted over their heads and passed on by friendly hands and up to the gallery, and down over the front of the gallery on to the platform, in order to get to the position where I was to speak. There I had less commotion than anywhere else. There was a different audience there; there was an educated and moral element in it.

I went from there to Liverpool. If I supposed I had had a stormy time, I found out my mistake when I got there. Liverpool was worse than all the rest put together. My life

was threatened, and I had had communications to the effect that I had better not venture there. The streets were placarded with the most scurrilous and abusive cards, and I brought home some of them and they are in the Brooklyn Historical Society now. It so happened, I believe, that the Congregational Association of England and Wales was in session there, and pretty much all of the members were present on the platform. I suppose there were five hundred people on the platform behind me. There were men in the galleries and boxes who came armed, and some bold men on our side went up into those boxes and drew their knives and pistols and said to these young bloods, "The first man that fires here will rue it." I heard a good many narratives of that kind afterward, though I knew nothing of it at the time. But of all confusions and turmoils and whirls I never saw the like. I got control of the meeting in about an hour and a half, and then I had a clear road the rest of the way. We carried the meeting, but it required a three hours' use of my voice at its utmost strength. I sometimes felt like a shipmaster attempting to preach on board of a ship through a speaking trumpet with a tornado on the sea and a mutiny among the men. By this time my voice was pretty much all used up, and I had yet got to go to Exeter Hall in London.

I went down to London, and by this time all London and all the clubs had seen my speeches, four of which had been fully reported. It is said that a man who has made the conversation of a club over night and had a report of one speech in the London *Times* is famous. I had had four speeches, occupying three or five columns each, reported, and had been incessantly talked about in the clubs. So I was famous. When I first went to London I stopped at the "Golden Cross," and they put me in a little back room right under the rafters. When I came back from the Continent there had been considerable said, and they received me much more politely at the "Golden Cross," and put me in a third-story front room. On the third visit I was received by the landlord and his servants in white aprons, and was bowed in and put in the second story, and had a

front parlor and bedroom and everything beautiful. As the cards came in and gentlemen of distinction called, I grew in the eyes of the servants every moment. "But Naaman was a leper, though he stood the highest in his master's favor." I had had a successful career under difficulties, but had talked and strained my voice so much, that when I went to bed the night before the day I was to speak, I could not be heard aloud, and here I had come to London to close my course by speaking on the moral aspect of the question, and appealing to the religious feeling of the English people. It was the climax—and my voice was gone! I said, "Lord, Thou knowest this. Let it be as Thou wilt." The next morning I woke up in bed, and as soon as I came to myself fairly, and thought about my voice, I didn't dare to speak for fear I should find I could not; but by and by I sort of spoke, and then I would not say another word for fear I should lose it. Otherwise I was well and strong; but the huskiness of my voice was such that when I did speak there was no elasticity. There seemed to be one little rift that I spoke through, and if I went above or below it I broke. Then came to me Dr. Waddington and Brother Tompkins, most excellent and devout men they were, and very faithful to our cause. They called on me, and seeing that I was in bonds they cheered me and said, "No matter, you have done your work. What you have already done is sufficient, so it is no matter, if you only make your appearance and bow." They prayed with me and it lifted me right out of my despondency.

So I plucked up courage and went to the hall that evening, and the streets of London were crowded. I could not get near the hall except by the aid of a policeman. And when I got around to the back door, I felt a woman throw her arms around me—I saw they were the arms of a woman, and that she had me in her arms—and when I went through the door she got through, too, and on turning around I found it was one of the members of my church. She had married and gone to London, and she was determined to hear that speech, and so took this way to accom-

plish an apparently impossible task. She grasped and held me until I had got her in. I suppose that is the way a great many sinners get into heaven finally. Well, I had less trouble and less tumult in London than anywhere else. The battle had been fought, and my address there was a good deal more of a religious address than anywhere else, though I discussed in all these places very thoroughly the whole subject of slavery. But the way was broken and the storm had passed away, and the cause was triumphant. That which I had had in mind was effected. The idea of now raising lecturers, under Spence & Co., to go through England and turn the common people away from the North and toward the South was now abandoned. The enthusiasm of the whole country ran strongly in the other direction. And here let me say that everywhere the weavers, the laborers, that were by the famine of cotton thrown out of employment and into the greatest distress, were staunch and true to the right instincts of the laboring man. They never flinched, and our cause was successful in England by reason of the fidelity of the great, working, common people of England.

Then came a series of breakfasts. They were all given by friendly men, and by men who were really in earnest to know all about the facts of the case. I had to discuss the questions of taxation, the issue of such an enormous quantity of greenbacks, and the ability and the willingness of our people to pay; and I had to go into finance a good deal, and what little knowledge I had came wonderfully handy. When you stand up at a breakfast-table and are questioned by shrewd men who do understand these things, the intellectual ordeal is much severer than the physical exhaustion in the night speeches. There were five of these breakfasts in all; by the time I was through I was very glad of it. It was now coming on toward November. They wanted to publish the speeches I had made, and I went down to Liverpool to Charley Duncan's house, and the proof sheets were sent to me there, and I worked on them to get them ready until about the middle of November, I think, and then I took ship for home.

Now, as there was no telegraph under the sea, and there had been no time for me to hear anything about my speeches, and as I never had been treated with very great luxury at home in the debates on slavery and the war, but had been set upon in the public press, I hadn't the slightest idea what the result of my labors in England would be. I had the consciousness that I had not reserved one single faculty nor one single particle of strength there. I had worked for my country, God himself being witness, with the concentrated essence of my very being. I expected to die. I did not believe I should get through it. I thought at times I should certainly break a blood-vessel or have apoplexy. I did not care. I was as willing to die as ever I was when hungry or thirsty to take refreshment, if I might die for my country. Nobody knows what his country is until he is an exile from it and sees it in peril and obloquy. I was sick all the way home. My passage was seventeen days from Liverpool to New York. It was fifteen days to Halifax, and during that time I was never off my back after leaving Queenstown until we entered the Halifax Bay. It was then nine or ten o'clock at night, and I was up on deck as soon as we got into smooth water, and was walking the deck when a man met me and said, "Is this Mr. Beecher?" I started and said, "Yes." Said he, "I have a telegram from your wife." It seemed like a vision—that I had got where a telegram would reach me. I had touched American shores! You cannot imagine the ecstasy of the feeling. The telegram of my wife simply announced that she would come to meet me at New York. The ship in which I came over was the *Asia*. She was loaded down to her gunwales with warlike stores and contraband goods that were to go to Bermuda, and was full of the bitterest of Southern men and partisans. It made no difference to me, because I was on my back in my cabin and cared nothing about it.

From there to Boston was a pleasant trip—the only two days I was ever on the sea when I was not sea-sick. We were off Boston Harbor about seven in the evening, but the tide was not right, and we did not get in till about

twelve o'clock. We reached our landing, but could not get into our slip until the next morning. I was on deck. I could not sleep. I saw the lights all over Boston, and there came again at midnight a man who turned out to be a Custom House officer. After watching me he said, "Is this Mr. Beecher?" "Yes." "Well, we are very glad to see you home safely. Some of your friends in Boston wrote down to us telling us what we were to do; as if we didn't know how to treat a gentleman decently! It is a pity she has come in Saturday night. To-morrow is Sunday." "Why?" said I. "Because, if you had come in on a week day we were ready to give you a reception that would make things hum." That was the first I had heard —I did not know whether the papers were down on me or not. I felt ashamed to ask him further; but I said I had not heard anything from home, and was not aware how the news of my labors abroad had been received by my countrymen. "Well," said he, "you'll find out." So with that assurance he chalked my baggage and got me on shore. I got into a hack and drove to the Parker House about four o'clock Sunday morning. I asked the clerk if I could have a room. "No," said he, "we are full." "I suppose I can have a bed in one of the parlors, can't I?" said I. "No," said he, "all the parlors are full." "Can't I bunk on the floor anywhere?" "No," again, "all full." He asked me my name, and when I told him he said, "Why, there's a room here for *you*." Said I, "I think not, I just came from England." "There is," said he. "All right," said I, "let me have a lamp. I won't dispute you. If any one gets in after I do I shall think he is a smart fellow." I found out that the passengers' names were telegraphed from Halifax to Boston to Mr. Parker, who is a friend of mine, and he had said, "Mr. Beecher will be around in about so many days and will want a room," and he had set it apart for me. About eight o'clock in the morning, *Bang!* came on my door. I said, "What do you want?" It was a committee who had come to see if I would lecture before a social club. I got rid of them, and arrived home at last safe and sound.

SOME OF THE POSTERS FROM THE WALLS OF ENGLISH CITIES, 1863.

LIVERPOOL POSTER; size, 20x30 inches.

REV.

H. W. BEECHER

AT

THE PHILHARMONIC HALL.

THE TRENT AFFAIR.

[Rev. H. W. BEECHER in the *New York Independent*.]

"Should the President quietly yield to the present necessity (viz.: the delivering up of Messrs. Mason and Slidell) as the lesser of two evils and bide our time with England, there will be a sense of wrong, of national humiliation so profound, and a horror of the unfeeling selfishness of the English Government, in the great emergency of our affairs, such as will inevitably by and by break out in flames, and will only be extinguished by a deluge of blood! We are not living the whole of our life to-day. There is a future to the United States in which the nation will right any injustice of the present hour."

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at a meeting held in New York at a time when the Confederate Envoys, Messrs. Slidell and Mason, had been surrendered by President Lincoln to the English Government, from whose vessel (the Royal Mail Steamer *Trent*) they were taken, said—

"That the best blood of England must flow for the outrage England had perpetrated on America."

THIS IS THE MAN

WHO PROPOSES TO ADDRESS THE PEOPLE OF LIVERPOOL

AT THE PHILHARMONIC HALL,

ON FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16th.

Let Englishmen see that he gets

THE WELCOME HE DESERVES.

LIVERPOOL POSTER; size, 20x30 inches.

TO THE

INDEPENDENT AND INDUSTRIAL CLASSES

OF LIVERPOOL.

An individual of the name of Henry Ward Beecher, who, when at home, Brooklyn, New York, is called a Baptist minister, has come over to this country as a political emissary from Abraham Lincoln to stir up strife and ill-will among you, and for that purpose will hold a meeting at the Philharmonic Hall, Hope Street, this evening. This same Henry Ward Beecher it was who recommended London to be sacked and this town destroyed, and this godly man, bear in mind, is a preacher of the Gospel and good-will towards all men. As there will be an amendment proposed at the meeting, you must attend and show by your hearts and hands that the industrious classes in this town are opposed to the bloody War which Abraham Lincoln is now waging against his brother in the South, and the dastardly means he is resorting to in employing such tools as Henry Ward Beecher, a minister of the Gospel.

FRIDAY, 16th October, 1863.

SOME OF THE POSTERS FROM THE WALLS OF ENGLISH CITIES, 1863.

MANCHESTER POSTER; size, 20x29 inches.

THE

WAR CHRISTIANS!

THEIR DOCTRINES.

At a Jubilee Demonstration in New York, in January last,

REV. JOHN J. RAYMOND,

The appointed Chaplain of the meeting, in his opening prayer, said: "We thank thee, O God, that thou hast seen fit to raise up one, ABRAHAM, surnamed Lincoln. . . . He is a man whom GOD SHOULD bless, and the people delight to honor."

UNITED STATES SENATOR LANE,

In his Address to the Great Union Meeting at Washington, said: "I would like to live long enough to see every white man now in SouthCarolina in Hell."

REV. H. WARD BEECHER,

In his Address in Glasgow, last Monday, said: "They (alluding to the NORTH) rose like ONE MAN, and with a voice that reverberated throughout the whole world, cried—LET IT (alluding to the South), with all its attendant horrors, GO TO HELL."

FROM THE *Manchester Guardian's* CORRESPONDENCE:

Is this the same Reverend Mr. Beecher, who, at a meeting in America, during the discussion of the "*Trent* Affair," said: "That the best blood of England must flow as atonement for the outrage England committed on America"?

MANCHESTER POSTER; size, 25x38 inches.

WHO IS

HY. WARD BEECHER?

He is the man who said the best blood of England must be shed to atone for the *Trent* affair.

He is the man who advocates a War of Extermination with the South,—says it is incapable of "re-generation," but proposes to re-people it from the North by "generation."—See "Times."

He is the friend of that inhuman monster, General BUTLER. He is the friend of that so-called Gospel Preacher, CHEEVER, who said in one of his sermons—"Fight against the South till *Hell* Freezes, and then continue the battle on the ice."

He is the friend and supporter of a most debased Female, who uttered at a public meeting in America the most indecent and cruel language that ever polluted female lips.—See "Times."

MEN OF MANCHESTER, ENGLISHMEN!

What reception can you give this wretch, save unmitigated disgust and contempt? His impudence in coming here is only equaled by his cruelty and impiety. Should he, however, venture to appear, it behooves all right-minded men to render as futile as the first this second attempt to get up a public demonstration in favor of the North, which is now waging War against the South with a vindictive and revengeful cruelty unparalleled in the history of any Christian land.

Cave & Senn, Printers by Steam Power, Palatine Building, Manchester.

RECEPTION IN BROOKLYN.

Mr. Beecher was formally welcomed home from his English trip by his fellow citizens in Brooklyn on the evening of November 19, 1863, in the Academy of Music, which was crowded, though the admission fee (for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission) was one dollar.

At eight o'clock Mr. Beecher was escorted upon the stage by a large number of the well known men of the city, and was received with the warmest manifestations of applause.

Mr. A. A. Low introduced the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs as the presiding officer of the meeting, and that gentleman briefly but feelingly welcomed Mr. Beecher to his home. When he took his hand in behalf of the two thousand people who were gathered to greet him, the whole audience rose, and for several minutes made the house resound with their cheers and plaudits. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Beecher said :—

I WILL not attempt to disguise the deep feeling with which your generous kindness, expressed in the words of my brother, affect me. I am the more touched and more stirred by this sympathy than by all I have seen, and by all I have experienced in the whole of my travel abroad, and I speak the simple truth which has a witness in your hearts, that it is here in this city more than anywhere else that I desire to be so greeted, for, as when I was in England it was my pride to be an American, so when I am in America it is my pride to be a citizen of Brooklyn, and I accept your generous confidence and this affecting testimonial of it, in so far as it relates to me personally, with profound sensibility, and with deep gratitude. I thank you.

And yet I should be vain if I supposed that this was meant for me simply. I am myself the effect of American institutions; I am made by them; and if I have done any service to the public worthy of your regard, I owe to this

very American public and the institutions which enrich it, the power to do it any service; and I am glad that it is so, so deep are my feelings of patriotism, so profoundly am I impressed with the grandeur of this latest and ripest development of civil life. I am more than willing to be sunk myself, if my decadence and disappearance would add anything to the glory of my country; I would fain be the oil of the lamp, that gives its life that the light may be bright which consumes it. This is my feeling and it is your feeling, and I know I bear your sympathy with me in this simple and artless expression of my feelings. I am glad you asked me to be present to-night; and I am proud that, when I came back to America, having witnessed as I could in Europe for the truth of our cause, the first place to greet me was my own home, where I am best known. That is indeed a wreath which I shall wear, none the less because it is invisible.

I went abroad, as you know, as a private citizen. It was tauntingly asked me on my arrival in England why, in the very height and paroxysm of our national agony, did I abandon the field to go to Europe. I did not answer; but now I do answer. I foresaw that the autumn and winter would require labors even greater than any period previous; and while the excitements and the excessive labors of the two and a half or three years preceding had not destroyed my health nor undermined my constitution, yet certainly I was jaded, and I feared to go into the autumn and winter, which require the best powers of every man, without my full strength; and since I had nothing to do in the summer, which was the time for arms—not speech—I took that opportunity, upon the generous invitation of my own people, and went abroad to rest: and I am come back to labor more assiduously. And allow me to say, this generosity of my own people was a comfort to me everywhere, and in my pride—not because I disesteemed English kindness, not because I undervalued their hospitality, but because I cherished with gratitude and pride the home bounty —I refused to receive their hospitality or in the remotest degree compensation in any form. I said to them, My

own people sent me abroad, and it is their pleasure that I shall stand upon them for my support, and I will not take one penny from the hand of an Englishman. You will not misunderstand me—it was not because I disdained their kindness, but because I valued yours.

It was also said that I had come abroad, sent by our Government. That would have spoiled it all. I had no official character, and would not have had one. I went simply as a private citizen—merely and only as an American citizen; and when, unsought, and, indeed, against my feelings if not my judgment, I entered upon the labor of the last few weeks of my sojourn in England, I assumed the responsibility, I cannot say with trembling—for I am not accustomed much to tremble—but with the gravest sense of what it was. I have felt the inspiration of nationality often, but I never before was placed between two such great peoples, when I saw them both in perspective, both in their present relations and in their future, and I never before felt so much as I felt all the time, waking or dreaming, night or day, what it was to stand to plead for the unity of these two great Christian nations for the sake of struggling mankind; it was at once an incitement to me and a great support.

But, after all, I did not know how my countrymen would regard my efforts. If you had yourselves disapproved, I should have been sorry that you disapproved, but not sorry for what I had done. I did the best I knew how to do, every time, everywhere, disinterestedly, for the love I bore to the cause and to the principles that underlie it. But I had no word, and could not have, from home. Whether my representations of policy, and fact, and history, and of the tendency of things would accord with yours or not; whether I should be caught up in the whirl of conflict of party and my reasons traversed and my facts contradicted, I knew nothing about this until I landed in Boston, or rather, until I was in the harbor—not one whisper; and then I learned, for the first time, that my services had been accepted by my countrymen. And to-night I greet you, a citizen returned among his friends, profoundly thankful

that the labor and the service which I attempted for the public good has the seal of their approbation.

It is my purpose not to trespass further upon your time upon matters personal to myself—I know that you will not thank me even for what I have said. I desire now this evening to speak upon that which you have all come to hear, namely, my impressions and experience in respect to the condition of things in Great Britain as they relate to this struggle in this country.

Among the wise things said by that wisest of modern political writers, De Tocqueville, is this, that it is impossible to judge of the affairs of one country by applying to them the experiences and the rules of another one. There are many reasons why one would have presumed beforehand that it was easy for us to understand British feeling and British policy; there was a similarity of institutions, and a sameness of radical principles. But that very similarity, since it begets by different institutions and vehicles different policies, in the end is likely to deceive us, and we are liable to leap too quickly to conclusions, because upon the face things look like those to which we are accustomed at home. I myself have experienced that. If I had judged of the condition of England from the impressions produced upon me by my first four weeks' tarry there in the early summer, I should have judged very wrongly,—as measured by my present convictions. Nor do I feel myself adequate even now to analyze and state with confidence either the causes or the results of the English feeling. I am quite aware that I am imperfect in my views in many directions. Nor can I presume even to say that I present to you opinions. My nature gives intensity to my expressions; and yet I wish beforehand to ask you to consider that the statements I make are impressions—impressions liable to mistake, subject to corrections that may afterward be made in them. With these preliminary remarks, I will tell you what I saw and found.

You are aware that the original expectation of our people was almost universally that in Great Britain we should find a sympathizer ready and prepared. One thing we

counted sure, and that was, if all the other nations of the world stood aloof, there was one that would stand by us in the hour of our trial, and that was Great Britain. And the sharpness of our retaliatory complaints was stimulated by that very disappointment of an over-confident conviction. When I was asked in Great Britain why the American press so severely inveighed against England, and was almost silent in respect to France, I said to them, Because we, in our deepest hearts, care for England, and not much for France; because under anger, lower down than prejudice, when you strike the deeper feelings of Americans, no doubt they have an English origin, and they are proud of their history when it gets back further than the present generation. And it was this growing affection and sympathy in the best natures, and in the best part of the best natures—it was this that made the disappointment of public expectation so sharp and so hard to be borne when Great Britain failed our expectations and gave us no sympathy. We never asked for help. We never asked that nation to lend us anything or stretch out so much as the little finger of her right hand. We did ask, simply a generous confidence, a generous moral sympathy. That was all; but that we did not get, and we felt it sharply. The conduct of England, and the expression of their public feeling had the effect of throwing her moral weight against the North and for the South. So I told them. I carefully discriminated between the intention and the result. What men *intend* has much to do in judging of their moral character; but what men *do* does not always depend upon their intentions. When, therefore, the British people disclaimed sympathy with the South, or the disposition to go against their own principles as represented by the North, I said to them, "What your intentions are you can best judge; but what the effect of your attitude is, we upon the other side can best judge: and we know that the moral influence of Great Britain has substantially gone for more than two years to help the rebellion of the slavocracy of the South, and to hinder the progress of free institutions in the North. If there is rescue and relief, if there is redemption and

victory, Great Britain must stand aside, and it must be said, The nation that boasted of her free institutions and her sovereign sympathy with the welfare of the common people, has had no part or lot in this great work.

The denial of moral sympathy in Great Britain was accompanied by the most active exertions of certain parts of the British people in behalf of the South; so much so, that I think it will scarcely be doubted by any man that if the ship-yards, the foundries, the looms, and the shops of Great Britain, had refused their succor to rebellion, the rebellion would have died out in the nation long ago. And I said in private, what it did not seem altogether judicious to say in public then, that in some sense I might bring this war and lay it at the feet of the British people, and say, "Not that you intended it, but the course of conduct you pursued, legal or illegal, was such that but for you the rebellion would have perished almost in the beginning of it; no man but knows that." There was also the extraordinary spectacle in England of men who, from sheer hatred of war, by misjudgment and mistake, were left to foment it. With unfeigned horror of slavery, a large party of theirs were contributing directly in the interests of slavery. There never was a misposition more signal than that of the British public, as represented in their leading intelligent classes, in this conflict. There never was a case where a nation, by its upper classes, went so unquestionably in favor of an evil, at the same time that they occupied themselves in the intensest denunciation of that evil. They went against free society at the very time that they were proudly praising free society, and arrogating to themselves its highest honors.

Under such circumstances we were drifting, you recollect, right toward an international war. I told the British people that war was not our choice; and yet, terrible and cruel as it was, there was something in this struggle so dear to us, and so indispensable to national life, that rather than that there should be separation—rather than that there should be disruption and dismemberment—rather than that we should fail in this republic, and free govern-

ment should fail, we would stand war with Great Britain and France, or with Europe. It would have been difficult to say this without the appearance of threat; but that difficulty was solved for me by the iterated and reiterated charges brought against me of having been bellicose in my own country, and having threatened all manner of desolation to Great Britain; and my reply was this, that I felt part, and a full part in proportion, of that deep indignation which my own people felt against Great Britain; that I had never desired war, but abhorred it; that I thought the great principles of free, republican government to be so precious that we would not give them up, not even at the threat, or at the infliction of war, no matter who brought it upon us.

This, then, being the cruel disappointment which we experienced in our expectations of sympathy from Great Britain, you will ask me, What did you find to be the facts and the condition of things? I found, in the first place, upon going there, that every man that I met was a Southern man; not literally born in the South, but this is the division they have themselves made, and these are the terms applied. They are Southerners or Northerners, even more than we are here. I found that on the railways, on the boats, in the hotels, wherever there was a traveling public, there was a public that sympathized with the South and was adverse to the North. It was not an uncommon thing to hear gentlemen talk freely and kindly with me upon other matters, saying, as the news was discussed, "Bad news we have got by the last steamer." "What is the news?" I asked, a little troubled. "I understand Meade has driven Lee entirely out of Pennsylvania." "God send us much more bad news then!" said I. Coming from communities enthusiastic and almost homogeneous in their feelings upon this subject, at least, it was strange to my ear to hear well-dressed and well-bred men, of ordinary intelligence, congratulate themselves upon the disasters of the North, and rejoice in the successes of the South. But such was the case. Nor will there return to your city one young man that has been traveling who will

not bring back substantially this account, that wherever he went almost every man that he met, with scarcely an exception, was against the North and in favor of the South. You will well imagine the impression made under such circumstances. A man's first impression would be: There is no question about this matter; these old English people, this old British nation, are all against us; go where you will, up or down, you will find it all the same. That was the effect produced upon my mind.

Upon still further inquiry I was disappointed to find that those I supposed I should have a right to lean upon were not to be leaned upon—I mean the body of Dissenting Christians. That denomination to which I myself belong, the Congregationalist, known in England as Independents, I had supposed, since they were sending out their testimony for freedom, would have been arrayed almost invariably on the side of the people struggling to sustain their liberties. I had supposed I should find them right. I did not. I do not mean that there is not a very large part of that body that perhaps are right; for they will be included under a head which I shall mention by and by; but I am sorry to say that I did not find an influential and leading clergyman of that denomination, nor an influential and leading layman on our side. They said that they sympathized with liberty. Yes, they sympathized with liberty exactly as an icicle sympathizes with sunlight in summer; it chills you to go near it. And I said to them, We want no such frigid sympathy; we want nothing if it cannot come from more glowing, from more enthusiastic hearts, than this. It does us no good, and we don't want it.

I found also the most profound ignorance of our affairs and all the provisions of our institutions, and that, too, in quarters where I had a right to expect more intelligence. I found the most active and unscrupulous efforts made by Southern men to stir up animosity and war. And let me say, a bad cause was better served than a good one there, as to some extent it has been in our own land. I am sure that the South, for a bad cause, has more nearly put forth its entire strength here than we for a good cause. So

abroad; where we send one man to England to influence public opinion, they send a score. Where we print one book of information, they a library. Where we touch one spring, they a hundred. They seemed to pervade England, and they seemed, with the unerring instinct of selfishness and despotism, to know just where to undermine the generous and better feelings, just where to invite the cloud of ignorance, just where to touch a man so that principle should fall and profit take its place.

You will then imagine the surprise and skepticism with which I received the assurances of the friends who were on our side that the great heart of the British nation was on our side. I had found nobody except the confidential friends of emancipation, in whose society I was thrown,—almost nobody,—that spoke kindly of us, or that seemed to be in sympathy with us; and yet my ears rung with the assurance, day and night, "You are mistaken—mistaken: this great English people are sound at heart." And I said; "Where under heaven do the English people keep their hearts?" So that if I had spoken in my early visit to England in June, I could not have spoken as I now do or shall. Neither on my first return from the Continent in September, could I have understood and felt what I understand now. In some measure, I entirely believe that they were right, and that, after all, the great heart of the British nation is with us at the North. Let me take up then one part of society after another, and state what I understood to be the facts.

First, there is the great commercial class of England; those that are making money, and those that have made it. If you please, call them the Plutocracy—they are against us. Then, in the same general grade, there is a large class of men that are actively employed in supplying the South with all its necessities—except principle—and they are making, or suppose that they are making, large fortunes. We cannot doubt which side they take. The next is a very large class of men who, for precisely the opposite reason, somehow are opposed to the North and in favor of the South; namely, those that have been accustomed to make

money and find that the interrupting war has stopped their profits—the men that want to make money and don't. They are opposed to us. Between those two classes lies the great intermediate one, of men that are bewildered and perplexed, and they see that business is more or less affected—as it is—over the whole of Europe from its sympathetic relations with this continent; and they say, "Let this war end;" and as the offensive war is now from the Northern side they feel that whenever the North will stop aggressing upon the South, the war will stop: and so they are against us. And it may be laid down that while there are very noble exceptions here and there through England, men that stand out against their class and above it, yet, speaking comprehensively, the commercial classes are against the North and in favor of the South.

I have spoken of the religious people. It is very difficult for me to analyze the causes that have on the whole turned both the Establishment and the Dissenters against us, in respect of most of their influential men. The influential laymen, and most of the influential clergymen, I am informed, are as a body against us. The ground usually taken is, that the North is not sincere; and, secondly, that war is a great sin. Nowhere else in the world is there so tender a conscience on the subject of war as England has—when she is not waging it. She has only three wars, I believe, now on hand—in Japan, China, and New Zealand, Australia, or somewhere—and the rest of her leisure she occupies with a profound regret at war. If it was for a ship on the sea, she was ready to go to war with us; if it was for a territory on the Antarctic Ocean, she was ready to go to war with the savages; if to open trade, she had no objection to burn down a town of a hundred thousand inhabitants: but when a people are making war for their own life, for everything that dignifies humanity, England stands wondering at God's patience for men that will make war. I am sorry to say that aside from the friends who have always maintained and given their countrymen a consistent testimony against war, those men who were most querulous against our war were men who had no particular objection

to the Crimean war, the opium war, and wars if not already on their hands, at least on the tips of their fingers; and I told them at Exeter Hall that there was not a land on the globe against which they had not dashed their prows, and that their flag was a symbol of it—a cross on a field of blood.

The English nobility as a class are against us. I shall read you some noble exceptions, but as a class they are against us, and for the most obvious reasons. We are not accustomed to estimate the effect of our example upon European institutions. When he takes his walk abroad, it is not the elephant that weighs and measures his own gravity as he treads on the field-mouse's tail. It is the mouse that meditates. And for such a gigantic nation as this, on such a continent as this, while we are treading the steps of accomplishing history, we do not feel the jar we ourselves make; but those that have thrones and aristocratic privileges do, and they are the best interpreters of the reactionary influences of American ideas and American institutions. It was *The Saturday Review*, that scholarly, keen, brilliant, unprincipled paper of England, that had the frankness to say that the Americans must not think their remarks were because they disliked us, but because they found our ideas and our examples working in Great Britain; and they were obliged, in order to defeat those ideas in England, to attack us in America. They are fighting their own home battles—for they have an unerring instinct. They have this feeling: if Government be so efficient on such a continent, and so ludicrously cheap, how can we maintain so expensive and complicated a Government on our side? And, lest they should not think of it themselves, millions of the common people there, who were being taxed, perpetually suggested it to them. Do you know that the effect of our Revolution was to send revolution all through Europe? Being prepared, it was the torch of our Revolutionary War that set fire to that train which burned all over Europe, and they do not forget it. Such prosperity, such power, and at so little expense, and with so few monopolies and prerogatives to the favored classes! And,

therefore, when they oppose us, it is not to be construed as wanton opposition; it is nothing but a manifestation of self-love; and if you had been born with a coronet on your head, you would have been just so. In Parliament, I suppose, if a vote could be taken to-day, in accordance with the private wishes of the members, they would be five to one against the North. It is believed that the Government have been entirely in favor of a rupture with the North, and had they dared they would have brought it about. It is the impression, however, that the Sovereign of Great Britain has been from the first our judicious and unflinching friend. It is believed, and was so represented to me, that the never rightly-estimated and lamented Prince Consort was our fast friend, and that among the last acts of his life were those which erased from documents presented to him sentences and sentiments that would have inflamed the growing anger. He died with the blessing upon his head, "Blessed are the peacemakers." And although in the British Government as at present constituted I shall read you the names of several that are known to be warm and disinterested in their regard, yet there are others in the Government that, it is well understood, would not hesitate to plunge England into a war for the sake of disrupting this nation.

If you ask me, then, what is the great underlying influence that has been at work among the upper classes in England, I answer in these words: First, commercial interest, and rivalry therein; secondly, class power, and the fear of the contagion of American ideas; and thirdly—I know not how I shall say it so that it shall be least offensive to our friends on the other side, but you have not come to the bottom of the ideas of our friends in Great Britain until you touch that delicate and real foundation—we are too large and too strong a nation. This is, in my judgment, the root of the whole matter. A distinguished clergyman of London, personally kind and friendly to me, said to me, "Mr. Beecher, you may just as well have it said: you have been growing so strong that we have felt for a good many years that we had got to take you down, and we

were very glad when the job was taken off our hands by your own people." When Mr. Roebuck, whose speech it was my great privilege to hear, declared that fact in Parliament, it was cheered immensely, but reprobated in *The Times* and the other presses that represented the South—not because he had not spoken the truth, but because it was a truth that it was not best to speak. I have the paper, and meant to have brought it to read to-night. It was stated in one of the recent issues, in commenting upon my speeches there. They very frankly said that this had been the growing impression,—that we were a rancorous, bellicose, arrogant set of men; that we were proud of our sudden growth; and it was even said that Mr. Beecher was regarded as a specimen of what they should have to deal with in the nation. I was supposed to be a man breathing out slaughter and threats. Now, when they made a mistake so manifest as to suppose that such a peaceful man as I am was dangerous, you cannot wonder about the mistake they made in regard to the nation. It is the sun that makes seeds grow, it is the light and the stimulating influences that makes seeds grow; but, after all, it is the dunghill that makes the hot-bed under them that starts them to grow; and it is just exactly that hot-bed that has worked upon English feeling, and made predisposing causes which have affected the sympathies of Great Britain; it is just that underlying influence that has prepared them for this, that, and the other prejudice or misinformation.

With this state of facts, you will ask, How is it, then, that this English people have been restrained? How is it that they have not gone into overt belligerency? The nobility, as a class, are against us—at least, the Government is divided, one part being against us; the Plutocracy is against us; and I think I may say that while the brains that represent progress in Great Britain are in our favor, yet the conservative intelligence in Great Britain is against us. All that there is upon the surface of society, representing its dignities and its power and its intelligence, is anti-American; and the question that I propose to you is: How—with the papers, and the magazines, and the uni-

versities, how—with their titled estates and their Government and all their powers against us,—how is it that they have been restrained as they have been? *It is the influence of the unwealthy, and, to a very great extent, the unvoting Englishman that restrains them.* And that was what I could not understand. I learned in England what surprised me—that the men that couldn't vote, when everywhere united and determined, had the power of controlling the men that did vote. That is not an anomaly. It would be in our institutions, but it is not in their English institutions; and among other reasons because in a nation where one class has permanent privilege, and the underlying class none at all, the instinct of self-preservation teaches the upper class not to goad this underlying class to madness. Everything stands on their patience, and there is always that dragon of revolution coiled up that they dare not rouse; and therefore it is that when the underlying class are determined upon any point they carry their point. Men whose fortunes are made, as a general thing, are against us; men that have very little in the present that they care for, that are struggling for a better future for themselves and for their children, that class is on our side. But they are a class that have not much voice and very little expression, and therefore they are but little heard from. Their report is not wafted across the sea, but their influence is felt in their own land. And it seems to me peculiarly beautiful and fitting that we, who are the representatives of the common people, should find that our real allies have been *the common people of Great Britain.*

The result has been that the Government has more and more modified its policy, until now it has come to that condition in which I believe we all feel satisfied, in the main. England has determined that ships of war shall not be built in her yards, nor sent out from her ports to harry our commerce on the seas. The action of Lord John Russell in this has met with some few dissentient voices, yet it has carried the assent of the great mass of the British public, and the Government was reinforced, and will undoubtedly stand upon that platform. There is

a growing and enlightened sympathy throughout the realm; there is more publishing, there are more men lecturing, more meetings being held—all disseminating knowledge of the truth about our great conflict—now than ever before. When men say that they doubt the English feeling, I refer to this fact, that the English Parliament, which is known to be adverse to the North, dare not vote against it; I advert to this fact, that not more than twelve or fifteen meetings out of four or five hundred, in which our affairs have been discussed and voted on, have been carried against the North. It is a challenge which stands open and recorded, that of some eight or ten public meetings that have been held in Liverpool, there has never been one that has been carried against the North. In that great meeting which it was my privilege to attend there the vote was at least five to one in favor of the North. The noise and the tumult with which the meeting was conducted had given expectations of something very different, but when it came to the vote the noisy ones were about one in five, and the men of peace and quiet were four out of five.

I hold in my hand a letter from Richard Cobden. He says: "You will carry back an intimate acquaintance with the state of feeling in this country. Among what, for want of a better name, I call our ruling class, the sympathy is undoubtedly strongly for the South, with an instinctive satisfaction at the prospect of the disruption of the Great Republic. This is natural enough, but do not forget that we have in this case, for the first time in our history, seen the masses of the British people taking the side of a foreign Government against its rebellious citizens. In every other instance, whether in the case of the Poles, Italians, Hungarians, Corsicans, Greeks, or South Americans, the popular sympathy of this country has always leaped to the side of the insurgents the moment a rebellion has broken out. In the present case, our masses have an instinctive feeling that their cause is bound up in the prosperity of the people of the United States. It is true that they have not much power in the direct form of a vote; but when the millions of this country are led by the religious middle

class, they can together prevent the Government from pursuing a policy hostile to their sympathies. Under these circumstances, I think you will agree with me that we may consider the great middle class of Englishmen as on the side of the North. The upper classes, as they are called, are on the side of the South."

I put no immoderate estimate upon my services in England. I believe that I did some good wherever I spoke. But it should be remembered that a single man, and a stranger in a community, would be eaten up with vanity if he supposed that he did all the good that was done, for there must have been a preparation; he merely came in to touch the train which had already been laid. When in October you go to a tree and give it a jar, and the fruit rains down all round about you, it is not you that ripened and sent down that fruit; the whole summer has been doing that. It was my good fortune to be there when it was needed that some one should jar the tree; the fruit was not of my ripening. It is supposed by many of my friends that I shall form an unwarrantable estimate of my work there. No; my accustomed modesty will stand me yet. I see in a letter in the *New York Times* of yesterday some friendly hand writes:—

"The sympathy of England was never stronger for the South—her hatred never so bitter for the North. If Mr. Beecher thinks otherwise, he has been deceived by the crowd of Abolition partisans about him."

And then he makes some personal statements, which I will not read:

"I cannot now remember the name of one distinguished and really influential person who gave him countenance and support."

That is a fact.

"He was surrounded by dissenting ministers, and members of the Emancipation Society."

Pretty nearly so.

"The nobility, the clergy of the Established Church, members of Parliament, &c., were wanting."

They were.

"Brougham, Wilberforce, Buxton, the great names identified with the Anti-Slavery cause in England, were opposed to him, as they are opposed to the cause he advocated."

I will admit that there were no Broughams, no Wilberforces, no Buxtons in audiences that I addressed, and the reason was that there are no such men in England. There is something that they call "Lord Brougham" left; it is not glorious old Harry Brougham; it is Lord Brougham. There is a Wilberforce; for the sake of the father we will yet courteously honor the name in the son. There is a Buxton—the name. And it is perfectly true that if England is to be judged by her dignitaries, by her nobility, by her more eminent names, England is not with us; but if England is to be judged by her middle class—if you please to say it, by her influential classes—she is with us. At any rate I am not deceived, for I never supposed that any other part of England was with us. And that I may give some more reliable intelligence allow me to read. Among the members of the Government known to be favorable to the Federal cause are the following: The Duke of Argyle (who married a daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland); Lord Granville; the Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers; Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. James Stansfield, Mr. Charles Gilpin, Members of Parliament. Messrs. John Bright;—[*cheers*] I told him it would be just so;—Richard Cobden;—[*cheers*] you know your friends, I see;—W. E. Forster, less known but just as firm and steady a friend; E. A. Leatham; Guildford Onslow; James White; P. A. Taylor; F. Doulton; W. Williams, the O'Donnahue; E. Baines, Thomas Carnes, W. E. Baxter, James Caird, Samuel Gurney, George Hanfield, Grant Duff, James Kershaw, Wilfred Lawson. Among the newspapers and magazines favorable to the cause are the following: *The Morning Star*, the organ of the advanced Liberal party, managing proprietor and editor, Mr. Samuel Lucas; *The Daily News*, another Liberal organ, edited by Mr. Walker, a paper which, if a man wants to take *The Times* without its venom and wickedness, he can have. It is just as able as *The Times*, and a thousand times more principled. The evening edi-

tions of the above journals, respectively named *The Evening Star* and *The Express, The Spectator*, weekly, edited by Mr. Hutton, one of the oldest and most influential of the weeklies and distinguished by its calm and philosophical tone; *Lloyd's Weekly News*, edited by Blanchard Jerrold, with a circulation of 400,000 weekly—the great hebdomadal organ of the working classes; *The Beehive*, organ of the trades, miners; *The Nonconformist* (all sorts of Dissenters); *The British Standard*, Dr. Campbell (Congregationalist); *The Freeman* (Baptist); *Macmillan's Magazine*, edited by Prof. Masson of Cambridge University; *The Dial*, weekly journal of *The Morning Star; The British Ensign* (Congregationalist); *The Westminster Review*, the quarterly organ of English Radicalism; *The Observer*, the Ministerial weekly organ; *The Reader*, one of their principal literary journals. The most popular and widely circulated journals in both the metropolis and the country support the Northern cause. The aggregate circulation is at least a *million each issue*. Among the leading provincial newspapers may be mentioned the following: *The Manchester Examiner*, circulating through the manufacturing districts; *The Newcastle Chronicle; Liverpool Daily Post; Birmingham Daily Post; Leeds Mercury; Preston Guardian; Dundee Advertiser; Caledonian Mercury*, Edinburgh; *Northern Daily Whig*, Belfast; *Carlisle Examiner; Kendal Mercury*, the paper of the Lake District; *Hampshire Independent*, Southampton; *Bradford Advertiser*, in which General Perrmet Thompson writes weekly; *Bedford Mercury; The Irishman*, an organ of the Meagher and O'Brien party in Ireland; *The Bucks Advertiser*. Among men distinguished in science and literature are the following: Lord Carlisle, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Lord Houghton, better knows as Monckton Milnes, author and poet; Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist [*cheers*]; John Stuart Mill, the greatest of English philosophers in the present day [*applause*]; Sir Stephen Lushington, judge of the Admiralty Court, and one of the great leaders in the English struggle against Slavery and the slave-trade; Goldwin Smith, the Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford; Prof.

Cairnes, Professor of Political Economy in Belfast University [*cheering*]; Prof. F. W. Newman, the eminent Professor of Latin and English literature; Gen. Perrmet Thompson, the founder of the *Westminster Review*, first Governor of Sierra Leone, and author of "The Anti-Corn Law Catechism" [*applause*]; Dr. Chapman, the present editor of the *Westminster Review*; Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," the most popular work in England next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Mr. Edward Small, leader of the English Nonconformists; George Wilson, Chairman of the Anti-Corn Law League: George Thompson, fellow-laborer with Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Brougham in the Anti-Slavery struggle; Prof. Nichol, of Glasgow University; Dr. Foster, Chairman of the Religious Liberation Society; Prof. Beesly, Professor of Political Economy in University Hall; James Taylor, Jr., founder of the freehold land movement; Dr. Lees, the eminent temperance lecturer; W. J. Fox, the late member for Oldham; Washington Wilks and Henry Vincent, well known as popular leaders or writers; Mr. Scott, the Chairberlain of London; the Mayors of Manchester, Birmingham, Rochdale, and Faversham. Among the clergymen and ministers are; Dr. French, Dean of Westminster; Drs. Candlish and Grothrie, the leaders of the Free Church of Scotland; the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, the Rev. Newman Hall, the Rev. William Brock, the Rev. Dr. Halley, President of the New College, the Rev. Dr. Angus, President of Regent's Park College; the Rev. Dr. John Cairns, Berwick-on-Tweed; the Rev. Dr. James Begg, Edinburgh; the Rev. Dr. Lindsay Alexander, Edinburgh; the Rev. Canon Robinson of York Cathedral; the Rev. Professor Maurice, London; the Rev. George Gilfillan, Dundee; the Rev. Dr. Anderson, Glasgow; the Rev. Dr. Campbell, London; the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, London; the Rev. Mr. Batchelor, Glasgow. These are only a few of the thousands of names of men who are our friends, but these are better known, and have signalized their friendship by signal literary services in the cause of freedom and of the North. I ask you, fellow-citizens, whether, upon the facts I have

stated, there is not reason to believe that after all we have been misinformed, and that there is a great undertone in England of friendliness and fidelity to us and to our cause?

I will not attempt repeating the grounds which I took in England; I merely wish to add to this statement of facts respecting that country a few words as to why we should seek by all honorable means to maintain sympathy and peaceful relations with England.

This is not our own struggle, it is the world's battle we are fighting; we are set to do the work, but the whole world is to enjoy the fruit of our victories; we are struggling for the rights of the common people, but not of this country only. Therefore we ought not to ignore the common people of any nation, still less of that nation from which we spring, and whose language we still speak—and I sometimes think we speak it with more purity than they themselves. [*Laughter and cheers.*] If the great underlying population of England, that is struggling for intelligence and large political rights; if that great under-class are on our side, for *their* sake we ought to be at peace with England, avoiding every cause of offense. For *their* sake who are our friends, let us be patient and reach out cordial hands, if not to those who should have been our friends at the top—to those that *are* our friends, and who have signalized their friendship through famine, hunger, sickness and suffering untold, without betraying their fidelity —for all those men of Lancashire, her starving weavers, are fast and firm friends of the North. We are laboring on this side with just the difficulties under which the generous, just, and enlightened men of Europe are laboring on the other side. If they have not precisely the same internal difficulties we have, we have felt that we were checked by the power of wealth, by the perverse prejudices of classes and aristocracies established in this country, or forming, and we have found whenever we attempted to move, even at the North, that we moved against the same impediments in our own midst; whatever battle we have fought has been a moral battle at home. And so, when our friends

have experienced the same difficulties abroad, we are to take into consideration their difficulties, and not be impatient; and if from let and hindrance at home they fail to come up to the measure of enthusiasm which we desire and which we had prescribed for them; more than ever, it seems to me, in hope, patience, generosity, and magnanimity, it becomes us to set an example to them and to the nations of the world. We have a better Government, we think, than any other nation has. Let us prove it by the fruit it brings forth in the citizen. If Lord Brougham—who is not, I think, any longer responsible for what he says—should say that the American people is a mob, let it be ours to show that an American mob is more decent than British aristocracy. We are proud of our common schools; we are proud of the citizens they make. Let it not be mere vanity on our part; let us manifest all the attributes of fidelity to our convictions; let us have more patience with our friends and more magnanimity to our enemies; and particularly let us show to the world one thing more, that with our free institutions and common people, who can quarry more wealth out of the same earth than other people, we have and can maintain a Government more cheaply and have it more efficient than any other on the face of the earth. While we have the power to daunt all foreign enemies and to subdue the most terrific intestine feuds that ever afflicted any people, let us not be exhibiting mere pride; let us also show to the world that no crowns, no coronets, no aristocracies, no educating influences, can show another class of people on the globe so temperate, so self-restrained, so just and generous in their sentiments toward the common people as the great mass of common citizens in America. The day is coming when nations are to feel each other's hearts more and more nearly; when more and more the themes coming up for national discussion are those of the moral sentiments; when nations are ready to come together with common ideas and common feelings, and to know each other. I do not hesitate to say, what I did not say in Great Britain, that not for any material reason, but for a moral reason,

we need her; and I say more than that, for moral reasons she needs us. For the sake of man, for the cause of God, for the hope of civilization, the two great nations of the earth, carrying on a civilization which is derived from and which carries with it the common people and their uplifting in civilization — these two great Christian nations — God forbid that they should ever have to cross hands in strife and struggle! But while other nations are beginning, though slow in their steps, to look toward the rising sun, while even in Russia the frosts begin to glitter in that light that ere long shall mold them, then let not these former nations that have stood to witness for liberty and the blessings of free Government fall out by the way, but shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, bearing and forbearing with each other, loving, or hoping to love by and by,—let these stand together to pour out to every part of the earth the influence of Christianity, civilization, and human liberty.

Mr. Low offered a series of resolutions of welcome and compliment to Mr. Beecher, which, being seconded by Mr. S. B. Chittenden, were unanimously adopted.

The Rev. Dr. Storrs—"There is no more to come after the King."

The meeting then adjourned.

ADDRESS AT THE RAISING OF THE UNION FLAG OVER FORT SUMTER,

APRIL 14, 1865.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: — On this solemn and joyful day, we again lift to the breeze our fathers' flag, now again the banner of *the United States*, with the fervent prayer that God would crown it with honor, protect it from treason, and send it down to our children, with all the blessings of civilization, liberty, and religion. Terrible in battle, may it be beneficent in peace. Happily, no bird or beast of prey has been inscribed upon it. The stars that redeem the night from darkness, and the beams of red light that beautify the morning, have been united upon its folds. As long as the sun endures, or the stars, may it wave over a nation neither enslaved nor enslaving. Once, and but once, has treason dishonored it. In that insane hour, when the guiltiest and bloodiest rebellion of time hurled their fires upon this fort, you, Sir [turning to General Anderson], and a small heroic band, stood within these now crumbled walls, and did gallant and just battle for the honor and defense of the nation's banner.

In that cope of fire this glorious flag still peacefully waved to the breeze above your head, unconscious of harm as the stars and skies above it. Once it was shot down. A gallant hand, in whose care this day it has been, plucked it from the ground, and reared it again,—"cast down but not destroyed." After a vain resistance, with trembling hand and sad heart, you withdrew it from its height, closed its wings, and bore it far away, sternly to sleep amid the tumults of rebellion and the thunder of battle.

The first act of war had begun. The long night of four years had set in. While the giddy traitors whirled in a

maze of exhilaration, dim horrors were already advancing, that were ere long to fill the land with blood.

To-day you are returned again. We devoutly join with you in thanksgiving to Almighty God, that he has spared your honored life, and vouchsafed you the honors of this day. The heavens over you are the same; the same shores; morning comes, and evening, as they did. All else, how changed! What grim batteries crowd the burdened shores! What scenes have filled this air and disturbed these waters! These shattered heaps of shapeless stone are all that is left of Fort Sumter. Desolation broods in yonder sad city—solemn retribution hath avenged our dishonored banner! You have come back with honor, who departed hence, four years ago, leaving the air sultry with fanaticism. The surging crowds, that rolled up their frenzied shouts as the flag came down, are dead, or scattered, or silent; and their habitations are desolate. Ruin sits in the cradle of treason. Rebellion has perished. But there flies the same flag that was insulted. With starry eyes it looks all over this bay for the banner that supplanted it, and sees it not. You that then, for the day, were humbled, are here again, to triumph once and forever. In the storm of that assault this glorious ensign was often struck; but, memorable fact, not one of its *stars* was torn out, by shot or shell. It was a prophecy!

It said: "Not one State shall be struck from this nation by treason!" The fulfillment is at hand. Lifted to the air, to-day it proclaims, after four years of war, "Not a State is blotted out!"

Hail to the flag of our fathers, and our flag! Glory to the banner that has gone through four years black with tempests of war, to pilot the nation back to peace without dismemberment! And glory be to God, who, above all hosts and banners, hath ordained victory, and shall ordain peace!

Wherefore have we come hither, pilgrims from distant places? Are we come to exult that Northern hands are stronger than Southern? No, but to rejoice that the hands of those who defend a just and beneficent government are

mightier than the hands that assaulted it! Do we exult over fallen cities? We exult that a nation has not fallen. We sorrow with the sorrowful. We sympathize with the desolate. We look upon this shattered fort, and yonder dilapidated city, with sad eyes, grieved that men should have committed such treason, and glad that God hath set such a mark upon treason that all ages shall dread and abhor it.

We exult, not for a passion gratified, but for a sentiment victorious; not for temper, but for conscience; not as we devoutly believe that *our* will is done, but that God's will hath been done. We should be unworthy of that liberty entrusted to our care, if, on such a day as this, we sullied our hearts by feelings of aimless vengeance; and equally unworthy, if we did not devoutly thank Him who hath said, *Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord*, that he hath set a mark upon arrogant Rebellion, ineffaceable while Time lasts!

Since this flag went down on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to angels and men? The soil has drunk blood, and is glutted. Millions mourn for millions slain; or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion. Towns and villages have been razed. Fruitful fields have turned back to wilderness. It came to pass, as the prophet said: *The sun was turned to darkness, and the moon to blood.* The course of law was ended. The sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation; industry was paralyzed; morals corrupted; the public weal invaded by rapine and anarchy; whole States ravaged by avenging armies. The world was amazed. The earth reeled. When the flag sank here, it was as if political night had come, and all beasts of prey had come forth to devour.

That long night has ended! And for this returning day we have come from afar, to rejoice and give thanks. No more war! No more accursed secession! No more slavery, that spawned them both!

Let no man misread the meaning of this unfolding flag! It says, "GOVERNMENT hath returned hither." It pro-

claims in the name of vindicated government, peace and protection to loyalty; humiliation and pains to traitors. This is the flag of sovereignty. The Nation, not the States, is sovereign. Restored to authority, this flag commands, not supplicates.

There may be pardon, but no concession. There may be amnesty and oblivion, but no honeyed compromises. The nation to-day has peace for the peaceful, and war for the turbulent. The only condition of submission, is, *to submit!* There is the Constitution, there are the laws, there is the Government. They rise up like mountains of strength that shall not be moved. They are the conditions of peace.

One nation, under one government, without slavery, has been ordained, and shall stand. There can be peace on no other basis. On this basis reconstruction is easy, and needs neither architect nor engineer. Without this basis no engineer or architect shall ever reconstruct these rebellious States.

We do not want your cities nor your fields. We do not envy you your prolific soil, nor heavens full of perpetual summer. Let agriculture revel here; let manufactures make every stream twice musical; build fleets in every port; inspire the arts of peace and genius second only to that of Athens; and we shall be glad in your gladness, and rich in your wealth.

All that we ask is unswerving loyalty, and universal liberty. And that, in the name of this high sovereignty of the United States of America, we demand; and that, with the blessing of Almighty God, *we will have!*

We raise our fathers' banner that it may bring back better blessings than those of old; that it may cast out the devil of discord; that it may restore lawful government, and a prosperity purer and more enduring than that which it protected before; that it may win parted friends from their alienation; that it may inspire hope, and inaugurate universal liberty; that it may say to the sword, "Return to thy sheath," and to the plow and sickle, "Go forth;" that it may heal all jealousies, unite all policies, inspire a

new national life, compact our strength, purify our principles, ennoble our national ambitions, and make this people great and strong, not for aggression and quarrelsomeness, but for the peace of the world, giving to us the glorious prerogative of leading all nations to juster laws, to more humane policies, to sincerer friendship, to rational, instituted civil liberty, and to universal Christian brotherhood.

Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism, we spread this banner on the sky, as of old the bow was planted on the cloud; and, with solemn fervor, beseech God to look upon it, and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant and decree that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail.

Why need any eye turn from this spectacle? Are there not associations which, overleaping the recent past, carry us back to times when, over North and South, this flag was honored alike by all? In all our colonial days, we were one; in the long Revolutionary struggle; and in the scores of prosperous years succeeding. When the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 aroused the colonies, it was Gadsden of South Carolina that cried with prescient enthusiasm: "We stand on the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men. There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on this continent, but all of us," said he, "AMERICANS." That *was* the voice of South Carolina: that *shall be* the voice of South Carolina. Faint is the echo; but it is coming. We now hear it sighing sadly through the pines; but it shall yet break upon the shore—no North, no West, no South, but one United States of America.

There is scarcely a man born in the South who has lifted his hand against this banner, but had a father who would have died for it. Is memory dead? Is there no historic pride? Has a fatal fury struck blindness or hate into eyes that used to look kindly toward each other; that read the same Bible; that hung over the same historic pages of our national glory; that studied the same Constitution?

Let this uplifting bring back all of the past that was good, but leave in darkness all that was bad.

It was never before so wholly unspotted; so clear of all wrong; so purely and simply the sign of Justice and Liberty. Did I say that we brought back the same banner that you bore away, noble and heroic Sir? It is not the same. It is more and better than it was. The land is free from slavery since that banner fell.

When God would prepare Moses for Emancipation, he overthrew his first steps, and drove him for forty years to brood in the wilderness. When our flag came down, four years it lay brooding in darkness. It cried to the Lord, "Wherefore am I deposed?" Then arose before it a vision of its sin. It had strengthened the strong, and forgotten the weak. It proclaimed liberty, but trod upon slaves.

In that seclusion it dedicated itself to liberty. Behold, to-day, it fulfills its vows! When it went down, four million people had no flag. To-day it rises, and four million people cry out, "Behold *our* banner!" Hark! they murmur. It is the Gospel that they recite in sacred words: "It is a Gospel to the poor, it heals our broken hearts, it preaches deliverance to captives, it gives sight to the blind, it sets at liberty them that are bruised." Rise up, then, glorious Gospel Banner, and roll out these messages of God. Tell the air that not a spot now sullies thy whiteness. Thy red is not the blush of shame, but the flush of joy. Tell the dews that wash thee that thou art as pure as they. Say to the night, that thy stars lead toward the morning; and to the morning, that a brighter day arises with healing in its wings. And then, O glorious flag, bid the sun pour light on all thy folds with double brightness, whilst thou art bearing around and round the world the solemn joy—a race set free! a nation redeemed!

The mighty hand of Government, made strong in war by the favor of the God of Battles, spreads wide to-day the banner of liberty that went down in darkness, that rose in light; and there it streams, like the sun above it, neither parceled out nor monopolized, but flooding the air with light for all mankind. Ye scattered and broken, ye wounded and dying, bitten by the fiery serpents of op-

pression, everywhere, in all the world, look upon this sign lifted up, and live! And ye homeless and houseless slaves, look, and ye are free! At length you, too, have part and lot in this glorious ensign, that broods with impartial love over small and great, the poor and the strong, the bond and the free! In this solemn hour, let us pray for the quick coming of reconciliation and happiness, under this common flag!

But we must build again, from the foundations, in all these now free Southern States. No cheap exhortation "to forgetfulness of the past, to restore all things as they were," will do. God does not stretch out his hand, as he has for four dreadful years, that men may easily forget the might of his terrible acts. Restore things as they were? What, the alienations and jealousies? The discords and contentions, and the causes of them? No. In that solemn sacrifice on which a nation has offered up for its sins so many precious victims, loved and lamented, let our sins and mistakes be consumed utterly and forever.

No, never again shall things be restored as before the war. It is written in God's decree of events fulfilled, "Old things are passed away." That new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness, draws near.

Things as they were? Who has an omnipotent hand to restore a million dead, slain in battle, or wasted by sickness, or dying of grief, broken-hearted? Who has omniscience, to search for the scattered ones? Who shall restore the lost to broken families? Who shall bring back the squandered treasure, the years of industry wasted, and convince you that four years of guilty rebellion, and cruel war, are no more than dirt upon the hand which a moment's washing removes, and leaves the hand clean as before? Such a war reaches down to the very vitals of society.

Emerging from such a prolonged rebellion, he is blind who tells you that the State, by a mere amnesty and benevolence of Government, can be put again, by a mere decree, in its old place. It would not be honest, it would not be kind or fraternal, for me to pretend that Southern

revolution against the Union has not reacted, and wrought revolution in the Southern States themselves, and inaugurated a new dispensation.

Society is like a broken loom, and the piece which Rebellion put in and was weaving, has been cut, and every thread broken. You must put in new warp and new woof —and, weaving anew, as the fabric slowly unwinds, we shall see in it no gorgon figures, no hideous grotesques of the old barbarism, but the figures of vines and golden grains, framing in the heads of Justice, Love, and Liberty!

The august Convention of 1787 set forth the Constitution with this memorable preamble: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain this Constitution for the United States of America."

Again, in the awful convention of war, the people of the United States, for the very ends just recited, have debated, settled and ordained certain fundamental truths, which must henceforth be accepted and obeyed. Nor is any State or any individual wise who shall disregard them. They are to civil affairs what the natural laws are to health —indispensable conditions of peace and happiness.

What are the ordinances given by the people, speaking out of fire and darkness of war, with authority inspired by that same God who gave the laws from Sinai amid thunders and trumpet voices?

First, that these United States shall be one and indivisible.

Second, that States are not absolute sovereigns, and have no right to dismember the republic.

Third, that universal liberty is indispensable to republican government, and that slavery shall be utterly and forever abolished.

Such are the results of war! These are the best fruits of the war. They are worth all they have cost. They are

the foundations of peace. They will secure benefits to all nations, as well as to us.

Our highest wisdom and duty is to accept the facts as the decrees of God. We are exhorted to forget all that has happened. Yes, the wrath, the conflict, the cruelty, but not those overruling decrees of God, which this war has pronounced. As solemnly as on Mount Sinai, God says, "Remember! *Remember!*" Hear it, to-day. Under this sun, under that bright child of the sun, our banner, with the eyes of this nation and of the world upon us, we repeat the syllables of God's providence, and recite the solemn decrees:

NO MORE DISUNION!

NO MORE SECESSION!

NO MORE SLAVERY!

Why did this civil war begin?

We do not wonder that European statesmen failed to comprehend this conflict, and foreign philanthropists were shocked at a murderous war, that seemed to have had no moral origin, but, like the brutal fights of beasts of prey, to have sprung from ferocious animalism. This great nation, filling all profitable latitudes, cradled between two oceans, with inexhaustible resources, with riches increasing in an unparalleled ratio, by agriculture, by manufactures, by commerce, with schools and churches, with books and newspapers, thick as leaves in our own forests, with institutions sprung from the people, and peculiarly adapted to their genius; a nation not sluggish, but active, used to excitement, practiced in political wisdom, and accustomed to self-government, and all its vast outlying parts held together by a federal government, mild in temper, gentle in administration, and beneficent in results,—we do not wonder that it is not understood abroad.

All at once, in this hemisphere of happiness and hope, there came trooping clouds with fiery bolts, full of death and desolation. At a cannon shot upon this fort, all the nation, as if they had been a trained army lying on their arms, awaiting a signal, rose up and began a war which, for awfulness, rises into the first rank of bad eminence.

The front of battle, going with the sun, was twelve hundred miles long; and the depth, measured along a meridian, was a thousand miles. In this vast area, more than two million men, first and last, for four years, have in skirmish, fight and battle, met in more than a thousand conflicts; while a coast and river line, not less than four thousand miles in length, has swarmed with fleets, freighted with artillery. The very industry of the country seemed to have been touched by some infernal wand, and with one wheel, changed its front from peace to war. The anvils of the land beat like drums. As out of the ooze emerge monsters, so from our mines and foundries uprose new and strange machines of war, iron-clad.

And thus, in a nation of peaceful habits, without external provocation, there arose such a storm of war as blackened the whole horizon and hemisphere. What wonder that foreign observers stood amazed at this fanatical fury, that seemed without divine guidance, but inspired wholly with infernal frenzy?

The explosion was sudden, but the train had long been laid. We must consider the condition of Southern society, if we would understand the mystery of this iniquity. Society in the South resolves itself into three divisions, more sharply distinguished than in any other part of the nation. At the base is the laboring class, made up of slaves. Next is the middle class, made up of traders, small farmers, and poor men. The lower edge of this class touched the slave and the upper edge reached up to the third and ruling class. This class were a small minority in numbers, but in practiced ability they had centered in their hands the government of the South, and had mainly governed the whole country.

Upon this polished, cultured, exceedingly capable and wholly unprincipled class, rests the whole burden of this war. Forced up by the bottom heat of slavery, the ruling class, in all the disloyal States, arrogated to themselves a superiority not compatible with republican equality nor with just morals. They claimed a right of pre-eminence. An evil prophet arose who trained these wild and luxuri-

ant shoots of ambition to the shapely form of a political philosophy.

By its re-agents they precipitated drudgery to the bottom of society, and left at the top what they thought to be a clarified fluid. In their political economy, labor was to be owned by capital. In their theory of government, a few were to rule many. They boldly avowed, not alone the fact that under all forms of government the few rule the many, but their right and duty to do so. Set free from the necessity of labor, they conceived a contempt for those who felt its wholesome regimen. Believing themselves fore-ordained to supremacy, they regarded the popular vote, when it failed to register their wishes, as an intrusion and a nuisance. They were born in a garden, and popular liberty, like freshets, overswelling their banks, but covered their dainty walks and flowers with slime and mud —of democratic votes.

When, with shrewd observation, they saw the growth of the popular element in the Northern States, they instinctively took in the inevitable events. It must be controlled, or cut off from a nation governed by gentlemen! Controlled, less and less, could it be, in every decade; and they prepared secretly, earnestly, and with wide conference and mutual connivance to effect the separation.

We are to distinguish between the pretenses, and means, and causes of this war.

To inflame and unite the great middle class of the South who had no interest in separation, and no business with war, they alleged grievances that never existed, and employed arguments which they better than all other men knew to be specious and false. Slavery itself was cared for only as an instrument of power, or of excitement. They had unalterably fixed their eyes upon empire, and all was good which would secure that, and bad which hindered it.

Thus, the ruling class of the South, an aristocracy as intense, proud, and inflexible as ever existed, not limited either by customs or institutions, not recognized and adjusted in the regular order of society and playing a recip-

rocal part in its machinery, but secretly disowning its own existence, baptized with ostentatious names of Democracy, obsequious to the people for the sake of governing them; this nameless, lurking aristocracy, that ran in the blood of society like a rash not yet come to the skin; this political tape-worm, that produced nothing, but lay coiled in the body, feeding on its nutriment, and holding the whole structure but a servant set up to nourish it—this aristocracy of the plantation, with firm and deliberate resolve, brought on the war that they might cut the land in two; and clearing themselves from incorrigible free society, set up a sterner, statelier empire, where slaves should work that gentlemen might live at ease. Nor can there be any doubt that though, at first, they meant to erect the form of republican government, this was but a device; a step necessary to the securing of that power by which they should be able to change the whole economy of society.

That they never dreamed of such a war, we may well believe. That they would have accepted it, though twice as bloody, if only thus they could rule, none can doubt that knows the temper of these worst men of modern society. But they miscalculated. They understood the people of the South; but they were totally incapable of understanding the character of the great working classes of the loyal States. That industry which is the foundation of independence, and so of equity, they stigmatized as stupid drudgery, or as mean avarice. That general intelligence and independence of thought which schools for the common people and newspapers breed, they reviled as the incitement of unsettled zeal, running easily into fanaticism.

They more thoroughly misunderstood the profound sentiment of loyalty; the deep love of country which pervaded the common people. If those who knew them best had never suspected the depth and power of that love of country which threw it into an agony of grief when the flag was here humbled, how should *they* conceive of it, who were wholly disjoined from the people in sympathy? The whole land rose up, you remember, when the flag came down, as

if inspired unconsciously by the breath of the Almighty and the power of omnipotence. It was as when one pierces the banks of the Mississippi for a rivulet, and the whole raging stream plunges through with headlong course. There they calculated, and *mis*calculated!

And more than all, they miscalculated the bravery of men who have been trained under law, who are civilized, and hate personal brawls, who are so protected by society as to have dismissed all thought of self-defense, the whole force of whose life is turned to peaceful pursuits. These arrogant conspirators against government, with Chinese vanity believed that they could blow away these self-respecting citizens as chaff from the battle-field. Few of them are left alive to ponder their mistake!

Here, then, are the roots of this civil war. It was not a quarrel of wild beasts; it was an inflection of the strife of ages between power and right, between ambition and equity. An armed band of pestilent conspirators sought the nation's life. Her children rose up and fought at every door, and room and hall, to thrust out the murderers, and save the house and household. It was not legitimately a war *between the common peoples* of the North and of the South. The war was set on by the ruling class, the aristocratic conspirators, of the South. They suborned their own common people with lies, with sophistries, with cruel deceits and slanders, to fight for secret objects which they abhorred, and against interests as dear to them as their own lives.

I charge the whole guilt of this war upon the ambitious, educated, plotting, political leaders of the South. They have shed this ocean of blood. They have desolated the South. They have poured poverty through all her towns and cities. They have bewildered the imagination of the people with phantasms, and led them to believe that they were fighting for their homes and liberty, whose homes were unthreatened, and whose liberty was in no jeopardy.

These arrogant instigators of civil war have renewed the plagues of Egypt, not that the oppressed might go free, but that the free might be oppressed. A day will

come when God will reveal judgment, and arraign at his bar these mighty miscreants; and then every orphan that their bloody game has made, and every widow that sits sorrowing, and every maimed and wounded sufferer, and every bereaved heart in all the wide regions of this land, will rise up and come before the Lord to lay upon these chief culprits of modern history their awful testimony. And from a thousand battle-fields shall rise up armies of airy witnesses, who, with the memory of their awful sufferings, shall confront these miscreants with shrieks of fierce accusation; and every pale and starved prisoner shall raise his skinny hand in judgment. Blood shall call out for vengeance, and tears shall plead for justice, and grief shall silently beckon, and love, heart-smitten, shall wail for justice. Good men and angels will cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long, wilt thou not avenge!"

And, then, these guiltiest and most remorseless traitors, these high and cultured men with might and wisdom, used for the destruction of their country; these most accursed and detested of all criminals, that have drenched a continent in needless blood, and moved the foundations of their times with hideous crimes and cruelty, caught up in black clouds full of voices of vengeance and lurid with punishment, shall be whirled aloft and plunged downward forever and forever in an endless retribution; while God shall say, "Thus shall it be to all who betray their country;" and all in heaven and upon the earth will say, "Amen!"

But for the people misled, for the multitudes drafted and driven into this civil war, let not a trace of animosity remain. The moment the willing hand drops the musket, and they return to their allegiance, then stretch out your own honest right hands to greet them. Recall to them the old days of kindness. Our hearts wait for their redemption. All the resources of a renovated nation shall be applied to rebuild their prosperity, and smooth down the furrows of the war.

Has this long and weary period of strife been an unmingled evil? Has nothing been gained? Yes, much. This nation has attained to its manhood.

Among Indian customs is one which admits young men to the rank of warriors only after severe trials of hunger, fatigue, pain, endurance. They reach their station, not through years, but ordeals. Our nation has suffered, and now is strong.

The sentiment of loyalty and patriotism, next in importance to religion, has been rooted and grounded. We have something to be proud of; and pride helps love. Never so much as now did we love our country.

But four such years of education in ideas, in the knowledge of political truth, in the lore of history, in the geography of our own country, almost every inch of which we have probed with the bayonet, have never passed before. There is half a hundred years' advance in four.

We *believed* in our institutions and principles before; but now we *know* their power. It is one thing to look upon artillery, and be sure that it is loaded; it is another thing to see its discharge. We believed in the hidden power stored in our institutions; we had never before seen this nation thundering like Mount Sinai at all those that worshiped the calf at the base of the mountain.

A people educated and moral are competent to all the exigencies of national life. A vote can govern better than a crown. We have proved it. A people intelligent and religious are strong in all economic elements. They are fitted for peace and competent to war. They are not easily inflamed; and when justly incensed, not easily extinguished. They are patient in adversity, endure cheerfully needful burdens, tax themselves for real wants more royally than any prince would dare to tax his people. They pour forth, without stint, relief for the sufferings of war, and raise charity out of the realm of a dole, into a munificent duty of beneficence.

The habit of industry among free men prepares them to meet the exhaustion of war with increase of productiveness commensurate with the need that exists. Their habits of skill enable them at once to supply such armies as only freedom can muster, with arms and munitions such as only free industry can create. Free society is terrible in war,

and afterwards repairs the mischief of war with a celerity almost as great as that with which the ocean heals the seams gashed in it by the keel of a plowing ship.

Free society is fruitful of military genius. It comes when called: when no longer needed it falls back as waves do to the level of the common sea, that no wave may be greater than the undivided water. With proof of strength so great, yet in its infancy, we stand up among the nations of the world asking no privileges, asserting no rights, but quietly assuming our place, and determined to be second to none in the race of civilization and religion.

Of all nations we are the most dangerous, and the least to be feared. We need not expound the perils that wait upon enemies that assault us. They are sufficiently understood. But it is not because we are warlike that we are a dangerous people. All the arrogant attitudes of this nation, so offensive formerly to foreign governments, were inspired by Slavery, and under the administrations of its minions. Our tastes, our habits, our interests, and our principles, incline us to the arts of peace.

This nation was founded *by* the common people, *for* the common people. We are seeking to embody in public economy more liberty with higher justice and virtue, than have been organized before. By the necessity of our doctrines, we are put in sympathy with the masses of men in all nations. It is not our business to subdue nations, but to augment the powers of the common people. The vulgar ambition of mere domination, as it belongs to universal human nature, may tempt us; but it is withstood by the whole force of our principles, our habits, our precedents, and our legends.

We acknowledge the obligation which our better political principles lay upon us to set an example more temperate, humane, and just, than monarchical governments can. We will not suffer wrong, and still less will we inflict it upon other nations. Nor are we concerned that so many ignorant of our conflict, for the present, misconceive the reasons of our invincible military zeal. "Why contend," say they, "for a little territory that you do not

need?" *Because it is ours!* Because it is the interest of every citizen to save it from becoming a fortress and refuge of iniquity. This nation is our house, and our father's house; and accursed be the man who will not defend it to the uttermost! More territory than we need? England, that is not large enough to be our pocket, may think that it is more than we need; but we are better judges of what we need than they are!

Shall a philanthropist say to a banker who defends himself against a robber, "Why do you need so much money?" But we will not reason with such questions. When any foreign nation willingly will divide their territory and give it cheerfully away, we will answer the question why we are fighting for territory!

I now pass to the consideration of benefits that accrue to the South in distinction from the rest of the nation. At present the South reaps only suffering; but good seed lies buried under the furrows of war, that peace will bring to harvest.

1. Deadly doctrines have been purged away in blood. The subtle poison of secession was a perpetual threat of revolution. The sword has ended that danger. That which reason had affirmed as a philosophy, the people have settled as a fact. Theory pronounces, "There can be no permanent government where each integral particle has liberty to fly off." Who would venture upon a voyage on a ship, each plank and timber of which might withdraw at its pleasure? But the people have reasoned by the logic of the sword and of the ballot, and they have declared that States are inseparable parts of national government. They are not sovereign. State *rights* remain; but *sovereignty* is a right higher than all others; and that has been made into a common stock for the benefit of all. All further agitation is ended. This element must be cast out of our political problems. Henceforth that poison will not rankle in the blood.

2. Another thing has been learned: the rights and duties of minorities. The people of the whole nation are of more authority than the people of any section. These United

States are supreme over Northern, Eastern, Western, and Southern States. It ought not to have required the awful chastisement of this war to teach that a minority must submit the control of the nation's government to a majority. The army and the navy have been good political schoolmasters. The lesson is learned. Not for many generations will it require further illustration.

3. No other lesson will be more fruitful of peace than the dispersion of those conceits of vanity, which, on either side, have clouded the recognition of the manly courage of all Americans. If it be a sign of manhood to be able to fight, then Americans are men. The North certainly are in no doubt whatever of the soldierly qualities of Southern men. Southern soldiers have learned that all latitudes breed courage on this continent. Courage is a passport to respect. The people of all the regions of this nation are likely hereafter to cherish a generous admiration of each other's prowess. The war has bred respect, and respect will breed affection, and affection peace and unity.

4. No other event of the war can fill an intelligent Southern man of candid nature with more surprise than the revelation of the capacity, moral and military, of the black race. It is a revelation, indeed. No people were ever less understood by those most familiar with them. They were said to be lazy, lying, impudent, and cowardly wretches, driven by the whip alone to the tasks needful to their own support, and the functions of civilization. They were said to be dangerous, blood-thirsty, liable to insurrection; but four years of tumultuous distress and war have rolled across the area inhabited by them, and I have yet to hear of one authentic instance of the misconduct of a colored man. They have been patient and gentle and docile in the land, while the men of the South were away in the army, they have been full of faith and hope and piety; and when summoned to freedom they have emerged with all the signs and tokens that freedom will be to them what it was to be—the swaddling band that shall bring them to manhood. And after the Government, honoring them as men, summoned them to the field, when once they

were disciplined and had learned the art of war, they proved themselves to be not second to their white brethren in arms. And when the roll of men that have shed their blood is called in the other land, many and many a dusky face will rise, dark no more, when the light of eternal glory shall shine upon it from the throne of God.

5. The industry of the Southern States is regenerated and now rests upon a basis that never fails to bring prosperity. Just now industry is collapsed; but it is not dead. It sleepeth. It is vital yet. It will spring like mown grass from the roots, that need but showers and heat and time to bring them forth. Though in many districts not a generation will see wanton wastes of self-invoked war repaired, and many portions may lapse again to wilderness; yet, in our life-time we shall see States, as a whole, raised to a prosperity, vital, wholesome and immovable.

6. The destruction of class interests, working with a religion which tends towards true democracy in proportion as it is pure and free, will create a new era of prosperity for the common laboring people of the South. Upon them has come the labor, the toil, and the loss of this war. They have fought blindfolded. They have fought for a class that sought their degradation, while they were made to believe that it was for their own homes and altars. Their leaders meant a supremacy which would not long have left them political liberty, save in name. But their leaders are swept away. The sword has been hungry for the ruling classes. It has sought them out with remorseless zeal. New men are to rise up; new ideas are to bud and blossom; and there will be men with different ambition and altered policy.

7. Meanwhile, the South, no longer a land of plantations, but of farms; no longer tilled by slaves, but by freemen, will find no hindrance to the spread of education. Schools will multiply. Books and papers will spread. Churches will bless every hamlet. There is a good day coming for the South. Through darkness, and tears, and blood she has sought it. It has been an unconscious *Via Dolorosa*. But, in the end, it will be worth all it has cost.

Her institutions before were deadly. She nourished death in her bosom. The greater her secular prosperity, the more sure was her ruin. Every year of delay but made the change more terrible. Now, by an earthquake, the evil is shaken down. Her own historians, in a better day, shall write that from the day the sword cut off the cancer she began to find her health.

What, then, shall hinder the rebuilding of this republic? The evil spirit is cast out: why should not this nation cease to wander among tombs, cutting itself? Why should it not come, clothed and in its right mind, to "sit at the feet of Jesus"? Is it feared that the Government will oppress the conquered States? What possible motive has the Government to narrow the base of that pyramid on which its own permanence stands?

Is it feared that the rights of the States will be withheld? The South is not more jealous of their State rights than the North. State rights, from the earliest colonial days, have been the peculiar pride and jealousy of New England. In every stage of national formation, it was peculiarly Northern, and not Southern, statesmen that guarded State rights as we were forming the Constitution. But, once united, the loyal States gave up forever that which had been delegated to the National Government. And now, in the hour of victory, the loyal States do not mean to trench upon Southern States' rights. They will not do it, or suffer it to be done. There is not to be one rule for high latitudes, and another for low. We take nothing from the Southern States that has not already been taken from Northern. The South shall have just those rights that every Eastern, every Middle, every Western State has—no more, no less.

We are not seeking our own aggrandizement by impoverishing the South. Its prosperity is an indispensable element of our own. We have shown, by all that we have suffered in war, how great is our estimate of the importance of the Southern States of this Union, and we will measure that estimate, now, in peace, by still greater exertions for their rebuilding.

Will reflecting men perceive, then, the wisdom of accepting established facts; and, with alacrity of enterprise, begin to retrieve the past?

Slavery cannot come back. It is the interest therefore of every man to hasten its end. Do you want more war? Are you not yet weary of contest? Will you gather up the unexploded fragments of this prodigious magazine of all mischief, and heap them up for continued explosion? Does not the South need peace? And, since free labor is inevitable, will you have it in its worst forms or its best? Shall it be ignorant, impertinent, indolent? or, shall it be educated, self-respecting, moral, and self-supporting? Will you have men as drudges, or will you have them as citizens? Since they have vindicated the Government, and cemented its foundation stones with their blood, may they not offer the tribute of their support to maintain its laws and its policy? It is better for religion; it is better for political integrity; it is better for industry; it is better for *money*—if you will have that ground motive—that you should educate the black man; and, by education, make him a citizen. They who refuse education to a black man, would turn the South into a vast poor-house, and labor into a pendulum, necessity vibrating between poverty and indolence.

From this pulpit of broken stone we speak forth our earnest greeting to all our land.

We offer to the President of these United States our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burdens and sufferings of four bloody years, and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude, and for which he has labored with such disinterested wisdom.

To the members of the Government associated with him in the administration of perilous affairs in critical times: to the Senators and Representatives of the United States who have eagerly fashioned the instruments by which the popular will might express and enforce itself, we tender our grateful thanks.

To the officers and men of the army and navy, who have so faithfully, skillfully, and gloriously upheld their country's authority, by suffering, labor, and sublime courage, we offer here a tribute beyond the compass of words.

Upon those true and faithful citizens, men and women, who have borne up with unflinching hope in the darkest hour, and covered the land with the labors of love and charity, we invoke the divinest blessing of Him whom they have so truly imitated.

But chiefly to Thee, God of our fathers, we render thanksgiving and praise for that wondrous providence that has brought forth, from such a harvest of war, the seed of so much liberty and peace.

We invoke peace upon the North. Peace be to the West. Peace be upon the South !

In the name of God, we lift up our banner, and dedicate it to Peace, Union, and Liberty, now and forevermore. Amen.

III

CIVIL LIBERTY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord shewed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord."—Deut. xxxiv. 1–5.

THERE is no historic figure more noble than that of the Jewish lawgiver. After so many thousand years, the figure of Moses is not diminished, but stands up against the background of early days distinct and individual as if he had lived but yesterday. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. He had borne the great burdens of state for forty years, shaped the Jews to a nation, filled out their civil and religious polity, administered their laws, guided their steps, or dealt with them in all their journeyings in the wilderness; had mourned in their punishment, kept step with their march, and led them in wars until the end of their labors drew nigh. The last stage was reached. Jordan, only, lay between them and "the promised land." The Promised Land! O, what yearnings had heaved his breast for that divinely foreshadowed place! He had dreamed of it by night, and mused by day; it was holy and endeared as God's favored spot. It was to be the cradle of an illustrious history. All his long, laborious, and now weary life,

* Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday Morning, April 23, 1865, the week following President Lincoln's assassination.

he had aimed at this as the consummation of every desire, the reward of every toil and pain. Then came the word of the Lord to him, "Thou mayest not go over. Get thee up into the mountain; look upon it; and die!"

From that silent summit the hoary leader gazed to the north, to the south, to the west, with hungry eyes. The dim outlines rose up. The hazy recesses spoke of quiet valleys between hills. With eager longing, with sad resignation, he looked upon the promised land. It was now to him a forbidden land. This was but a moment's anguish, he forgot all his personal wants, and drank in the vision of his people's home. His work was done. There lay God's promise fulfilled. There was the seat of coming Jerusalem; there the city of Judah's King; the sphere of judges and prophets; the Mount of sorrow and salvation; the nest whence were to fly blessings innumerable to all mankind. Joy chased sadness from every feature, and the prophet laid him down and died.

Again a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle, and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people! Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men at home were striking: upon it foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms; and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one, such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impassioned natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with the mercurial in hours of defeat to the depths of despondency, he held on with unmovable patience and fortitude, putting caution against hope that it might not be premature, and hope against caution that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four

black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sins of his people as by fire.

At last the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out of the darkness; and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly, that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land.

Then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us.

Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul! Thou hast indeed entered into the promised land, while we are yet on the march. To us remain the rocking of the deep, the storm upon the land, days of duty and nights of watching; but thou art sphered high above all darkness and fear, beyond all sorrow and weariness. Rest, O weary heart! Rejoice exceedingly, thou that hast enough suffered! Thou hast beheld Him who invisibly led thee in this great wilderness. Thou standest among the elect. Around thee are the royal men that have ennobled human life in every age. Kingly art thou, with glory on thy brow as a diadem. And joy is upon thee forevermore. Over all this land, over all the little cloud of years that now from thine infinite horizon moves back as a speck, thou art lifted up as high as a star is above the clouds, that hide us but never reach it. In the goodly company of Mount Zion thou shalt find that rest which thou hast sorrowing sought here in vain; and thy name, an everlasting name in heaven, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as men shall last upon the earth, or hearts remain, to revere truth, fidelity, and goodness.

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy of final victory was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in

brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. That peace was sure; that our government was firmer than ever; that the land was cleansed of plague; that the ages were opening to our footsteps, and we were to begin a march of blessings; that blood was staunched, and scowling enmities were sinking like storms beneath the horizon; that the dear fatherland, nothing lost, much gained, was to rise up in unexampled honor among the nations of the earth,—these thoughts, and that undistinguishable throng of fancies, and hopes, and desires, and yearnings, that filled the soul with tremblings like the heated air of midsummer days,—all these kindled up such a surge of joy as no words may describe.

In one hour, under the blow of a single bereavement, joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and upon the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow; —noon and midnight without a space between!

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief; this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its firstborn were gone. Men were bereaved, and walked

for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing but that; and yet, of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The great city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The huge Leviathan lay down and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

For myself, I cannot yet command that quietness of spirit needed for a just and temperate delineation of a man whom goodness has made great. Leaving that, if it please God, to some other occasion, I pass to some considerations aside from the martyr President's character which may be fit for this hour's instruction.

And first, let us not mourn that his departure was so sudden, nor fill our imagination with horror at its method. Men, long eluding and evading sorrow, when at last they are overtaken by it seem enchanted and seek to make their sorrow sorrowful to the very uttermost, and to bring out every drop of suffering which they possibly can. This is not Christian, though it may be natural. When good men pray for deliverance from sudden death, it is only that they may not be plunged without preparation, all disrobed, into the presence of their Judge. When one is ready to depart suddenness of death is a blessing. It is a painful sight to see a tree overthrown by a tornado, wrenched from its foundations, and broken down like a weed; but it is yet more painful to see a vast and venerable tree lingering with vain strife against decay, which age and infirmity have marked for destruction. The process by which strength wastes, and the mind is obscured, and the tabernacle is taken down, is humiliating and painful; and it is good and grand when a man departs to his rest from out of the midst of

duty, full-armed and strong, with pulse beating time. For such an one to go suddenly, if he be prepared to go, is but to terminate a most noble life in its most noble manner. Mark the words of the Master:—

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching."

Not they that go in a stupor, but they that go with all their powers about them, and wide-awake, to meet their Master, as to a wedding, are blessed. He died watching. He died with his armor on. In the midst of hours of labor, in the very heart of patriotic consultations, just returned from camps and counsels, he was stricken down. No fever dried his blood. No slow waste consumed him. All at once, in full strength and manhood, with his girdle tight about him, he departed; and walks with God.

Nor was the manner of his death more shocking, if we divest it of the malignity of the motives which caused it. The mere instrument itself is not one that we should shrink from contemplating. Have not thousands of soldiers fallen on the field of battle by the bullets of the enemy? Is being killed in battle counted to be a dreadful mode of dying? It was as if he had died in battle. Do not all soldiers that must fall ask to depart in the hour of battle and of victory? He went in the hour of victory.

There has not been a poor drummer-boy in all this war that has fallen for whom the great heart of Lincoln would not have bled; there has not been one private soldier, without note or name, slain among thousands and hid in the pit among hundreds, without even the memorial of a separate burial, for whom the President would not have wept. He was a man from the common people that never forgot his kind. And now that he who might not bear the march, and the toil, and the battle with these humble citizens has been called to die by the bullet, as they were, do you not feel that there was a peculiar fitness to his nature and life that he should in death be joined with them in a final

common experience to whom he had been joined in all his sympathies?

For myself, when any event is susceptible of a higher and nobler garnishing, I know not what that disposition is that should seek to drag it down to the depths of gloom, and write it all over with the scrawls of horror or fear. I let the light of nobler thoughts fall upon his departure, and bless God that there is some argument of consolation in the matter and manner of his going, as there was in the matter and manner of his staying.

Then, again, this blow was but the expiring rebellion. As a miniature gives all the form and features of its subject, so, epitomized in this foul act, we find the whole nature and disposition of slavery. It begins in a wanton destruction of all human rights, and in a desecration of all the sanctities of heart and home; and it is the universal enemy of mankind, and of God, who made man. It can be maintained only at the sacrifice of every right moral feeling in its abettors and upholders. I deride him who points me to any one bred amidst slavery, believing in it, and willingly practising it, and tells me that he is a *man*. I shall find saints in perdition sooner than I shall find true manhood under the influences of so accursed a system as this. It is a two-edged sword, cutting both ways, violently destroying manhood in the oppressed, and insidiously destroying manhood in the oppressor. The problem is solved, the demonstration is completed in our land. Slavery wastes its victims, and it destroys the masters. It kills public morality, and the possibility of it. It corrupts manhood in its very center and elements. Communities in which it exists are not to be trusted. They are rotten. Nor can you find timber grown in this accursed soil of iniquity that is fit to build our Ship of State, or lay the foundation of our households. The patriotism that grows up under this blight, when put to proof, is selfish and brittle; and he that leans upon it shall be pierced. The honor that grows up in the midst of slavery is not honor, but a bastard quality that usurps the place of its better, only to disgrace the name of honor. And, as long as there is con-

science, or reason, or Christianity, the honor that slavery begets will be a by-word and a hissing. The whole moral nature of men reared to familiarity and connivance with slavery is death-smitten. The needless rebellion; the treachery of its leaders to oaths and solemn trusts; their violation of the commonest principles of fidelity, sitting in senates, in councils, in places of public confidence only to betray and to destroy; the long, general, and unparalleled cruelty to prisoners, without provocation, and utterly without excuse; the unreasoning malignity and fierceness, —these all mark the symptoms of that disease of slavery, which is a deadly poison to soul and body.

I do not say that there are not single natures, here and there, scattered through the vast wilderness which is covered with this poisonous vine, who escaped the poison. There are; but they are not to be found among the men that believe in it, and that have been molded by it. They are the exceptions. Slavery is itself barbarity. That nation which cherishes it is barbarous; and no outside tinsel or glitter can redeem it from the charge of barbarism. And it was fit that its expiring blow should be such as to take away from men the last forbearance, the last pity, and fire the soul with an invincible determination that the breeding-ground of such mischiefs and monsters shall be utterly and forever destroyed.

We needed not that he should put on paper that he believed in slavery, who, with treason, with murder, with cruelty infernal, hovered around that majestic man to destroy his life. He was himself but the long sting with which slavery struck at liberty; and he carried the poison that belonged to slavery. As long as this nation lasts, it will never be forgotten that we have had one martyred President—never! Never, while time lasts, while heaven lasts, while hell rocks and groans, will it be forgotten that slavery, by its minions, slew him, and in slaying him made manifest its whole nature and tendency.

But another thing for us to remember is that this blow was aimed at the life of the government and of the nation. Lincoln was slain; America was meant. The man

was cast down; the government was smitten at. It was the President who was killed. It was national life, breathing freedom and meaning beneficence, that was sought. He, the man of Illinois, the private man, divested of robes and the insignia of authority, representing nothing but his personal self, might have been hated; but that would not have called forth the murderer's blow. It was because he stood in the place of government, representing government and a government that represented right and liberty, that he was singled out.

This, then, is a crime against universal government. It is not a blow at the foundations of our government, more than at the foundations of the English government, of the French government, of every compacted and well-organized government. It was a crime against mankind. The whole world will repudiate and stigmatize it as a deed without a shade of redeeming light. For this was not the oppressed, goaded to extremity, turning on his oppressor. Not even the shadow of a cloud of wrong has rested on the South, and they know it right well.

In a council held in the city of Charleston, just preceding the attack on Fort Sumter, two commissioners were appointed to go to Washington; one on the part of the army from Fort Sumter, and one on the part of the Confederates. The lieutenant that was designated to go for us said it seemed to him that it would be of little use for him to go, as his opinion was immovably fixed in favor of maintaining the government in whose service he was employed. Then Governor Pickens took him aside, detaining, for an hour and a half the railroad train that was to convey them on their errand. He opened to him the whole plan and secrets of the Southern conspiracy, and said to him, distinctly and repeatedly (for it was needful, he said, to lay aside disguises), that the South had never been wronged, and that all their pretenses of grievance in the matter of tariffs, or anything else, were invalid. "But," said he, "we must carry the people with us; and we allege these things, as all statesmen do many things they do not believe, because they are the only instruments by which

the people can be managed." He then and there declared that it had simply come to this: that the two sections of country were so antagonistic in ideas and policies that they could not live together; that it was foreordained that, on account of differences in ideas and policies, Northern and Southern men must keep apart. This is testimony which was given by one of the leaders in the Rebellion, and which will probably, ere long, be given under hand and seal to the public. So the South has never had wrongs visited upon it except by that which was inherent in it.

This was not, then, the avenging hand of one goaded by tyranny. It was not a despot turned on by his victim. It was the venomous hatred of liberty wielded by an avowed advocate of slavery. And, though there may have been cases of murder in which there were shades of palliation, yet this murder was without provocation, without temptation, without reason, sprung from the fury of a heart cankered to all that was just and good, and corrupted by all that was wicked and foul.

The blow, however, has signally failed. The cause is not stricken; it is strengthened. This nation has dissolved—but in tears only. It stands, four-square, more solid, to-day, than any pyramid in Egypt. This people are neither wasted, nor daunted, nor disordered. Men hate slavery and love liberty with stronger hate and love to-day than ever before. The Government is not weakened, it is made stronger. How naturally and easily were the ranks closed! Another stepped forward, in the hour that the one fell, to take his place and his mantle; and I utter my trust that he will be found a man true to every instinct of liberty; true to the whole trust that is reposed in him; vigilant of the Constitution; careful of the laws; wise for liberty in that he himself, through his life, has known what it was to suffer from the stings of slavery, and to prize liberty from bitter personal experiences.

Where could the head of government in any monarchy be smitten down by the hand of an assassin, and the funds not quiver nor fall one-half of one per cent.? After a long period of national disturbance, after four years of drastic

war, after tremendous drafts on the resources of the country, in the height and top of our burdens, the heart of this people is such that now, when the head of government is stricken down, the public funds do not waver, but stand as the granite ribs in our mountains. Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems now in the providence of God to have been clothed with an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected or imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth, "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe."

Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now, his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children and your children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in the party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well: I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. Men will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which in vanquishing him has made him a martyr and a conqueror: I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. Men will admire and imitate his unmoved firmness, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place: I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight

million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no ministers shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? Oh, thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long wronged, and grieved!

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march,* mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead—dead—dead—he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man dead that ever was fit to live? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the Infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on, thou victor!

Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people; we return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, ye prairies! In the midst of this great Continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall make pilgrimage to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds, that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr, whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

*The funeral journey, conveying Lincoln's body from Washington to Illinois, was fourteen days in progress. He was buried on May 4, 1865.

CONDITIONS OF A RESTORED UNION.*

"Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." —1 Sam. vii. 12.

I READ, as a part of the opening services, a portion of the history from which I have selected this memorable sentence.

For twenty years the ark of the covenant had been removed from Israel, and was in captivity. Then, by signal interpositions of divine providence, it was recovered, and with victories which quite broke the power of the enemies of the ark and its God. The prophet and judge of Israel then declared, setting up a memorial and witness, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." It was a devout recognition of the interposition of God's providence in their behalf.

If ever a people had occasion to say that, we ourselves now have; and it would be a fitting thing for us if we were to set up again the corner-stone of the edifice of our liberty, and, making it a witness and a memorial, to write upon it "Eben-ezer"—*Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.*

And that word was not only a grateful recognition of the past, but a hopeful view of the future. It was designed by the prophet to inspire hope and trust in the future by the witness of God's fidelity in the past. So also Christian men in this land ought to recognize God's hand in the past by a cheerful trust in regard to our future. Our difficulties are not ended. As long as nations or individuals live, there

*Preached in Plymouth Church, October 29, 1865, in the early stages of the debates over the restoration or reconstruction of the Southern States lately in rebellion, Andrew Johnson having been six months in the presidential chair as the successor of the murdered Lincoln.

will be obstacles to be contested—and it is almost indispensable to vitality that it should be so. But what are our difficulties as compared with those through which we have triumphantly passed,—compared with those of four years ago; of three years ago; of two years ago; of even one year ago?

It is a remarkable fact that at no period hitherto has any statesman or leader appeared among us who, in view of coming dangers, has been able to lay down a plan, or a course of action. From the first, our whole horizon stood darkened by thick troubles. Question upon question, like ranks of trees in the forest, rose beyond each other; and there was no man who, before we reached them, could give a probable solution to them. Nor do I remember a single one of them that was solved in advance. Yet, it is a memorable fact that, as we drew near to one after another of these great difficulties which environed our people, we began to see specially, in each instance, how to overcome it. One by one our troubles were easily surmounted and left behind us. And as it has been in days past, so we have a right to believe it will be in days to come. We do not need to ask for a prophet's glass, that we may sweep the whole horizon and descry some way of escape. It is better to look back and see that to this people day by day has brought its difficulties and day by day has brought its deliverances. He that hath been our Help hitherto will be our Help in time to come; and it is unbecoming in us, individually, and as a nation, after God's great manifestations of mercy toward us, to indulge in one moment's doubt, or fear, or despondency. For despondency is ingratitude, and hope in God is worship.

I am impressed not only with the duty of hope and trust in God for the future, but with the duty of good-will toward men. Now that war has ceased from out of our midst, nothing can better crown its victories than a generous and trustful spirit on the part of the citizens of this nation toward those that have been in error. And if I have not in past days been delinquent in the duty of defending liberty against the assaults of men; if I have not failed to

be stern and persistent in my denunciations of that which was threatening and wrong; so now I am glad, on the other hand, to be early and equally persistent in advocating lenity, charity, sympathy, and, as far as I may in consistence with duty, forgetfulness. Hitherto, when slavery was a power in the land, and when the government was in the hands of men who hated its fundamental principles, true men in the North were obliged to be stern and unflinching. There was no room permitted us for charity. Every single overture of charity was employed as an instrument for our destruction, and a witness for slavery. Now it is different; circumstances have changed; and if we are wise, we shall make haste to adapt ourselves to the new state of things, and perform now, though in a reverse manner, the duties which we sought hitherto to perform—then by opposition to the South; now by kindness toward them, and concord with them.

In the first place, I cannot expect, nor ask you to expect, those that have been swept by this insanity (for I can scarcely regard the state of mind that has existed for years in the South as other than a political insanity)—I cannot expect, nor ask you to expect, that in one hour they will get over their enmities, their life-long prejudices and their humiliation. It would be easy for us to forgive men who were all that is lovely and beautiful; but when we in fancy call them citizens and brothers, how often is our zeal of reconciliation checked by reading in the papers some hateful speech, or an account of some misbecoming conduct! And how often do we find ourselves drawing back from the kindness that we had proposed to ourselves! Now we are to remember that convalescence is often slower and longer than the run of the disease itself; and where men have been turmoiled, and torn, and revolutionized, it is demanding miracles to ask that in an hour, or a few days, they will sit clothed in their right mind at the feet of Jesus. And if there is to be anything like magnanimity, generosity, and true overtures of friendship, we must take men as they are. If we wait to have them become what we would have them to be, we shall wait in vain. Circumstances

will now compel Southern citizens to a course which will be safe for the Republic. They may act angrily; they may express ill-will; but they are now brought into a condition in which natural laws, stronger than human volitions or prejudices, will bend or overrule their wills.

Nor are we to demand a surrender of theories and philosophies as a condition of confidence and trust. I perceive that men are dissatisfied because prominent leaders of the Rebellion are forgiven before they have shown any evidence of having relinquished the heresy of secession. I should have had less faith in them if they had. Under such circumstances it would have been said of them, "They were insincere in professing faith in their State doctrines;" or else it would have been said, "It was in the power of the sword to change their convictions"—neither of which would have been compatible with true manhood. All we have to ask is that they shall accept the fact and the future policy of Union. Let men say that secession *ought* to have been allowed—if they accept the fact that it *is forever disallowed* by the people of this continent. A man who believed in Calhoun's theories, and still believes them, may be a good citizen—just as one in England may be obedient to monarchical institutions, though he believes republican to be better. These theories, if let alone, will die out. The age and country is against them. The course of events refutes them. Old men may cherish them, but the young and ambitious will accept better doctrines and wiser policies.

Nor do I think it wise or Christian for us to distrust the sentiments of those in the South that profess to be desirous, once again, of concord and of union. It is said that they wish to get back to their old privileges and power, and that, when once they are reinstated, they will do as they please. But how do you propose to remedy that matter? What kind of probation will you put States upon which will render it certain that, when they come back to the participation of national power, they will not do as they please? You make a condition which in the nature of things cannot be fulfilled. Somewhere men are to be

believed and trusted, or all possibility of co-operative government is at an end.

But it is said that we should receive guaranties for the future before we receive back men who have arrayed themselves against the laws of the land. What guaranties? How are we to secure them? I think the best guaranty that can be given is the utter destruction of slavery. Men may make as many promises as they please, but they are under the influence of organic laws. Those great unconscious influences that are subtly touching men's interests, and the springs of thought and feeling—these are the things that in the long run determine conduct. Why was the North valid, healthful? Because her laws and institutions promoted freedom and the doctrines of liberty. It was not because we were by nature more virtuous than the people of the South; but we were under the influence of great organic laws that were inciting us to conduct which was wiser and better than we individually knew or purposed. We were dependent upon the wisdom of our great political institutions for making us what we were. And they of the South, on the other hand, were unconsciously under the influence of great organic laws which sprang from radically vicious institutions. They were made what they were by certain theories of political economy, carried out practically. So that they answered logically to the influences of those institutions under which they were reared, as we answered logically to the influences of those institutions under which we were reared. It was the antagonism which existed between their institutions and ours that brought us in perpetual collision with them. The giving to all men equal rights, and the holding men in slavery, could not harmonize. Free labor meeting slave-labor; free speech meeting muzzled speech; a free press meeting a hampered press, could not but lead to conflict. It was the necessities of Southern institutions which collided with the necessities of Northern institutions. The people of the South were what they were, not by reason of voluntary wickedness, but by reason of the institutions that were behind them, and that pushed

them forward, as tides push ships; and our excellence was attributable not so much to ourselves as to the pressure of the great laws and institutions under which we were acting.

Now, slavery being destroyed, the cause of collision is removed; and, though a longer or shorter time may be required to readjust the state of things, once let labor stand free in the South, once let there be no necessity for muzzling speech, once let there be no need for hampering the press, once let commerce be unrestricted, once let the heathen laws on Southern statute-books be destroyed, and what guaranty do you want that free men, pursuing free labor, will not fight other free men pursuing free labor? The only cause of antagonism was slavery; and, now that slavery is destroyed, there is no ground for conflict. We do not come into collision with Canada, although she is under a crown. Still less do we come into collision with the States of the West. And why should we come into collision with the States of the South, except on account of differences between their institutions and ours? Thus the taking away of difference is everything that we want. Of all guaranties for the future harmony of the North and the South, the best is the effectual extermination of slavery. A guaranty of *words* may be very well, but a guaranty of *facts* is better.

It is said that there should be a spirit of humility on the part of the South, that there should be the appearance of their having been convinced of the error of their ways, before we receive them back. It is said that God does not receive sinners back till they are humbled.

When you are God you need not receive your brethren back till they are humbled. But I take it that you are not in the place of God. There are many who desire to see the South humbled. For my own part, I think it to be the great need of this nation to save the self-respect of the South. I think that he will be the wisest and most politic statesman who knows how to carry them through this terrible and painful transition with the least sacrifice of their pride, and with the greatest preservation of their self-re-

spect; and if it can be done by the generosity of the North, a confidence will spring up at the South in the future that will repay us for the little self-sacrifice that we may make. As for me, I would go backward and throw the mantle over their nakedness, and extend to them trust and help, till they should recover themselves and again stand erect in the full manhood of a common American citizenship. I do not wish to see the South humbled any more than War has humbled them. Stripped, peeled, they have been. But that is not all. Oh, what woe is theirs! Not a father or mother among them can mourn for a slain son, not a wife can mourn for a husband slain, not a sister can mourn for a brother, not a man or woman can mourn for a friend, with any other feeling than this: "He threw away his life for nothing!" Thrice ten thousand loved ones have we sacrificed; but they were martyrs for liberty, and their names and deeds are fragrant in our memory, and we glory in our sorrow! But the wailing of the people of the South concerning those that they sacrificed is, "They perished in a cause that itself perished, and there is no memorial of them!" Their property is gone, their States are in anarchy, their firesides are left desolate; and do I hear men saying, "Before we receive them back let them be still further humbled?" Oh, my brother, you know not what manner of spirit you are of!

I am anxious that those who have hitherto been most active for liberty and humanity should produce the first and deepest impression on our brethren in the South by real kindness; and I am very thankful that those who have been representative men in the North, in the main—Gerritt Smith, Mr. Garrison, and others such as they—have been found pleading for lenity, and opposed to rigor and uncharitableness. That is as it should be. And I shall be greatly rejoiced if those men who have been in favor of liberty, and in conflict with the South, shall be the first, in the interest of liberty and humanity, to express toward the Southern people sympathy and generous trust. On the other hand, I shall regard it as peculiarly unfortunate if it shall take place that the patriotic and good shall stand

coldly waiting, or sternly demanding justice, while those men that for five years have betrayed both the North and the South, make haste to hold out warm hands of greeting, and produce the impression that they are alone the friends of the South. Let the true men find the Southern heart, and let traitors be disallowed by both parties.

I cannot read except with disapprobation much that is written now in regard to the condition of things in the South. An honest statement of facts is fair: but biting criticisms on men and their actions cannot but produce evil results. I have deemed unwise the many criticisms that were passed upon General Lee when he assumed the Presidency of Washington College. When his history is impartially written, it can never be covered up that in an hour of great weakness he committed himself wickedly to the cause of rebellion. This is a blemish on his name that cannot well be effaced. But I cannot deny that since that time his course and career, from *his* stand-point, have been almost void of reproach. The great crime of rebellion remains; but, it being assumed that he was conscientiously convinced that that was his duty, where can you find aught to criticise in his general conduct? And when the war ceased, and he laid down his arms, who could have been more modest, more manly, more true to his own word and honor than he was? And when he was called to the presidency of a college, must he not accept it? Must he not do something for a living? Might he not attempt to teach the minds of the South in the radical elements of education? And was it wise and befitting that we at the North should raise caviling objections to his availing himself of this opportunity that was offered him of gaining an honorable livelihood? The real question is not of his fitness, but whether it is wise for us to deny to Virginians the right to select their own teachers. As far as I am concerned, I was glad that he accepted the position; and I have reason to believe that the young men who are graduated under him, even though they were deficient on some points of political education, will be true and faithful to the government that they are to live under. Robert Lee

is the last man in the South ever again to rebel or incite rebellion. And I tell you we are not making friends, nor helping the cause of a common country, by raising the names of eminent Southern men, one after another, into the place of bitter criticism. It is not generous. We are the stronger party; we have been successful: and if there is to be magnanimity anywhere, we are the men to show it.

The two great questions which now are unfolding into practical policies, and which attract the thoughtful regard of all men that think upon public affairs, are: first, the admission of Southern States again to the participation in our national government; and, secondly, the complete and permanent restoration to the black men of our country of their rights.

Let us look, then, at these two main questions of the future.

I. It is desirable, on every account, that the South should be restored at the earliest practicable moment to a participation in our common government. It is best for us; it is best for them. It is foreign to our American ideas that men should be dispossessed of civil rights, if we expect to treat them in any other way than as criminals. If we expect to make citizens of them, and useful citizens, it is part and parcel of our American habits and doctrine that they shall be made so by an active participation in public affairs, which we hold to be not a luxury, but an education and a duty.

But there are some considerations precedent. For it is not right that, in a moment, and without any sort of pledge or preparation or qualification, the men who were yesterday pointing the sword at the very throat of the government should have control of that government, or should be allowed to participate in its control.

In the first place, the cause of our trouble must be destroyed; that which made the Southern States hate certain features of the Constitution and Government, and which brought them into perpetual collision with the free States, must be destroyed, as a part of their preparation for participation in the privileges which that Constitution and

that Government confer. It is right that State conventions should be required to abolish slavery, and to assist in the amendment of the Constitution of the United States in that regard, so that any State that might try to rejuvenate slavery should under the Constitution be unable to do it. I think this to be a sound and wise condition of their rehabilitation.

Whatever may be done in the case of individuals, communities cannot be permitted to participate in the affairs of the government till they renounce forever their right to destroy it. For, stripped of all words, *secession* means the right of a part of the people living under a government to destroy that government. The South are now, by the fates of war, brought to our feet; and they ask to be our equals again, and to be allowed again to participate with us in the administration of the government; and certainly we have a right to say to them, "If you are to administer the government with us, you must swear not to attempt to destroy it." That is not humbling, and not very operose. And they must, in convention, not only annul their act of secession, but pronounce it to have been *ab initio* void. Thus must be set at rest all possibility of future secession and disunion.

I think that, also, before the States of the South are reinstated, these conventions should have ascertained, and prescribed, and established, the condition of the freedman. They should have established, first, his right to labor, and to hold property, with all its concomitants. They should have established his right to labor as he pleases, where he pleases, and for whom he pleases, and to have sole and undivided the proceeds of his own earnings, with the liberty to do with them as he pleases, just as any other citizen does. They should also have made him to be the equal of all other men before the courts and in the eye of the law. He should be just as much qualified to be a witness as the man that assaults him. He should be under the protection of the laws, with all the opportunities of availing himself of their benefits which any other citizen has. It is one of the legitimate results of his emancipation that

he should be put under the protection of the laws, and that he should have access to the courts, the same as any other man.

I hold that it would have been wise, also, for these conventions to have given him the right of suffrage—for it is always inexpedient and foolish to deny a man his natural rights. And I yet stand on the ground that suffrage in our community is not a privilege, or a prerogative, but a natural right. That is to say, if there is any such thing as a natural right, a man has a natural right to determine the laws that involve his life, and liberty, and property. He has a right to have a voice in the election of those magistrates who have to do with his whole civil prosperity. If the right to determine the laws and magistracies under which one exists is not a natural right, I know not what a natural right is. It is not giving the colored man a privilege to allow him to vote: it is developing a long dormant natural right. He has a right to citizenship because he is a man, unless he has forfeited it by crime. And I think it would have saved the land great prospective trouble to have promptly declared the right of the freedmen to labor and all its avails, to law and all its remedies, to citizenship and all its privileges. In our land liberty means citizenship. It is the right to self, to property, to law, and government, in each man and in all equally and alike.

It is said that a declaration of the rights of citizenship is a declaration of *social* equality. You might as well say that the granting citizenship to a foreigner implies his right to share the property of those whose fellow-citizen he becomes. Declaring the colored man's right to citizenship in this country does not make him your equal socially. Do you suppose that you are all equal to each other in a social sense? Do you suppose that the Irishman who has just landed on our shores, who becomes a citizen, but to whom our ideas are foreign, instantly becomes our equal in a social point of view? That is to say, the moment a man has the right to plead and be impleaded in our courts, the right to the fruits of his own labor, and the right to

vote, do I rush into his arms and beg him to become my son-in-law, whether I like him or not? What phantasies fill the brains of men! How absurd is the idea, because I claim for the black man the right to be a man, the right to hold his earnings, the right to be a witness in our courts, and the right to vote, that therefore I am bound to like him, and to like him so much better than I like others as to make him my inseparable companion; and that I deem it wise and best for him to intermarry with the whites! I have never seen the time when I desired black people and white people to intermarry. True, I have said, time and time again, that, if there was to be any intermingling, it ought to be under marriage, and not under concubinage; but that doctrine pro-slavery men have hitherto hated. They are not opposed to practical miscegenation. Their blood is disseminated on every plantation in the Southern States, as a result of the actual application of their doctrine. The difference between them and us is, that they hold that there may be miscegenation, if only it is adulterous; while we declare that adultery is abhorrent to God, whether it be among whites or blacks, or both; and if there is to be intermingling, it should at least be wedlock. At the same time, we hold that it would better not be; and have held so from the beginning. Therefore, because I advocate the right of a black man to be free, to hold property, to claim the protection of the law, and to vote, I do not by any means hold that he is socially on a level with the man that is educated and refined, he not being educated or refined. And there is nothing more preposterous than the confounding of these most obvious distinctions.

With these provisions made by the conventions of the several States, guaranteeing the rights and the citizenship of the black man, I think that the difficulties would all speedily disappear, and that there would be no more questions to divide the people of the North and the South, so far as this subject is concerned. Without such provisions, much mischief will probably arise. It will be a trouble, however, that will mainly affect the South. These four million men are not in our midst. For the most part, they are in

the South; and I may say that we are disinterested in pleading for their complete emancipation and enfranchisement; for, if they are wronged, and there are consequent uprisings and strifes, it will be there that those things will take place—not here. In their own bowels will be the cramps and colics—not in ours!

In regard to this matter, I do not know what the President's* mind is—if he knows it himself! Much complaint has been made of his reticence. But it is one of the best things that can be said of a man, that, when he has nothing to say, he says nothing. I apprehend, however, in the light of certain things that he said in his conference with the committee from the convention of South Carolina—South Carolina, a State which, whatever you may say of it, must always be considered as a State singularly diffident and modest!—the State that, before she had been received back into the Union, before she knew that she stood on her feet at all, unwashed, uncombed, and unrobed, sent a committee to advise the government what to do, thus affording a striking illustration of that itch of ruling to which she has been subject;—I apprehend, in the light of certain things that he said in his conference with this committee, that the President has given the key to his policy. You will recollect this remark, which he made in that interview: "We must be practical, and come up to the surrounding circumstances." He does not weave theories or propound general principles; he takes the facts as they come to him, one by one, and determines each of them on its own merits.

Of all the men that have occupied the presidential chair, not one, it seems to me, has displayed more wisdom in the solution of practical questions when brought before him, than has President Johnson thus far; and I am willing to trust him for the rest. I believe that, as one after another question comes up, he will be no less wise in solving each than he has been in solving those that have already presented themselves to him for solution. And the

* Andrew Johnson.

fact that he thinks many of the questions that arise had better be settled by Congress than by himself does not lessen my confidence in this wise magistrate. When you complain that many things should be precedent to the re-admission into the Union of the States of the South, you are to recollect that, while the President may advise and caution the Southern people, it is Congress that is to take the decisive steps. And it is better that the responsibility should be divided, than that the President should arrogate to himself the power of a czar, and determine questions absolutely and arbitrarily.

Moreover, if on this subject of negro rights and suffrage he has done wrong, and the people of the South have done wrong—that is to say, if they have neglected that which is right, in connection with the conventions that have been held—we have a right to criticise their action, and to point out their faults; but I must admit that we of the North are not precisely in the attitude to rebuke the South in respect to the rights of the colored man. I do not think that our humanity has been such as to fit us to give unqualified advice to our Southern brethren in that direction. When black men can ride without being insulted and ejected from our street-cars; when they can sit undisturbed in our sanctuaries; when they can work in shops with foreigners without being vomited out; when they can vote as white men do, without any property or other qualification —then the Northern States may assume to rebuke the South on this subject. But I confess that, if I were to go South and preach to the people there of this duty, I should be obliged to preach in a very mild and general way, and not with severe criticism and objurgation, lest they should turn and say to me, "In what State were you born, sir?" and I, with shame and confusion of face, should be obliged to say, "In Connecticut!"

As I have gone so far in speaking of the President, allow me to go further and express my gratitude to God for that singular succession by which, after we had been led by Lincoln for four years through the great and terrible ordeal of war, and that martyred and noble man was

taken suddenly, as it were by translation, God appointed, almost without our knowledge or forethought, one so well fitted to take up the work where it was left, and carry it on, without break or hindrance, to a successful accomplishment. And, although I cannot undertake to say (it would be presumption in me to say it) that I endorse Mr. Johnson; although it is not safe for any one to run before, and to promise much for the future; although I reserve my right to differ from him, and to criticise anything that may be hereafter developed in his policy, as any citizen may; yet, thus far, I do not now remember a single act of his administration which does not seem to me to have been wise, and just, and beneficial. The time when he was called to stand at the head of the nation was a most trying one. Perplexing questions were to be settled. Difficult knots were to be untied. But he has taken up and untangled thread after thread of our national affairs; and, with a firm purpose, a skillful hand, and a clear head, he has gone on weaving that garment which is yet to cover the body of these States in a common brotherhood. I thank God for the eminent services and auspicious wisdom of Mr. Johnson.

Nor can I point to anything that is more remarkable than that extraordinary unity of feeling which exists in the nation in respect to the general wisdom of the President's course. That those citizens who called him from his relative obscurity because he was true to the cause of his country; that those who voted for him, and placed him in the position which he now occupies—that they should have confidence in him is not surprising. No man that voted for Mr. Johnson can well be otherwise than proud, in the main, of that man who was his candidate for Vice-President, and who now is President of the United States. But that which calls forth my admiration, and which excites in me the profoundest gratitude, is that the men who hated him, and cursed him, and voted against him, are all converted, and have all adopted Mr. Johnson as their President, and his policy as their policy! So we are all one again! There are no party lines now dividing the coun-

try! There is one great party and only one! It is a miracle, and a miracle wrought in such a direction as to fill us with unqualified marvel, and with thanksgiving. I hope—I *hope* that these converts will not fall from grace!

I think I perceive in the President's mind a belief that all measures instituted under the Act of Emancipation for the blacks, in order to be permanently useful, must have the cordial consent of the wise and good citizens of the South. If it be so, I regard this judgment as indicative of the most sagacious statesmanship. I hold that it is not possible for us of the North, except in a remote way, to affect the condition of the black man in the South. We can send him material relief; we can give him the means of education; but in respect to his immediate condition, we cannot, removed at arm's-length, as we are, do much for him. And I do not think it consistent with the nature of our institutions for the Federal Government, in and of itself, to attempt permanently to take care of four millions of freedmen by military government. These men are scattered in fifteen States; they are living contiguous to their old masters; the kindness of the white men in the South is more important to them than all the policies of the nation put together. And the best intentions of the Government will be defeated if the laws that are made touching this matter are such as are calculated to excite the animosity and hatred of the white people in the South toward the black people there. I except the single degree of emancipation. That must stand, though men dislike it. A true and wise statesmanship consists in conciliating the late masters, and persuading them to accept the freedmen in a spirit of kindness and helpfulness. Calling names, suspecting motives, objurgations, will not help the black man. President Johnson thinks it better that the colored people should receive their rights with the consent of the South; and he waits for it, and influences rather than commands; and I think he is acting with enlightened judgment.

This view I found upon another part of his remarks which were addressed to the modest committee from South Carolina:—

"The President thought many of the evils would disappear if they inaugurated the right system. Pass laws protecting the colored man in his person and property, and he can collect his debts. He knew how it was with the South. The question, when first presented, of putting a colored man on the witness stand, made them shrug their shoulders. But the colored man's testimony was to be taken for what it was worth by those who examined him, and the jury who heard it. After all, there was not so much danger in this as was supposed. Those coming out of slavery cannot do without work; they cannot lie down in dissipation; they must work; they ought to understand that liberty means simply the right to work and enjoy the products of labor, and that the laws protect them. That being done, and when we come to the period to feel that men must work or starve, the country will be prepared to receive a system applicable to both white and black—prepared to receive a system necessary to the case. A short time back you could not enforce the vagrant law on the black, but could on the white man. But get the public mind right, and you can treat both alike. Let us get the general principles right, and the details and collaterals will follow."

Is not that wise? Is not that sound? Many men feared that the President, being a Southern-born man, would be warped toward the South. I thank God that he is a Southern-born man. It is just such a man that we need, if we are going to reconstruct. You cannot build up confidence as you can masonry. The work is not one in which all that is required is stone here, and mortar there. He that manages the human heart has, it may be, to work against ignorance, and against ten thousand prejudices; and he must himself have a sensitive heart. And a New England man in the President's chair, even if he were wiser than Mr. Johnson, would not have that natural sympathetic feeling for the Southern people which would fit him, as President Johnson is fitted, for the peculiar duties which devolve upon the Chief Magistrate of the nation at this time. He is of the South. He knows the weaknesses of the Southern people, and their good qualities; and he will be tender and kind with them. I am not afraid that he will betray one single Christian principle on account of this sympathy. So far from that, his sympathy will get

hold of the hearts of the white men of the South, in a manner that will go far toward winning them back to a better way. It is the period of winning and conciliation. War has done its work: and now we are to deal with men by the affections, by reason, and by conscience; and I think God has ordained this man to do that much needed work. On the whole, I believe in him.

II. I must say a few words in respect to the black man, and his condition, and our duties toward him. For this is the great question which is unrolling itself, and which God, in his providence, is giving us to consider.

I never was more surprised than in reading the speech of a late member of the Cabinet with regard to the disposition of the black race. Looking at it in the light of the present times, and of the nature of the doctrines of our government, this in many respects acute, ingenious, and certainly patriotic man can find but one solution for this great question. What does he propose to do? He proposes to take four millions of men and tear them up by the roots, and transport them out of the country, and so get rid of them. He declares that it is impossible for the blacks and whites to live together, and that there is no way of meeting the difficulty but by appropriating territory to which they shall be sent and left to govern themselves. Now, you may carry vagrant tribes of Indians from one place to another. They are venatorial in their habits. They are not agricultural. Nor have they such social connections as the colored people have in the South. It is possible to put Indian tribes on a certain territory, and keep them there. But the African is entirely different from the Indian—as different as the vine is from the bamboo. A bamboo grows without a tendril from top to bottom, and does not touch anything; and that is the way the Indian grows. The vine, as it grows, throws tendrils out on every side, at every point, and in every direction. It clasps and leans upon everything that it can reach. And so it is with the Africans. They do not live in tribes or communities by themselves. They clasp the white people. They like to live in white families. They are so inter-

mingled with the whites that if, according to Mr. Blair, you attempt to root up the tares, you will root up the wheat also. You cannot empty the South of this African element without destroying it from the foundation.

And is this a time, when the great want of the South is laborers, and when she is asking Sweden and Denmark, and Germany, and France, and England, and Ireland, to pour their laboring population into her desolated States—is this a time for her to take her own practiced and healthy laborers in her pestilential morasses, and banish them to the Western prairies? It is one of the most preposterous theories ever announced outside of a lunatic asylum. And think of this proposition being made to a Christian people! When we are called, in the providence of God, to instruct these poor, despised creatures in whose behalf Christ was born, to bear their burdens, and to raise them by the refining power of Christianity to the level of a true manhood, the counsel that comes to us from Maryland is, "Sneak out of your duties; shirk your cross; say to these heathen among you, Begone! Tramp! Get out!" Such is the fulfillment of duty that is held up before us! And it is proposed to American citizens! Why, I believe that even our foreign citizens would resent an appeal like this, though they are the worst disposed of our population toward the colored race.

What, then, is our Christian duty? We are, as far as in us lies, to prepare the black man for his present condition, and for his future, in the same way that we prepare the white man for his. And I think it should be a joint work. I do not think it would be wise for the North to pour ministers, and colporteurs, and schoolmasters into the South, making a too marked distinction between the black people and the white. We ought to carry the Gospel and education to the whites and blacks alike. Our heart should be set toward our country and all its people, without distinction of caste, class, or color. It is our business to use our wealth to meet the present emergencies and exigencies of the South, to supply it with food and raiment; but we are also to do in respect to it as we do in respect to ourselves.

Where we are personally concerned, we never trust anything to accident or chance. We hold that the only way to keep society from retrograding is to preserve our institutions; we hold that nothing can keep us from running to waste but the common-school, the academy, the college, the church, and the family; and we are to carry the common-school, the academy, the college, and the church to every State in the South. We are to educate the negroes, and to Christianly educate them. We are to raise them in intelligence more and more, until they shall be able to prove themselves worthy of citizenship. For, I tell you, all the laws in the world cannot bolster a man up so as to place him any higher than his own moral worth and natural forces put him. You may pass laws declaring that black men are men, and that they are our equals in social position; but, unless you can make them thoughtful, industrious, self-respecting, and intelligent; unless, in short, you can make them what you say they have a right to be, those laws will be in vain.

We have, then, a heavy work before us. We have a work that will tax our faith, and patience, and resources. But it is a work which we may pursue, believing that He who hath brought us thus far in it will carry us through to the end. We raise our Eben-ezer, and say, "The Lord hath helped us." And as he has helped us in the past by war, in respect to this great people that were in bondage, and laden with its vices and sins, so he will help us still in our Christian work of preparing them for that liberty which has been so strangely brought to their very door. And I am satisfied that, while we ought to claim for the colored man the right to the elective franchise, you never will be able to secure it and maintain it for him, except by making him so intelligent that men cannot deny it to him. You cannot long, in this country, deny to a man any civil right for which he is manifestly qualified. And if the colored man is industrious, and accumulates property, and makes a wise use of that property, you cannot long withhold from him his civil rights. We ought to demand universal suffrage, which is the

foundation element of our American doctrine; yet I demand many things in theory which I do not at once expect to see realized in practice. I do not at once expect to see universal suffrage in the South; but if the Southern people will not agree to universal suffrage, let it be understood that there shall be a property and educational qualification. Let it be understood that men who have acquired a certain amount of property, and can read and write, shall be allowed to vote. I do not think that the possession of property is a true condition on which to found the right to vote; but as a transition step I will accept it, when I would not accept it as a final measure. It is a good initial, though not a good final.

Further than that, I hold that no government that has self-respect, and no people that have humanity, can ever call three hundred thousand men to shoulder the musket and bare their bosom to death, and can be saved by the sprinkling of these men's blood, and then say to them, when the danger is past, "We have no further need of your services; go back again to your degradation." I believe, with Sherman, that the man who carries a musket in the defense of this government has a right afterward to carry a ballot. And it will be a shame, a burning shame, if this people permit those colored soldiers who fought for the maintenance of the integrity of this nation to go without the privilege of the ballot. I would be willing, for a beginning, to compromise on the ground of giving every soldier that served the cause of his country the right to vote. That right is given to foreigners now. And let the law give it to every soldier who is not a citizen, without distinction of color. And what will be the result? Give ten colored men in a parish at the South the right to vote, and equal suffrage will be a mere question of time. That will be the entering wedge. We want a beginning; and I would be willing, not as a finality, but as a stepping-stone to what I hope to get by and by, to take the suffrage for those colored men who bore arms in our late war for the salvation of this government. Now, I would like to see the man that professes to be a Democrat who is opposed to

a soldier's voting. Where is the man who can look in the face of that black hero who has risked his life in the thunder of battle to preserve this country, and say, "You do not deserve to vote?" The man who could do that is not himself fit to vote. He lacks the very first element of good citizenship.

I know that there are many to whom this subject is unwelcome, and who say, "It seems as though there never would be an end of this negro agitation." There are many that say, "Ever since I was born I have breakfasted, and dined, and supped upon this Negro. He is in the pulpit, in conventions, in caucuses, everywhere!"

Well, why do you not suppress him? I tell you, you will have to breakfast and dine and sup on this negro until you do him justice. Just as quick as you are willing to trust your own American principles, just as quick as you put in practice your own American doctrine that *all men are born free and equal, and have inalienable rights*, he will sink out of notice as a vexation. He will not any longer obtrude himself in the pulpit, in conventions, or in caucuses. Just as quick as you will do right you will be delivered from the haunting of the negro; but as long as you will not, he will haunt you.

But on another ground I have no sympathy with those who would fain have rest and quiet from such questions. I believe that life is worth just what it effects. I believe that that man's life is valuable who produces results, and that that man's life is worthless who produces no results. And it is the way of God to agitate communities. There may be wrong agitations, or agitations may be out of proportion to the objects that they are designed to accomplish; but in every age, if there is wholesomeness, soundness, true life, God rolls questions on men that they are obliged to wake up to consider. Somnolent disciples, men that think of God as a great Soother, who fans them with the sweet perfumed gales of grace, while they snooze in the sanctuary, and sleep in their citizen's duties—such men have no part nor lot in God's real kingdom. For he holds a spear, and he pierces and penetrates with divine fervor

every one whom he toucheth. His fan is in his hand, and he will purge his floor, and preserve the wheat and burn the chaff; and the man that does not choose to be exercised, that is unwilling to work—let him die and go out of life; because this is a world of work, and the Christian's life is a line of duty.

Enter upon your task, take up your cross, follow your Christ; and if you would rest, work; and if then you would rest, work again; and if then you would rest, die and rise to nobler work, in that land where there is no sleeping, where there is activity that knows no rest, when we have quit this mortal coil, and are pure spirits that have risen to the industries of God himself.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

TWO LETTERS, WRITTEN IN 1866, UPON BEING INVITED TO ACT AS CHAPLAIN OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION HELD AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Published, with an Introductory Postscript, in 1884, *in pamphlet form.*

[POSTSCRIPT OF 1884.]

I DESIRE to give a permanent form to the two letters which were published in the autumn of 1866, or about eighteen years ago. The question of reconstruction of the seceding States was under discussion, and feeling ran high, not alone on account of the nature of the work to be done, but also by reason of the disturbed relations between President Johnson and Congress.

President Lincoln had been assassinated, and Johnson had assumed his place. The statesmen whose vigor and courage had carried the country through the civil war were less adapted to the delicate task of restoring the discordant States to peace and unity than they had been to the sudden duties of war.

In a general way there were two parties; one counseling a speedy readjustment, and the other, a longer probation.

President Lincoln and Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, in the last conversations which I had with them, inclined to the policy of immediate restoration; and their views had great weight with me. It was in the interest of such a policy that a convention of Soldiers and Sailors was called, known by the name of the city where it was held as "The Cleveland Convention." I was invited to act as its Chaplain, and the first letter was my reply.

Not many days after the convention, President Johnson began that ill-favored journey, known as "swinging around the circle,"

during the progress of which his temper, attitude, and injudicious speeches thoroughly alarmed the community.

It was believed that he was betraying the country, and that all that had been gained by the war was about to be lost by the treachery of the President.

The public mind was greatly inflamed, and my Cleveland letter was received with violent protests. Many personal friends and members of Plymouth Church were greatly exercised. To allay excitement by giving a fuller view of the ground of my first letter and to confute the idea that I had abandoned the Republican Party, I wrote the second letter, assuming the same position, but with explanatory reasoning.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, December, 1884.

I.

LETTER TO THE CONVENTION.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., August 30, 1866.

CHAS. G. HALPINE, Brevet Brig.-Gen.,
H. W. SLOCUM, Major-Gen.,
GORDON GRANGER, Major-Gen.,
} *Committee.*

GENTLEMEN: I am obliged to you for the invitation which you have made to me to act as Chaplain to the Convention of Sailors and Soldiers about to convene at Cleveland. I cannot attend it, but I heartily wish it and all other conventions, of what party soever, success, whose object is the restoration of all the States late in rebellion to their federal relations.

Our theory of government has no place for a State except in the Union. It is justly taken for granted that the duties and responsibilities of a State in federal relations tend to its political health and to that of the whole nation. Even Territories are hastily brought in, often before the prescribed conditions are fulfilled, as if it were dangerous to leave a community outside of the great body-politic.

Had the loyal Senators and Representatives of Tennessee been admitted at once on the assembling of Congress,

and, in moderate succession, Arkansas, Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, and Virginia, the public mind of the South would have been far more healthy than it is, and those States which lingered on probation to the last would have been under a more salutary influence to good conduct than if a dozen armies had watched over them.

Every month that we delay this healthful step complicates the case. The excluded population, enough unsettled before, grows more irritable; the army becomes indispensable to local government and supersedes it; the Government at Washington is called to interfere in one and another difficulty, and this will be done inaptly, and sometimes with great injustice; for our Government, wisely adapted to its own proper functions, is utterly devoid of those habits, and unequipped with the instruments, which fit a centralized government to exercise authority in remote States over local affairs. Every attempt to perform such duties has resulted in mistakes which have excited the nation. But whatever imprudence there may be in the method, the real criticism should be against the requisition of such duties of the General Government.

The Federal Government is unfit to exercise minor police and local government, and will inevitably blunder when it attempts it. To keep a half score of States under Federal authority, but without national ties and responsibilities; to oblige the central authority to govern half of the territory of the Union by Federal civil officers and by the army, is a policy not only uncongenial to our ideas and principles, but pre-eminently dangerous to the spirit of our Government. However humane the ends sought and the motive, it is, in fact, a course of instruction, preparing our Government to be despotic; and familiarizing the people to a stretch of authority which can never be other than dangerous to liberty.

I am aware that good men are withheld from advocating the prompt and successive admission of the exiled States by the fear, chiefly, of its effect upon the freedmen.

It is said that, if admitted to Congress, the Southern Senators and Representatives will coalesce with Northern

Democrats and rule the country. Is this nation, then, to remain dismembered, to serve the ends of parties? Have we learned no wisdom by the history of the past ten years, in which just this course of sacrificing the nation to the exigencies of parties plunged us into rebellion and war?

Even admit that the power would pass into the hands of a party made up of Southern men and the hitherto dishonored and misled Democracy of the North, that power could not be used just as they pleased. The war has changed, not alone institutions, but ideas. The whole country has advanced. Public sentiment is exalted far beyond what it has been at any former period. A new party would, like a river, be obliged to seek out its channels in the already existing slopes and forms of the continent.

We have entered a new era of liberty. The style of thought is freer and more noble. The young men of our times are regenerated. The great army has been a school, and hundreds of thousands of men are gone home to preach a truer and nobler view of human rights. All the industrial interests of society are moving with increasing wisdom toward intelligence and liberty. Everywhere, in churches, in literature, in natural science, in physical industries, in social questions, as well as in politics, the nation feels that the winter is over and a new spring hangs in the horizon and works through all the elements. In this happily changed and advanced condition of things no party of the retrograde can maintain itself. Everything marches, and parties must march.

[I hear with wonder and shame and scorn the fear of a few that the South, once more in adjustment with the Federal Government, will rule this nation! The North is rich, never so rich; the South is poor, never before so poor. The population of the North is nearly double that of the South. The industry of the North, in diversity, in forwardness and productiveness, in all the machinery and education required for manufacturing, is half a century in advance of the South. Churches in the North crown every hill, and schools swarm in every neighborhood;

while the South has but scattered lights, at long distances, like light-houses twinkling along the edge of a continent of darkness. In the presence of such a contrast how mean and craven is the fear that the South will rule the policy of the land! That it will have an influence, that it will contribute, in time, most important influences or restraints, we are glad to believe. But if it rises at once to the control of the Government it will be because the North, demoralized by prosperity and besotted by groveling interests, refuses to discharge its share of political duty. In such a case the South not only will control the Government, but it ought to do so.

It is feared, with more reason, that the restoration of the South to her full independence will be detrimental to the freedmen. The sooner we dismiss from our minds the idea that the freedmen can be classified and separated from the white population, and nursed and defended by themselves, the better it will be for them and us. The negro is part and parcel of Southern society. He cannot be prosperous while it is unprospered. Its evils will rebound upon him. Its happiness and re-invigoration cannot be kept from his participation. The restoration of the South to amicable relations with the North, the reorganization of its industry, the re-inspiration of its enterprise and thrift, will all redound to the freedman's benefit. Nothing is so dangerous to the freedman as an unsettled state of society in the South. On him comes all the spite, and anger, and caprice, and revenge. He will be made the scapegoat of lawless and heartless men. Unless we turn the Government into a vast military machine, there cannot be armies enough to protect the freedmen while Southern society remains insurrectionary. If Southern society is calmed, settled, and occupied, and soothed with new hopes and prosperous industries, no armies will be needed. Riots will subside, lawless hangers-on will be driven off or better governed, and a way will be gradually opened to the freedmen, through education and industry, to full citizenship, with all its honors and duties.

Civilization is a growth. None can escape that forty years in the wilderness who travel from the Egypt of ignorance to the promised land of civilization. The freedmen must take their march. I have full faith in the results. If they have the stamina to undergo the hardships which every uncivilized people has undergone in its upward progress, they will in due time take their place among us. That place cannot be bought, nor bequeathed, nor gained by sleight of hand. It will come to sobriety, virtue, industry, and frugality. As the nation cannot be sound until the South is prosperous, so, on the other extreme, a healthy condition of civil society in the South is indispensable to the welfare of the freedmen.]

Refusing to admit loyal Senators and Representatives from the South to Congress will not help the freedmen. It will not secure for them the vote. It will not protect them. It will not secure any amendment of our Constitution, however just and wise. It will only increase the dangers and complicate the difficulties. Whether we regard the whole nation or any section of it or class in it, the first demand of our time is entire reunion!

Once united, we can, by schools, churches, a free press, and increasing free speech, attack every evil and secure every good. Meanwhile, the great chasm which rebellion has made is not filled up. It grows deeper and stretches wider! Out of it rise dread specters and threatening sounds. Let that gulf be closed, and bury in it slavery, sectional animosity, and all strifes and hatreds!

It is fit that the brave men who, on sea and land, faced death to save this nation, should now, by their voice and vote, consummate what their swords rendered possible.

For the sake of the freedmen, for the sake of the South and its millions of our fellow-countrymen, for our own sake, and for the great cause of freedom and civilization, I urge the immediate reunion of all the parts of this Union which rebellion and war have shattered.

I am truly yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

II.

LETTER TO A PARISHIONER.

PEEKSKILL, Saturday, Sept. 8, 1866.

MY DEAR ———: I am obliged to you for your letter. I am sorry that my friends and my congregation are grieved by my Cleveland letter.

This feeling, however, has no just grounds, whatever may be the seeming. I have not left, and do not propose to leave, or to be put out of, the Republican party. I am in sympathy with its aims, its great principles, and its army of noble men. But I took the liberty of criticising its policy in a single respect, and to do what I could to secure what I believed, and still believe, to be a better one.

I am, and from the first have been, fully of opinion that the amendment of the Constitution, proposed by Congress, equalizing representation in Northern and Southern States, was intrinsically just and reasonable, and that it should be sought by a wholesome and persistent moral agitation.

But, from the present condition of the public mind, and from the President's attitude, I deemed such a change to be practically impossible in any near period, by political action. And a plan of reconstruction based upon that seems to me far more like a plan of adjourning reconstruction for years, at least, with all the liabilities of mischief which are always to be expected in the fluctuations of politics in a free nation.

[It is not the North that chiefly needs the restoration of government to its normal sphere and regular action. Either the advantages of Union are fallacious, or the continuous exclusion of the South from it will breed disorder, make the future reunion more difficult, and especially subject the freedmen to the very worst conditions of society that can well exist. No army, no government, and no earthly power can compel the South to treat four million men justly, if the inhabitants (whether rightly or wrongly)

regard these men as the cause, or even the occasion, of their unhappiness and disfranchisement. But no army or government or power will be required when Southern society is restored, occupied, and prospering in the renewed Union. Then the negro will be felt to be a necessity to Southern industry, and interest will join with conscience and kindness in securing for him favorable treatment from his fellow-citizens.

We that live at a distance may think that the social reconstruction involved in the emancipation of four million slaves is as simple and easy as it is to discourse about it. But such a change is itself one of the most tremendous tests to which industry and society can be subjected, and to its favorable issue is required every advantage possible. The longer, therefore, the South is left in turmoil, the worse it will be for the negro. If there were no other reason; if the white population were not our fellow-citizens; if we had lost all kindness and regard for them and all pride for the Union, as in part represented by Southern States, and confined our attention exclusively to the negro, the case would be strong beyond my power of expression for an early resumption of federal relations with all the States. If this is to disregard the negro, then all social and natural laws have been studied in vain.]

Neither am I a "Johnson man" in any received meaning of that term. I accept that part of the policy which he favors, but with modification. I have never thought that it would be wise to bring back all the States in a body, and at once, any more than it would be to keep them all out together. One by one, in due succession, under a special judgment, rather than by a wholesale theoretic rule, I would have them re-admitted. I still think a middle course between the President's and that of Congress would be wiser than either. But with this my agreement with the President ends. I have long regretted his ignorance of Northern ideas and sentiments, and I have been astonished and pained at his increasing indiscretions. Unconsciously the President is the chief obstacle to the readmission of Southern States. It is enough that he is

known to favor a measure to set the public mind against it. This is to be deplored. But it is largely owing to his increasing imprudent conduct. I believe him to be honest, sincere in desiring what he regards as the public good, but slow and inapt in receiving help from other minds. Proud and sensitive, firm to obstinacy, resolute to fierceness, intelligent in his own sphere,—which is narrow,—he holds his opinions inflexibly. He often mistakes the intensity of his own convictions for strength of evidence.

Such a man has a true sphere in periods of peril, when audacious firmness and rude vigor are needed. But in the delicate tasks of adjustment which follow civil war, such a nature lacks that tact and delicacy and moral intuition which constitute the true statesman.

Mr. Johnson's haste to take the wrong side at the atrocious massacre of New Orleans was shocking. The perversion and mutilation of Sheridan's dispatches need no characterization. I do not attribute this act to him. Yet it was of such a criminal and disgraceful nature that not to clear himself of it by the exposure and rebuke of the offending party amounted to collusion with crime after the fact. What shall I say of the speeches made in the wide recent circuit of the Executive? Are they the ways of reconciliation?

Yet Mr. Johnson is to be our President for nearly three years to come, clothed with a power that belongs to few thrones. Besides the honor which a people owe to him as the Chief Magistrate, we must, as Christian citizens, credit him with his real excellencies—his original horror of secession, his bold resistance to treachery, his persistent and self-denying heroism in the long, dark days of Tennessee. We must not forget that he has jealously resisted a centralization of power in the Federal Government; that he has sought to dignify and secure a true "State-rights;" that he has maintained simplicity of manners and a true sympathy with the common people. It is our duty, likewise, to forestall and prevent, as much as possible, by kind but faithful criticism of his errors on the one hand, and by sympathy and kindness on the other, those dangers to which he is liable, under attacks which he is pecul-

iarly unable to bear with calmness, and those dangers of evil counselors, which more and more gravitate toward him. So long as it was possible, I have been silent upon Mr. Johnson's faults, and now speak so plainly, only lest I seem to approve or cloak them.

And now allow me to express some surprise at the turn which the public mind has taken on my letter. If I had never before spoken my sentiments, I can see how friends might now misapprehend my position. But for a year past I have been advocating the very principles of the Cleveland letter in all the chief Eastern cities—in Boston, Portland, Springfield, Albany, Utica, Rochester, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, and Brooklyn (at the Academy of Music, last winter). These views were reported, discussed, agreed to or differed from, praised and blamed abundantly. But no one thought, or at least said, that I remember, that I had forsaken the Republican party or had turned my back upon the freedman. My recent letter but condenses those views which for twelve months I have been earnestly engaged in urging upon the attention of the community. I am not surprised that men dissent. But this sudden consternation and this late discovery of the nature of my opinions seem sufficiently surprising. I could not ask a better service than the reprinting of that sermon of last October, which first brought upon me the criticisms of the *Tribune* and *Independent*.*

I foresaw that, in the probable condition of parties and the country, we could not carry suffrage for the freedman by immediate political action. When the ablest and most radical Congress of our history came together, they refused to give suffrage to negroes, even in the District of Columbia; and only in an indirect way, not as a political right, but as the hoped-for result of political selfishness, did they provide for it by an amendment of the Constitution. What was prophecy with me, Congress has made history. Relinquishing political instruments for gaining the full enfranchisement of men, I instantly turned to moral means; and enunciating the broadest doctrine of manhood suf-

* "Conditions of a Restored Union," page 713.

frage, I gave the widest latitude to that, advocating the rights of black and white, of men and women, to the vote. If any man has labored more openly, on a broader principle, and with more assiduity, I do not know him. More ability may have been shown, but not more directness of purpose or undeviating consistency.

I attribute the recent misunderstanding, in part, to the greater excitement which now exists, to the narrowing of the issues, and to the extreme exacerbation which Mr. Johnson's extraordinary and injudicious speeches have produced. To this may be added my known indisposition to join in criticism upon the President, and the fact that I urged a modified form of that policy which he, unfortunately for its success, holds.

Upon Mr. Johnson's accession I was supremely impressed with the conviction that the whole problem of reconstruction would practically pivot on the harmony of Mr. Johnson and Congress. With that we could have secured every guaranty and every amendment of the Constitution. Had a united Government said to the South, promptly backed up as it would have been by the united North, "With slavery we must take out of the Constitution whatever slavery put in, and put in whatever slavery for its own support left out," there can scarcely be a doubt that long before this the question would have been settled, the basis of representation in the South conformed to that in the North, and the principle, the most fundamental and important of all, might have been established in the Constitution, viz.: that manhood and full citizenship are identical.

Such great changes required two things, viz.: promptness, and unity of counsels. To secure these I bent my whole strength. I urged the purgation of the Constitution. I reasoned against mutual distrust, and pleaded for unity of governmental action. I did all that I knew how to do to confirm the President in his war-begotten zeal against slavery; to prevent such suspicions and criminations as would tend to revive in his mind old prejudices, and bring on a relapse into his former hatred of Northern fanatics. I thought I understood his nature, and the ex-

treme dangers, at such a critical time, of irritating a proud, sensitive, and pugnacious man of Southern sympathies, little in sympathy with Northern feelings or ideas, and brought into the very leadership of those men and that train of principles which he had all his life hated and denounced. That he was sincere and tenacious would make the case all the more difficult. I thought I foresaw that a division between him and Congress would be the worst disaster that could befall us; that the practical test of true statesmanship just then was not to be found in theories and philosophies, however sound, but in securing and confirming Mr. Johnson in his then disposition.

Upon the assembling of Congress I went to Washington. I found Southern men lying prostrate before Mr. Johnson, and appealing to his tender-heartedness,—for he is a man of kind and tender heart,—disarming his war-rage by utter submission.

I found Northern men already uttering suspicions of his fidelity, and, conscious of power, threatening impeachment. The men who seemed alive to this danger were, unfortunately, not those who had the management of affairs. Bad counsels prevailed. The North denounced and the South sued; we see the consequences.

Long after I despaired of seeing the President and Congress harmonious, I felt it to be the duty of all good men to leave no influences untried to lessen the danger and to diminish the evils which are sure to come should the President, rebounding from the Republicans, be caught by those Northern men who were in sympathy and counsel with the South throughout the war. I shall not attempt to apportion blame where both sides erred. It is enough to say that unity secured at the seat of Government would have been a noble achievement of leadership.

Deeming the speedy admission of the Southern States as necessary to their own health, as indirectly the best policy for the freedmen, as peculiarly needful to the safety of our Government, which, for the sake of accomplishing a good end, incautious men are in danger of perverting, I favored, and do still favor, the election to

Congress of Republicans who will seek the early admission of the recusant States. Having urged it for a year past, I was more than ready to urge it again upon the Representatives to Congress this fall.

[In this spirit and for this end I drew up my Cleveland letter. I deem its views sound; I am not sorry that I wrote it. I regret the misapprehension which it has caused, and yet more any sorrow which it may have needlessly imposed upon dear friends. As I look back upon my course, I see no deviation from the straight line which I have made, without wavering, for now thirty years in public life, in favor of justice, liberty, and the elevation of the poor and ignorant.

The attempt to class me with men whose course I have opposed all my life long will utterly fail. I shall choose my own place, and shall not be moved from it. I have been from my youth a firm, unwavering, avowed, and active friend of all that were oppressed. I have done nothing to forfeit that good name which I have earned. I am not going weakly to turn away from my settled convictions of the public weal for fear that bad men may praise me or good men blame. There is a serious difference of judgment between men as to the best policy. We must all remit to the future the decision of the question. Facts will soon judge us.

I feel most profoundly how imperfect my services have been to my country, compared with its desert of noble services. But I am conscious that I have given all that I had to give, without fear or favor. Above all earthly things is my country dear to me. The lips that taught me to say "Our Father" taught me to say "Fatherland." I have aimed to conceive of that land in the light of Christianity. God is my witness, that with singleness of heart I have given all my time, strength, and service to that which shall make our whole nation truly prosperous and glorious. Not by the luster of arms, even in a just cause, would I seek her glory, but by a civilization that should carry its blessings down to the lowest classes, and nourish the very roots of society by her moral power and purity, by her

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE.

FIRST PAGE, MANUSCRIPT NOTES

OF ADDRESS BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

Brooklyn Academy of Music, November 19, 1866, following the publication of the "Cleveland Letters."

Always Recent History, divides into 3 distinct Periods -

I. That of Discussion, and Moral awakening.

II. That of martial conflict

III. That of Reconstruction, & when a fourth is added,

IV That of ~~Peace~~ Restored Unity & Peace, - the historic circle will be completed.

We are now in the third, & it is the most important thus far;

What are the Duties of the Period?

public conscience, her political justice, and by her intelligent homes, filling up a continent, and rearing a virtuous and noble citizenship.

By night and by day this is the vision and dream of my life, and inspires me as no personal ambition ever could. I am not discouraged at the failure to do the good I meant, at the misapprehension of my course by my church, nor the severity of former friends. Just now those angry voices come to me as rude winds roar through the trees. The winds will die, the trees will live. As soon as my health is again restored, I shall go right on in the very course I have hitherto pursued. Who will follow or accompany, it is for others to decide. I shall labor for the education of the whole people; for the enfranchisement of men without regard to class, caste, or color; for full development among all nations of the liberty wherewith Christ makes men free. In doing this I will cheerfully work with others, with parties,—any and all men that seek the same glorious ends. But I will not become a partisan. I will reserve my right to differ and dissent, and respect the same right in others. Seeking others' full manhood and true personal liberty, I do not mean to forfeit my own.

Better days are coming. These throes of our day are labor pains. God will bring forth ere long great blessings. In some moments which it pleases God to give me, I think I discern beyond the present troubles, and over the other side of the abyss in which the nation wallows, that fair form of Liberty,—God's dear child,—whose whole beauty was never yet disclosed. I know her solemn face. That she is divine, I know by her purity, by her scepter of justice, and by that atmosphere of Love that, issuing from her, as light from a star, moves with her as a royal atmosphere. In this, too, I know her divinity, that she shall bless both friends and enemies, and yield the fullest fruition of liberty to those who would have slain her; as once her Master gave his life for the salvation of those who slew him.]

I am your true friend and pastor,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

NATIONAL UNITY.*

"And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth. The envy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off: Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim."—Isaiah xi. 12, 13.

THE feuds and separations of the tribes of Israel caused their ultimate destruction. Ephraim, lying midway, and covering the territory subsequently known as Samaria, and Judah, lying on the southern part, two of the strongest tribes, had rivalries of ambition; and each sought to increase its own strength by dividing the strength of its antagonist. In like manner Greece was internally weakened by the strife of its little states. It was one of the signs and promises of the latter-day glory, that a time should come when contiguous tribes would vex and harass each other no more, and would study union and not division.

The world and the race stand, to our modern thought, as Israel stood to the thought of the devout Jew. This passage has, therefore, a striking application to our land. The gathering together here of the outcasts of nations will not have escaped your attention. Neither will the dangers of alienation and of quarrel; nor again, the promises of unity. All of them have, or may be made to have, direct application to our own nation, and to our own times. I do not propose to consider in symmetrical fullness the dangers of disintegration, nor to suggest all, nor even all of the important, remedial influences. The shortness of the time justifies me in sketching in a few studies rather than in elaborating the whole picture.

* Preached in Plymouth Church, Nov. 18, 1869.

Let me begin by mentioning the disturbing influences which are coming upon us through the great movement hither of immigrants from all the world.

As the Nile, in its great annual rise, brings down something of the soil of every formation through a thousand miles, and deposits it as slime for the sun to turn to soil and fruitfulness; as the Mississippi, with its great tributary, the Missouri, carries to the fat regions around its delta a tribute gathered from almost every point of latitude and longitude on the continent, so upon these United States, with annual deposit, come the immigrating freshets of the world. It falls upon us like mud. It shall be our richest soil. When it is aerated, and when intelligence and religion and liberty shall have penetrated it, it will be most precious. Its trouble is all now, and at the first. Its bounty and reward shall go on with increasing abundance to the very end. Can this nation survive, however, the chill and fever of malarial influence engendered by this new soil, until by culture the vast mass of new deposit shall, by the sun, the air, and the plow, be sweetened, and become as wholesome for men as it is fertile for grain?

Men change their country, their national dress, their laws and governments; but their personal habits, their religious beliefs, their domestic traits, their manners and customs, their pleasures and amusements, they cannot easily change. They bring hither with them their unconscious conflicts. Things that at home are most innocent, they find here to be pugnacious. Nor do they know whence the conflict springs.

There is the everlasting conflict of religious ideas, and the organizations to which they give rise. We import vast material of spiritual welfare. The Catholic sect is a valiant fighter; and it grows apace among us, as it has a right to do. It has its own genius, which it must attempt to spread abroad. It brings hither the ark of the Middle Ages, and thunders at the world which will not walk backward into it. Swarming about it are all forms of infidelity—for infidels are the legitimate children of superstition: and by "superstition" I mean simply all religious impulse

from which the element of free individual reason is left out. Besides these come the minor sects; all sects swarm and multiply in the atmosphere and summer of liberty.

The mingling together of these strange materials will give rise to quite enough of jarring and of activity; but we perceive still another element of discord in the conflict of social customs. Our Puritan fathers made channels, and Europe is furnishing the water that flows in them. We see that the landmarks are going. We see that under foreign influences our channels are becoming too narrow, and too straight. We perceive laws overwhelmed, sacred ideas rudely overborne, and the venerable Lord's day given up to festive songs, to dances and to bibulous hilarity. Many are alarmed, and think that the end of the world hath come. Nay, not by some space yet!

We should reflect, in regard to this, how differently the native-born citizen and the European immigrant have been related to this question of amusements. In America, so free have we been, so large an outlet has been given to our religious liberty, so large has been the expression of every political want, so free has industry been and so remunerative, that our people have not felt the need of amusements. These have seemed like moths to our industry. We have found rest and exhilaration in other things. And to-day we urge amusements upon our people chiefly on moral and esthetic and not at all upon political grounds.

But in Europe political liberty is mostly unknown, and religious liberty is a pinched dwarf. A crowded population have but slender hopes of wealth from industry. Human nature would explode if there were not some vent given to it. Not free on the side of religion, not free on the side of politics, and not free on the side of industry, somewhere the window must be opened to let the air in. This, alike, the hierarch and the monarch saw. Governments therefore fostered popular amusements. In these, almost only, the common people of Europe found themselves at liberty to do what they pleased. Amusements are the safety-valves of Europe.

Now, a people who have had the chief happiness of their lives clustering about amusements, come to a land where exceeding freedom has left almost no place for such things. We have liberty in association with politics, with religion, and with business; they with amusements only. With the German on the one side, and with the Yankee on the other, is the same instrument of liberty, and for the most part it plays the same tunes; but that instrument in the hand of the Yankee is set four notes higher than it is in Europe. It plays business and commerce, and government and religion, here. There it plays amusements. And liberty discords with liberty, because the instruments are not set to the same key. And when immigration brings all the pipers together, it is not surprising that the music clashes. It is next in mellifluous strains to the bagpipe; and that is the instrument that was made to express what was left of sound after other instruments had used up all smoothness and harmony!

For the rest, immigration brings strength. On the whole, it is intelligent—not exactly in our way, but nevertheless, intelligent. The Dane, the Swede, the German certainly, add to the cerebral power of the nation. The Irish add to its activity. They bring large actual wealth. They bring indomitable industry, which is the father of wealth. This is true of the mass. But to the educated men and women who come we owe a greater debt. They bring to us a culture, a means of culture, in art, in science, in classic instruction, which lays us under solid obligations to them.

There are, however, other dangers of disintegration upon this great nation, besides those which come from the conflict of old peoples moving among new ones. It is the general tendency of human nature to degenerate in the midst of great and long continued physical prosperity. Our institutions are the best if they are the best served; but the poorest if poorly served. Republican institutions demand energetic and virtuous citizens. Compared with oars, what great advantage has the steam engine! But if for want of steam you attempt to work the engine by

men's hands, it becomes far inferior to oars. Steam-engines require steam. Superior institutions require superior motive power, or they are worse than the governments of primitive force. And nowhere else is government subject to so much attrition, and so easily made feeble, as where it is republican.

The immense extent of our country, too, gives bold opportunity to the development, in its remote sections, of antagonisms which might in times of heat and violence break up the nation into combative fragments. The recent failure of such an attempt ought not to breed undue security. Few know how near it came to success. It was an attempt, however, founded upon bad grounds, odious to the moral sense of the world. It had bad counselors, and it followed a course of events which tended to arouse and unite the nation in behalf of union to a greater extent than before seemed possible.

But should the Pacific States, in another generation, for strong commercial reasons, developed without slavery as an underlying cause, undertake a separation, the issue would probably be very different. Our late success, then, must not argue its like on every subsequent occasion; and the failure of the late attempt must not lead us to suppose that no more attempts will be made. If now, with slavery gone, these very Southern States that lie exhausted temporarily, waiting a few generations, should on the ground of mere political economy and of good government again demand separation, the issue is not to be prophesied from the experience of the recent struggle. It is not wise, it is presumptuous to rest down in the belief that the question of union is settled forever. For, in the growths of the future, great regions of this nation will be so large and so vastly populous, that while they may be prevented from rupture by reason of transient passion or sudden anger, they can never be prevented from separation if their real interest lies in separation.

We cannot too deeply ponder this truth, that national unity cannot be secured except by making it the *interest* of each section to remain in unity. For, so vast are the

outlying members of this nation, that there is no power, even in all that remains, to hinder any one of them by and by if it clearly sees its interest in leaving the national organization.

Rhode Island may not be able to withdraw alone, nor New Jersey, nor Connecticut, nor South Carolina even, nor any single State; but the whole South, the whole Southwest, or the vast Pacific slope, move on different planes from single States. And that which might be prevented in a nook or corner, cannot be prevented on a quarter of a continent.

It was from peculiar reasons not likely to occur again, that military power was successful lately. Hereafter only moral power remains to us. That, or nothing! For myself, while I long with intense patriotism for the continued unity of this nation, I by no means regard the future friendly separation of its parts with such repugnance and detestation as I did the late attempt. If four great republics, homogeneous, civilized, and not in antagonism, but friendly, should be created out of the one, I should fear no such evils as if vast fragments were to break off and organize governments of reaction, rear up a monarchy—or a servile aristocracy—and infix principles of mutual antagonism into the organic structures of the separated parts. Yet, absolute political union of the whole continent is better, so far as we now can see. Separation will not be fatal. At the same time, unity is so much better that it is the duty of every Christian patriot to lay wise plans, long forecasting, to maintain the present happy union, and to maintain it remembering that there is no band or strap of iron strong enough, that there is no political force so great, no sword so sharp, and no artillery so multitudinous, as to have power to hold together long the unwilling parts of so vast a republic as this; that if we are to maintain national unity, it is to be by common consent founded upon common interest. The arrogance of any part, whether it be the arrogance of intellect, or the arrogance of wealth, or the arrogance of skill, or the arrogance of political power, would tend to disaffect and drive

off other parts of this great nation. There must be not simply conciliation, but organic working toward common moral, intellectual, physical, and political interests. In that, and in that alone, we shall have stability in unity.

When it is once understood that our only hope of continued unity is to be found in the exertion of influence rather than of force, it will give a new impetus, it is to be hoped, to all the moral energies of Christian men.

Let us look at some few of the hopeful and potential elements by which we may prevent attrition, disintegration, and final separation.

First, we will consider the spread of intelligence. Knowledge is that which a man knows. Intelligence is that which knows it. Knowledge bears the same relation to intelligence which invested wealth does to that spirit of enterprise which creates wealth. One is the active cause; the other is the product or effect of that cause. Mere knowledge will not save men. Intelligence is a preservative force.

American institutions have been criticised as not producing knowledge of the highest kind, nor full symmetric culture; but all things in their order! The problems of an old society and of a new one are not the same. Intelligence is of more value to us than high culture, though high culture may be more valuable to an old monarchy than general intelligence; and of more value to us, by and by, than just now. It is giving eyes to the whole people to give them intelligence. It gives them training enough, at any rate, to guide them safely in their paths. It gives them a certain instrument by which to resist the outburst of passion, and the warpings and bias of undue selfishness and interest. The eye of the engineer, the eye of the trained scientist, may be better than the eye of mere intelligence; but for the whole people, till such time comes in the millennial day, that all may be engineers in eye and scientists in eye, general intelligence in all is better than high training and fine culture in a few.

This intelligence is to be produced largely by the freedom of religious discussion in the land. For, of all things

that are dangerous, nothing is more so than that unity which means stupidity—the mere not resisting or not discussing—the condition of inactivity, or torpid swallowing and deglutition. That which men most feel in religious discussion is that which is vital to it, and that which makes it an element of salvation. It is that it is fire, and men cannot have fire put on them and sit still. It is that it comes from life in earnest, and wakes life in earnest again. And *life* is the one great necessary quality in national existence.

It is right here that patriotism and Romanism are radically and irreconcilably in antagonism. There might be some agreement in respect to symbols and worship—though we cannot hope for much approximation. There might be some coming together on doctrines; but there can be no such thing as agreement on the question of the submission of men's religious understanding to an order of men appointed to think for them. Our people will never think by proxy—and that is the vital point of the Roman Catholic Church. "Authority" it is called; but authority on the one side is non-independence on the other.

If Père Hyacinthe had denied transubstantiation, a way of forgiveness might have been found. If he had denied the infallibility of the Pope, he might still have been pardoned. If he had even denied orders in the priesthood, there might have been some escape. But for him to deny that superiors had a right to think for their inferiors; for him to stand in front of Europe, and dare to say, "I think my own thoughts, though my own order and my superior think another way"—that is a treason that never can be cleansed, either by baptism or by blood.

The highly organized animals—the birds and beasts of the upper rank—select their own food, and reject what they dislike. They range the air or the earth, find, take, or leave, as it pleases their tongue. It is the round clam that lies still, and lets the water bring him what it will. It is the round clam—that pattern of devotion! which opens, eats, shuts, and is a clam still. And the clam ranks not a degree higher on the scale because the whole ocean is so big, that brings in his food to him. He is but a clam.

So, though the church of two thousand years may roll in its waves upon the individual, if the individual only opens, takes, shuts, eats, digests, and opens, takes, shuts, eats, digests, it is but a clam spiritual. And Protestants are not clams. They are winged and legged. They wander wide, and fly far, and select diversely.

Many men may be fascinated by the poetry in the hierarchy; many may be juggled by its casuistry; many may be philosophically scared by its doctrine; but when it comes to that which is the spinal marrow of the question —the submission of individual liberty of thought to the authority of an organized class of thinkers—that will never "go down" in America—or rather it *will* go down!

But the conflicts which go on between sect and sect—between the greatest of all sects and the numerous minor sects—whatever they may have of mischief in their bitterness, have also much of education. And it is far better that religion, with all the mischiefs of division, be subdivided thus, if it keeps men alive and awake and at work, than that there should be one supreme unity without vitality.

I might mention, also, the distribution of intelligence, the progression of thought through books and newspapers; but time will not permit me to dwell upon that head, as I have other things in store.

I mention next, the ministration of the free common-school, as vital to the hope of a great united republic covering a whole continent. The free common-school gives to every child the one indispensable element, intelligence. Not only does it teach him by the master, but the scholars are all masters to each other. There is an atmosphere of intelligence in the school, and a public sentiment of intelligence among the young and rising generation around the school house. Intelligence becomes, where common-schools abound, one of the signs and tests of manhood. The question is no longer, "Who can throw the heaviest weight furthest?" or "Who can run and leap the most like a deer, or hug most like a bear?" Another test of manhood is introduced; and it is no longer mere muscle that makes the

man, but nerve, and brain—the father of nerve. Intelligence becomes popular in the district and in the village, and manliness goes up a grade, where common-schools abound.

Thus it equalizes, too. For human life is incessantly creating diversity. And if such diversity were to be carried on, some men, or classes of men, would grow mountain-high, and the less favored would lie valley-low. And so, a kind of aristocracy would follow classification. Classification inheres in nature, but it ought not to reign except throughout the generation where it asserts itself. Aristocracy is individual. It does not belong to classes in perpetuity. As an attribute of individual excellence and power, it is divine, and carries with it aspiration, and ambition, and lordly success. But if human life permits itself, by institutions, to hold these elevations for the prosperity of other individuals than those that have earned them, you have instantly classified human society into an artificial aristocracy and a low-lying common-people.

Now, Brain is master and owner in this world. Men may make resolutions, and form combinations, and devise plans; but as long as God keeps his original decrees unchanged, so long brain will be found to own and to govern. And they that have it will be masters. They that have it not will be servants—with protest and rebellion, but under the decree of God. And the true equity which comes with an ideal democracy, must be that equity which gives to every man an equal share of brain *culture*. He that has it not is made, by that very deprivation, lower than his fellow who has it. Democracy does not mean a universal level. It does not mean compulsory equality. It means equitable opportunity. No government has a right to thrust a strong man down to the level of weakness. No institution has a right to force a weak man up to the level of the strong. Organized society will always be graded. True equity classifies men into superior and inferior. All that can be rightfully demanded is, that all men shall have education, for their full development; opportunity, for the use of their powers; protection, from the grasp and greed of unjust passions in their fellow men. After that, men

must find their own level. The liberty of becoming all that God gave to a man the power of being, is all a true philosophy can demand.

The common-school, by beginning early in the child's life, by giving a new ideal of life, by affording the primal stimulus, not only, but by opening the eyes so that a man can avail himself of all the other *stimuli* which by and by he will meet, is keeping up a true democratic equality, by giving all men their own proper chance of brain power.

It is democratic in another sense, because it is bringing back to a common level again the irregularities produced by active life. Knowledge, riches, skill, I have said, create classes, and so inequalities. If, in the spring, you should look along a level cultivated field where corn grew the previous year, you would see ridges that remain. Now comes the plow to turn over the soil, and all the old hillocks go down, and lie level again for the next crop. The common-school is the plow that levels each generation of human life. All the children, without regard to superiorities or excellencies of parentage, have to come together and stand on a common dead-level in the school-house. The schoolmaster does not call the roll of the boys by their parents' altitudes, but by the alphabet; and if A is a poor man's son, and B is a rich man's son, B comes after A, notwithstanding. And the rich man's dunce stands below the poor man's smart boy—and *must*. In this little germinant republic of the common-school, the boys whose parents live in vastly different mansions, and with vastly different customs, are brought down to the fellowship and brotherhood and communion of a common humanity; they are obliged to mix together, and they frame laws with each other. There is a public sentiment of the school which is just as real, and as vital, and as despotic even, as the public sentiment of the great community; and it is a good thing to bring down to the original starting point all the elevations and inequalities which the various forces of active life produce, and to say to all the boys, "Your feet must stand on one level: now shoot your heads as high as you please!" Liberty of growth and equality at

the start, is the law of true democratic life; and this is what the common-school gives.

Under no excuse, then, let it be suffered to go to waste. It is not simply the knowledge that it gives, but the capacity to get knowledge which it breeds; it is not merely the intelligence which it puts in the way of the youth, but the fellowship and the common feeling which grows up among the boys of different families, that makes the common-school valuable. And it is to the last degree desirable, not only that it should be common, but that it should be *free;* and not only that it should be free, but that it should be *superior*. No community can afford to let a primary private school be better than their free common-school. No academy should be permitted to be better than the district common-schools. You cannot anywhere else so ill afford to be parsimonious, and call it economy, as in the administration of your common-schools. Secure more buildings, larger buildings, better furniture, more teachers, with ampler support (for the support of common-school teachers, especially of women teachers, is a shame and disgrace to our civilization), with more capacity, bringing hither the noblest men and the noblest women. This is political wisdom. And nowhere is wisdom so squandered, and folly so regnant, as where men are unwilling to be taxed, and are parsimonious in those revenues which go to maintain free common-schools for all the children of the whole community. The rich and the proud, the aristocratic and the arrogant, may be unwilling to send their children with the "common herd;" but their children need it. It is one of the best things of their whole education; and they should be compelled to do it,—not by law, but by the fact that they cannot find a private school that is as good as the public school.

These schools should not only be free and common, but they should be *unsectarian*. If it be needful that the teaching of technical religion should be excluded from our common-schools for the sake of maintaining their universality, I vote to exclude it. If it be needful that the Bible should not be read in the common-schools in order to main-

tain their universality, their freedom and their commonness, I should vote not to read it.

Because I disesteem it? I, the son of a Puritan, and a Puritan myself; I, that would have burned at Oxford, and fought with Cromwell—I disesteem the Bible? Most venerable is it of all the memorials that have come down through all time to our day. More joy is in it for the common people, more comfort has it for the afflicted, than any other book. It is the very home of a true democracy. It is the very temple of liberty in this world. I regard the Bible as being that which stands between aggressive power and organized selfishness, and the welfare of the great mass of the common people. It is the common people's book; and there is no class of people that need to read it so much as the children of the poor and the needy. Therefore I would be glad if every immigrant's child, and every home-born child, of every faith, not only had the Bible, but had the opportunity to read it every single day. And yet, I would not force it upon any. And if the reading of the Bible obliges us to forego our principles of toleration, I shall maintain our principles of toleration. It was because they would not suffer others to impose their faith upon them, that our fathers came hither; and shall we, now that the power is with us, take the ground that we may impose our faith upon those who do not believe as we do, because they are in the minority? Shall we, after a hundred years, with all the glowing light and knowledge which has come down to us on this subject, commit the fatal blunder that sent the Pilgrims across the sea in winter, to lay the foundations of this noble republic? We believe in the freedom of religion, and do not believe in forcing one man's faith upon another man. And this being so, how can you organize the common-school, which is supported by the public funds, in such a way as to force the Bible on the Jews, who do not believe in the New Testament, or upon skeptical men who do not believe in either the Old Testament or the New? This is manifestly inconsistent with the great principles of Christian toleration in which we believe, and which we love.

To say that a Christian nation has a right to have Christianity taught in its schools, even if it be distasteful to the minority, is to put forth a formula for any religious sect as soon as it is in the majority. Put the term "Catholic" in the place of the word "Christian" in the foregoing sentence, and how would the logic suit a Protestant?

"What!" says the Catholic, with real fear and conscientious earnestness, "Do you propose to bring up the children of the community a nest of infidels?" No, I propose no such thing. You might as well say, "Do you propose to bring up these boys in school a lazy set?" because husbandry is not taught in the common-schools. We do not teach the mechanic arts in the common-school. There are a hundred things that society needs which are not taught there.

In proportion to civilization, work is divided and subdivided. There is one kind of instrument for one function, and another kind of instrument for another function. Early in the primitive times, when a dozen functions clustered around one instrument, the teacher used to teach religion, the Bible and the catechism, as well as the spelling-book and the arithmetic; but in our day of general intelligence we divide the functions of society, letting the church teach dogma and social religion, letting the family teach personal religion, and letting the common-school perform the task of teaching intelligence. And because we take out of the common-school the special function of teaching religious dogma and religious history, do we therefore take away religion from education? Is there no other religion but that? We teach the child to read; we teach him to seek knowledge as a means of manhood; we give him the impulse to learn; and we say, "If we may not give religious instruction in the school, there is all the more reason why we should bring upon the Christian household the responsibility of greater fidelity." Build up Sunday-schools in greater numbers. See to it that the church becomes a true teacher of the whole community. Let religion be taught, without which a man is not a man in his whole nature, and is not fully equipped for this life

or the life which is to come; but let us not forswear our own principles of toleration and oppress the conscience of the Jew, the skeptical minded man, the Chinaman, the Buddhist, or any person of any belief, or nation, or class. Let us not impose our religious books as a yoke upon others because we happen to have the majority and the power. That would be giving to power the charter of universal tyranny.

But are there no other ways of giving religious instruction? Do you suppose religion is all given to men when you have read the Bible to them, or taught them the catechism? If a man can say the catechism—the Lesser catechism, or the Greater catechism, the Westminster catechism, the Episcopal catechism, or the Lutheran catechism —without stumbling, from beginning to end, he is a saint? Is religion all taught through such instrumentalities? By no means. If the teacher that stands in the school is an example of justice; if justice as represented by the teacher is sweetened by lenity; if the teacher is full of sympathy, and goes down to the dull and stupid, and with infinite tenderness lifts them up, and supplies their want, is not that teacher better than any catechetical instruction? You cannot help having religion taught in the school if you have a *man* or a *woman* there. But it need not be dogma. It need not be instruction in the philosophy of religion. It is not theological doctrine alone which will teach religion. It is not anything that belongs to the sects, as sects. It is that which is given to all. For I say that "whatsoever things are true," and "honest," and "just," and "pure," and "lovely," and "of good report," are esteemed by men outside of the sects as really as by men inside of them. The things which you and I believe to be essential elements of religion—the all-inspiring love-power, with its train of justice, and purity, and true sympathy—with those graces which it creates in the individual, those virtues of universal good report which dwell in every Christian bosom—these things all men believe in. Men believe in practical religion, though they may not believe in religious doctrines or institutions.

I therefore say, let your common-schools take care of that for which they were instituted—namely, universal instruction for the children of the community in the first elements of intelligence. Make the children readers. Give them such knowledge and training that they may become thereafter their own instructors. This is the function of the common-school. And you cannot tax too heavily nor too often to secure the fulfillment of that function. The wisest expenditure a State can make is for the support of common-schools. For, every time you educate a child, you stop up a hole at the bottom of the ship of the Commonwealth.

You will of course expect me to speak not only of intelligence, but also of religion, as one of the indispensable elements in producing unity and in maintaining the integrity of our national life.

The spirit of religion is reconciling and peace-bearing; but religion developed into a philosophy, or religion in the form of an institution, is pugnacious, and divisory; and always has been. The spirit of dogma is not useless: nevertheless, it is combative and divisive. The propagation of the Church has always been a conflict. This is not to be reckoned a fault; but it shows that religion in this world passes through stages of development dependent upon the condition of the hearts upon which it is acting. While it works upon the lower portions of the disposition in the individual, and yet more strikingly in communities, we find it to be a disturbing force. But when by disturbance and strife, when by fermentation, human nature is at last brought to a higher condition, and communities are brought under the constant control of the higher reason, and of the moral feeling, then there is a true ripening and sweetening influence in religion. In other words, that which religion does at first, divides and shatters; but after a time, when, going through the necessary developments, religion comes to its last work, that will be "peace on earth, and good will to men."

It is true that the religion of to-day is doing an incalculable work of softening, smoothing, and reconciling;

but it is in the smaller organizations of society, and not in governments and in whole communities, that its chief work is doing. Religion is enriching the household. It is making the relationships of the family far more pure and far nobler than ever they were before upon so broad a surface of population. It is refining social life, not simply by the progress of elegance, but by a larger good will and a truer fellowship than ever before existed. It is developing in individuals purity, self-denial, benevolence, and true moral heroism. It is at work in society, restraining the outrage of passions, inspiring indolence with activity and enterprise, building up schools, cleansing the ways of business, and producing an intelligent morality.

This work is constantly going on. It is engaged still in its primary tasks. It is a fire, a sword, a war-trumpet. The music belongs to the future. As apples grow in their sourness, all summer long, and find their sweetness as they ripen in autumn, so the fruit of religion in its instituted life yet puckers the mouth with its acrid bitterness of immaturity. By and by it will ripen to sweetness. Instead of unity, it now creates division. A hundred sects there are, and each one thinks itself to be the spiritual navel of the universe. All of them alike cry, "Come to me!" Every sect in Christendom, from the oldest—the Greek and the Roman—down to the last and latest, which is proudly Christian on the ground of disowning Christ, is in its organic spirit selfish and intolerant. The spirit of the sects, whether in the Catholic, the Greek, or the Protestant Churches, is exclusive, dictatorial, divisive. The membership is often far more Christian than the organization to which it belongs. At present, and especially in the relations of the sects to each other, it may be said that the combative conscience is the nerve of the church. Institutional religion has bred divisions, and it is its nature to do so. Sects are but the splinters and fragments which fly off by explosive violence of the moral sense of warrior Christians.

This is just as true of the Roman Church as of the Protestant, though the boastful and arrogant affirmation

is widely prevalent to the contrary. The boasted unity of the Catholic Church is only the unity of a tenement house filled with quarreling families. The Protestant sects quarrel out of doors. The Catholic sects quarrel inside of the house. Twenty families pecking at each other in a tenement house—that is the Roman Church. Twenty families pecking at each other in separate houses of their own—that is the Protestant Church. There is no difference between them so far as division is concerned. Protestants bring forth sects and carry their young with them externally. The Catholic Church is *marsupial.* Like the opossum and the kangaroo, it brings forth its young; but it has a pouch into which they run, and where they nestle and quarrel. There is as much quarreling in the pouch as there is outside on the back.

I do not speak this to the prejudice of the Catholic Church. Though it will not be owned by them, I speak it to their credit. It is an honorable sign; because it is a sign of vitality. The age of unity has not come. We are living in the age of attrition, of division, of vitality by excitement. Many generations beyond us there will be a better time; but to-day vitality comes with agitation and division. So vastly predominant yet, in the individual and in the community, is the coarse and belluine element, that for a long time religion must be in conflict. A religion without conflict is dead.

Our past history is an illustration of the fact that religious institutions do not tend to national unity, or to any considerable power. The civil war was not checked by the spirit of the churches. The Presbyterian Church divided into the North and the South; the Methodist Church divided into the North and the South; and then the Episcopal Church divided into the North and the South. Indeed all national churches were split, and the halves stood in mutual oppugnation. The Baptist and Congregational Churches having no national form, by their very nature could not divide ecclesiastically; but the churches of the North and those of the South were morally separated as much as were the two halves of the national churches.

Neither do we perceive that the work of cohesion, unity and homogeneity, as it was not favored by religion in its sectarian forms, will be much helped by religious bodies, now that they are reunited; for as hitherto, in this distressed world, it will so require men's religion to maintain the organic life and separateness of each sect, that they will have little to spend beyond that. The Catholic sect is busy with converting Protestants, and Protestants are busy with protesting against being converted. Calvin pursues Arminius, and Arminius pursues Calvin. John the Baptist is still at the Jordan immersing. The enginery of a hundred sects is brilliant, and all proclaim the lapse of others, and their own divinity. Meantime, Religion, descending as a dove, rests silently upon a myriad souls, comforts sorrows, purifies love, overcomes fear, and visits men in prisons, at sick beds, in houses of poverty, amid trials and sufferings, saying, "Peace, my peace, I give unto you."

In the unity of the nation, and in the reduction of its materials, we hope much from religion; very little from sectarian churches; much from the Spirit of God blessing the truth of his Word to the hearts of individual men; much from individual men that are nobler than their sect; much from free men whose adhesion to forms and ceremonies is the least part of their existence; much from religion as it exists in its higher forms in individual natures and in public sentiment; very little from dogmas; very little from theology, as such.

And yet, if it could be understood by them, here is a new call to the sects, not to disband, but to hold each other in true fellowship; to act in harmony, if not in unison. The prevalence of gross immorality; the continental proportions of infidelity; the waste of the stock notions in religion that is going on through tendencies generated by material science; the vast work of civilization and Christianization which opens, impossible to quarreling sects, but not difficult to harmonious and co-ordinated denominations, each working and suffered to work in its own way, and suffering all others to work—these are prov-

idential calls to the great body of Christian men and women to truce; to new leagues of amity; to co-operation and to harmony.

We ask not that any should cast down their altar, but that they should permit us, on the other hand, to worship unharmed at ours. We ask not that any shall revamp their creed, but that it may not be considered a crime for us to maintain ours. We ask none to let the full sunlight pour through their windows, instead of shutting it out by colored and grotesque panes. If they prefer their windows let them have them; and let them permit us to have ours. Let us look for a true humanity, let us look for the true fruit of religion, not in the associated body of this or that denomination, but in the majesty and power of love in the individual hearts of those who are gathered into sects. Let us look no more into books, merely. Let men be the *living epistles* in which we shall read what the Spirit of the Lord hath to teach in any sect. Here, in the outpouring life, where religion means vital power, power of conscience, power of love, power of faith, power of beneficence, power of sympathy—here let there be co-operative harmony and true union. And, if it please God, with a civilization which comes from commerce, which comes by intelligence, which comes by schools, which comes by the peculiar position of all parts of this land—if it please God, with this, at length to give us a religion that will teach men to love one another, then we shall be saved; our nation will be maintained by bonds made and riveted in heaven, which no instrument yet formed can cut or sunder.

Until men's reciprocal interests upon the higher plane of moral ideas shall be better understood, until religion shall be a uniting and not a divisive element, we must with more eagerness than ever look to the harmonizing influence of men's reciprocal interests upon the lower plane of commercial and industrial life. So wide-spread is this nation, that it has within itself almost all the elements of prosperity which other nations seek beyond their own borders. The far North and the extreme South work for

different products, but in difference they find reciprocal advantage. If legislation be hindered from making impertinent interference and restriction of our home and foreign commerce, if industry be left free to find its own laws and channels, we shall have in commerce a force drawing together into undisseverable unity the vast districts of this continent, and binding them, we are ashamed to say, with a force which cannot yet be found in moral or social influences. For human nature is as yet riper and wiser at the bottom than at the top. Self-interest has more power in promoting peace and unity, than justice, humanity, and religion.

I shall advert to but a single political agency in the maintenance of National Unity, and that is the sacred and jealous maintenance of the rights of the States, and the vital local governments of States, as distinguished from the Federal National Government. New England, from her earliest colonial days, with a fervor and intensity that have never been surpassed, preserved inviolate the one political doctrine which will enable this vast nation, if anything will enable it, to maintain Federal Unity; and that doctrine is, the rights of the States. When the wholesome doctrine of States Rights reappeared in the South, it had in those warm latitudes undergone fermentation, and had passed into a new thing, viz.: States Sovereignty. There can never be more than one sovereignty in a political body. The NATION *alone* is Sovereign. It is, to be sure, a limited sovereignty. The metes and bounds have been fixed. All within them is Federal, all without belongs to the individual States. Within their own spheres, however, the self-jurisdiction of the States is absolute. It cannot be meddled with or usurped by the general government. Things belonging to any single State alone, and not to all the States in common, must be under the supreme disposal of that State. This simple doctrine of State Rights—not State Sovereignty—will carry good government with it through all the continent. No central government could have sympathy and wise administrative adaptation to the local peculiarities of this huge nation, couched down be-

tween two oceans, whose Southern line never freezes, and whose Northern border never melts.

The States are so many points of vitality. The nation, like a banyan tree, lets down a new root where each new State is established, and when centuries have spread this gigantic commercial tree over a vast space, it will be found that the branches most remote from the center do not draw their vitality through the long intricate passages from the parent trunk, but each outlying growth has roots of its own, and draws straight from the ground by organisms of its own, all the food it wants, without dissociating its top from the parent branches!

The dignity and power of National Sovereignty will be secured by maintaining unimpaired the local Rights of the States.

Let us then all labor for the unity of the nation by working for the education of its citizens, for the spread of virtue and true morality, for the promotion of an industry which shall redeem the poor from servile and sordid drudgery, for the freedom of its commerce, for a more just and generous sympathy between all its races and classes, for a more benignant spirit to its religion; and finally, let us implore the God of our fathers, by his own wise providence, to save us from our wanton passions, from impertinent egotism, from pride, arrogance, cruelty, and sensual lusts, that as a nation we may show forth his praises in all the earth!

CENTENNIAL REVIEW.*

In the momentary disturbance which just now alarms the timid and inflames the partisan, men are liable to forget the whole field, and form evil auguries on account of a few distempered spots. It is now twelve years since the great civil war closed. Let us consider the facts which that war left upon our hands, and the history of those facts down to this hour, and instead of applying a rigorous ideal moral standard in forming a judgment, let us ask what was to have been expected of our people judged by the tendency of ordinary human nature in such conditions as existed at the end of this war. We shall then be able to judge whether this should be a fast day or a day of thanksgiving.

The War of Independence, in 1776, broke off our external allegiance to Great Britain without materially changing the internal condition of this people. It did not directly affect their condition. The laws remained the same. The general policy remained the same. Political economy was precisely the same. Under different names the very civil government carried out the substantial principles of liberty which existed in the British Constitu-

* Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 30, 1876. Lesson: Psa. cxlv. Preached shortly after the Presidential election, in which R. B. Hayes was the candidate of the Republican, and Samuel J. Tilden that of the Democratic party. Fraud was charged by both sides, and the result disputed, especially as to the votes in Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida, from each of which States were forwarded two sets of certificates of election. The Republicans charged the Democrats of fraud at the Southern polls; the Democrats accused the Republicans of fraud in the Southern count of votes. The question was finally decided, after several months of general excitement, by an Electoral Commission appointed by Congress for the purpose, which rendered its decision on March 2d, by awarding the election to Mr. Hayes, the Republican candidate. He was duly inaugurated on March 5th, 1877.

tion. How to confederate into one nation thirteen States, thus organizing thirteen nations into one nation, without destroying the local autonomy of the separate States—this was a very difficult task; it was a task of the greatest magnitude and importance, then and since; but it did not touch the vital sources of prosperity; and the War of the Revolution simply left us to go forward along the lines already marked down, which we have had no occasion to crook or change since that day.

But the Civil War of 1861 was probably the most confirmatory and revolutionary war that ever was waged—confirmatory toward the ideas of our Northern, and revolutionary toward those of our Southern, populations. The effect of this war upon the North cannot be stated in detail, it can scarcely be stated in outline, in the time which is allowed us.

The Civil War changed no institutions of the country upheld by Northern opinion. It disturbed no civil law of the government. It interrupted no industry. Still less did it subvert any. It changed the relations of citizens in the state in no respect, one toward another or toward the government. It impoverished no State. What it did was to confirm the great principles of internal liberty on which the frame-work of government was founded by the Fathers. It was a testimony to their doctrines of the rights of men. It ratified our history, and illumined it. It made the old paths broader, more honorable, and safer. It sent forward our people with renewed impetus. In no respect, then, was it revolutionary. No theory of government was changed. No practice founded on the philosophy of State Rights or of industrial economy was modified. Every great element of civic and social life was left unaltered except in being made clearer, stronger, and more lustrous. Capital flowed in. Enterprise was stimulated. Inventions multiplied on every hand. Every form of industry was augmented by machinery. Factories increased in number, and improved in methods, until they have enabled cotton men, at least, to beat Great Britain in her own markets. From the beginning, or within the last

twenty years, some forty thousand miles of railroad have been established and completed, some of the most important lines since the activity started by the war. Colleges were endowed. Debts were liquidated. Mortgages were wiped out. Churches and schools were lit up along the whole line of advancing emigration. The last twenty-five years in America—from 1850 to 1876—have been a marvel in the history of the human race. The heart and the brain of our people were stimulated by the discussion of the fundamental question of manhood in society, and, fertilized by this divine enriching, brought forth on every hand an unexampled harvest of thought, of skill, of invention, of industrial wealth, of happiness and of piety.

Now turn to the South. It is hardly possible for us to conceive of the revolutionary results of the Civil War upon the Confederate States,—especially upon those that lie along the ocean edge and the Gulf of Mexico. It took from the hands of a proud and imperious people their whole political control. For nearly fifty years, or during the founding of our institutions and the formulating of our principles, the North, and chiefly New England, bore rule; but no sooner were our principles formulated and our institutions put in full operation, than the South assumed control; and for the past fifty years and more the policy of this nation has been dictated wholly by the South. The North was busy with business: the South with government. We worked; they ruled.

Now, at the close of the Civil War, there are no Southern influences exerted upon our government; for five years her men had not appeared in our Congress; and when they re-entered they were no longer the men of old,—imperious, brilliant, willful, united, and locally selfish. Strangers came, one by one,—impoverished, worn, wasted, as men that had just escaped from the fire. The reins had fallen from their hands; and they who once drove this magnificent chariot of a continent, now hung on behind, walking.

The war had also introduced into citizenship a million colored voters, so that at home the old Southern element

found itself swamped with this, to them, odious companionship at the polls. Human imagination can hardly conceive of a trial greater than for such men as Wade Hampton to go about among his late slaves canvassing for their votes. The question before that was, "Are they men or monkeys?" Politics was the very nerve-system of Southern gentlemen. No humiliation conceivable could be greater than that which befell them after the war, to find themselves going to the polls with their ex-slaves, and in a helpless minority at that. Always, before, the whites had voted not only in their own persons, but in proportion to their slave property; but now, their property, standing on two legs, was voting against the masters. For years large multitudes of Southern men were utterly disenfranchised; and when they were suffered at length to vote again, they moved under a shadow to the polls.

Then, consider that, aside from this utter revolution in political government and in methods, there was taking place at the same time an equally striking, and if possible more odious, civil revolution. Severe as was their political change, their social change was still more intolerable. The general equality of citizenship is not so hard to bear by those who always held to democratic equality; but in the South the colored man was always put outside the line of mankind, as well as of citizenship. The law was the Roman law; and the Roman law held that the slave was not a human being, but a chattel; and this was the decision even of Southern judges, who spoke with the utmost indignation of the necessity which compelled them to say such things of men. For twenty years at the South it had been the business of ministers of the Gospel, of professors in colleges, of political economists, of many scientific men, and of politicians, to prove the inferiority of the African; and they had crowded him back almost to his Darwinian ancestors. It was a sore retribution that this despised race should be suddenly advanced almost to a perfect equality with his white neighbors. The position which the whites had occupied for years was not calculated to fit them for welcoming these outcasts.

These things are not to be fully appreciated by description. One must measure the irritation of this change by actual experience. Considering what human nature is, and what Southern human nature is, is it not a wonder that there has been so little outbreak, and that the South has been as quiet as she has?

But even more significant has been the change of the whole industrial system of the South. Those that were rich have become impoverished. They were rich in slaves; they do not now own one. They were rich on account of the plantation-system, which robs one class to make another class excessively rich; but after the war, not only were the slaves not theirs, but their plantations were not a source of wealth to them. Those who owned the land could not work it, and those who could work the land did not own it, and could not buy it; and so there was a land-lock. Free labor in the place of enforced labor brought in not only a new principle in Southern industry, but a revolutionary and antagonistic one.

It is the necessity of every man to work out his own support. Now, in the South that necessity carries in it the divine blessing, and an unexampled prosperity; for I foresee a South that yet one day may out of her radiant height look down upon the North and challenge comparison in every element of civilization and of social comfort; and I foresee that the South will dig it out in this hard mine in which she is now working with sweat, and tears, and complaint. The necessity of working, in order that every man shall earn his own living by the sweat of his brow, is a moral revolution as well as an industrial one. Men may say what they please, but the moment a man works for his living, new influences get hold of him. I care not who the leaders are, what the prevailing philosophy is, or what men's religious sectarianism may be, the moment the whole body of men in society are obliged to work for their own living a new state of things comes upon them which will in the end control them. Under such circumstances a man measures society by a different standard. Skill, industry, good management and the like,

begin to be things sought and admired by him. Formerly dogs, horses, dances, and sprees, were the delight of the elegantly idle, and they marked the difference between those that worked and the society gentleman; but that which is now becoming the question with the gentlemen is, whether he can pay his board, and whether he knows how to work. "Do you know how to be tastefully idle?" asked the old *régime* in the South; "then step into society." "Do you know how to earn a living?" asks the new state of things in the South. And work is a necessity which no man there can escape from—thanks to the bravery and perseverance of the South in the war. They burned up their property, and stood on barren ground again; and no man of them can exempt himself from this universal and primal necessity of working. Work to-day, throughout the South, is doing gradually and silently what work did for the North in times gone by. Work quickens the flow of sympathy, and the worker learns to "condescend to men of low estate," when he is obliged to seek his living in the soil, and in the shop, and on the ship, and in all the thoroughfares of industry. This change of political economy, of wealth-producing methods, penetrates every pore, and pervades every interest in the South. It is universal and continuous throughout society. You may send philosophers to teach, ministers to preach, and schoolmasters to educate; but I tell you the plow and the hammer will do more to educate the South into new life than all of these put together.

No greater wrench could be given to a state than a revolution of its whole wealth-producing economy within a period of two or three years; and when this takes place by force, amidst the desolations of war, among an impoverished people, standing in the ashes of their former riches, defeated, stripped of power and influence, and humiliated, it taxes human nature to the utmost bound of endurance, and tasks our imagination to conceive of it. And yet the South has stood the strain; and I think in that regard has gained more glory by her well-doing since the war than in all her past history, and is greater in her

misfortune even in spite of all the mistaken outbreaks that have occurred, than ever she was on the battle-field, or in the council chamber.

To all this must be added the first periods of the new governments in the South under the new *régime*. Two things were certain: first, that many of the most important offices in the reconstructed states would fall to the lot of Northern citizens, for the reason that the offices must be filled, and yet the public sentiment in the South forbade the native to execute the duties of certain offices at certain times, in a way which should be suited to the new condition. They ejected themselves from the offices; yet these had to be filled. It was a pity; it was a great evil; but not to fill them was a greater evil—and that is what can be said in behalf of "carpet-baggers." This great evil sprang not from the North, but from the temper and spirit of the South—a spirit and temper which should not surprise us, which we should expect, and which very likely we ourselves, under like circumstances, would manifest in even a stronger manner; but causes and effects have no respect to such considerations. There was the fact, and there was the way in which the fact compelled circumstances.

It also was inevitable that in many States the newly enfranchised citizen should become the legislator, and that by reason of his inexperience and ignorance he should carry out a policy destructive to the best interests of peace and prosperity; and would you expect that men who had been under the heel all their days, and were suddenly thrown up into the liberty of manhood and citizenship, and had changed by reason of their majorities in elections the whole legislation and judicial economy of the States, —would you expect that they could administer wisely? Slavery would not be the devil that it is if its victims could be used with so little injury, that immediately on becoming freemen they could manage popular affairs with discretion. It was the folly of Southern States that brought on revolution; it was part and parcel of the legitimate results of the war that the legislatures of those States

should come into the hands of unwise and inexpert men; and it was to be expected that they would be afflicted with most desolating legislation. It was the necessity of the case. When South Carolina precipitated this nation into war, she established that logic of events which has wrought the disasters that are now goading her to desperation. She sowed the wind, and is reaping the whirlwind. She says that it is a wind set in from the North: I say that it is a wind from above, falling down from the seat of justice.

Upon this broad exposition of facts, let us set forth certain considerations which may in their issue befit this day.

First, the evils of the South are of her own procuring. They are not Northern inflictions. They are the logical sequences of those actions against which the North protested, which she bore long with resentment, and which she resisted by the sword only when they threatened to subvert the very foundation of the national government. The South took her chances, and must abide by the issues of those chances,—issues which had not run out and expended themselves the moment that peace was declared. You can make a wound in a moment which you cannot heal in a year. The Southern people could by a vote in a few months bring on secession; but from it have flowed on and on a long series of disasters that have been filling the South with complaint. Poverty; the loss of position; the dissemination of her population; the interposition of a foreign magistracy upon her affairs; a military force,—all these were a part of the risks taken. When she declared war, she substantially declared that she was willing to take the issues. The very sharpest pinch, therefore, of Southern trouble, she should bear in mind evermore, is of her own producing. General Gordon [of Georgia] is very loud in his denunciations when the white man suffers; he cannot bear to see the heels of the white man touched by the toes of the United States soldiers. Thousands of black men were driven from the polls, scores of hundreds of them were maltreated and killed, whole counties were brought under anarchy, and he had no telegrams filling Northern papers;

but when for the simple preservation of order the United States soldiers, at the request of the Governor of the State of South Carolina, stand at the State-house doors, he and men like him send forth a wail of despair; and their Northern partisans sit in sackcloth, in the valley of desolation, and mourn over the wrongs of the poor Southern people!

Notice, too, that upon the two States which were the most vicious and insubordinate (thorns in the side of Peace, from their very origin, and the sections where Slavery exhibited its worst features) have fallen most severely the troubles of reconstruction,—South Carolina and Louisiana. It is as if God had said, "I will make slavery the punishment of slave-holders, so that all the earth shall see and know that I, the Lord, delight in justice, and hate oppression, and make the oppressor drink of the cup which he himself has mingled."

Second, taking the Southern States collectively, blame them as much as you will, I cannot but say that, considering their accumulated sufferings; considering their strangely altered conditions, for which they are at fault, since the war, with its distress and its exhaustion; in view of their poverty, which has come upon them like an armed man, and their social disintegration, which has gone on step by step, and their new industrial organization, and their humiliating political condition,—considering these things, I cannot but say that in spite of all outbreaks and errors and complaints, their general conduct ought to extort admiration from all men whose expectations were founded on the average of nations. It is not in human nature to bear every conceivable affliction and kiss the rod —and the South never were given to kissing the rod. For fifty years they were supreme. They said to one man "Go," and he went; and they said to another man "Come," and he came—not on the rice or cotton plantation alone, but on the larger plantations of politics; and when you consider how their eyes stood out with fatness, when you consider what unbounded wealth belonged to the South, though poverty belonged to the poor whites, and when you consider how totally their social condition has

been reorganized, how all their old paths have been rubbed out, and how they who sat under the shadow of the magnolia are sitting under the shadow of the thistle and the nettle, is it strange that they rub? Is it strange that they do not seem to enjoy the luxury of their desolation? And yet, *in the main*, with what vigor have they prosecuted their industries! In the main their tendencies are all wholesome. Of the fact that there is a class of whites who are uncontrollable by the wiser and more cultured of the Southern people, no man is ignorant; and that these turbulent spirits have often bubbled and broken forth like boiling springs, we know; but it seems to me that no one could expect less. And taking Virginia, and North Carolina, and South Carolina, and Georgia, and Florida, and Alabama, and Mississippi, and Louisiana, and Texas, and Arkansas, and Missouri, and Tennessee—taking them all together, how have they adapted themselves to their changed circumstances! I never feel so sure of the triumph of the cardinal principles of liberty under a republican government, and I never feel so proud of the stock to which I belong, reckoning the South with the North, as when I take a comprehensive view of the conduct of the South, under the disasters that she has brought upon herself. There have been some outbreaks and outrages; in many States systematic wrongs have been done; there have been numerous threats and much cruelty; but taking the people throughout all the Southern States, they demand and deserve credit for the conduct they have pursued.

This leads me, next, to call to your mind the criticisms which have been urged in every form, and with the most fiery intemperance, upon that great political division of our people who have had control of this government for the last fifteen years. How many men do I hear to-day finding fault with presidents, with secretaries, with prominent leaders in the Republican party! It would seem as if they thought that all that has taken place in the time that has gone by was as simple as the raising of a harvest on a Northern farm. It would seem as though they

thought that it was only to be reaped by appropriate methods, and threshed out with an appropriate machine, and garnered in a proper manner, and sent to a regulation mill, and converted into food; it would seem as if they thought it was all very easy. But was there ever anywhere an administration which had such intrinsic difficulties to settle? That they have come short, no man denies; that they have fallen into many errors, everybody will admit; but they were walking in a path that had never been explored. They were doing things for which there had never been a pattern nor a hint. They were performing duties without any illumination from experience, which were unknown to the past, and which were intrinsically almost impossible. To turn five million slaves into citizens—is that an easy thing? To give them citizenship right in the midst and presence of those who yesterday owned them and had them under their feet, and to maintain peace between the two classes—was that easy? To see to it that these enfranchised men should have some opportunity for gaining intelligence, and some chance for self-earning, while, at the same time, the whites should be perfectly protected—was that easy? To bring this great horde of men—who were made citizens, not on moral considerations, but merely for self-protecting political reasons, —into the administration of government throughout the whole bounds of the South; and yet, to preserve equal justice everywhere without any jar of local self-government, with a minimum of physical force among a people chafed by defeat and impoverished, and sore in their poverty, and seeing from the very ground the dirt rise up to equality with them; and to hold them back from violence, and carry them safely from year to year without collision and attrition to a final and a perfectly restored and reciprocal love and confidence,—never was there put in the hands of any government such a task as this! And are we to forget it, in measuring administrations?

It is said that some high officials have stolen; it is said there has been some profligacy in the Treasury. As if this were the first time that government officials ever stole!

As if there had ever been a nation whose Treasury was not a red-hot infernal den of temptation to every one around about it! When you come to compare the amount of money that has passed through the hands of the fiduciary agents of our government during the last twelve or fifteen years with the amount that passed through the hands of the government under President Washington, you find that the percentage of fraud is vastly less now than it was during the administration of this government in its earlier periods. Look at it whichever way you will, multiply the mistakes which have been made as much as you please (I care not, except to have them remedied), by and by, when the excitement of the present is all past, and they stand in history against the background of justice, then the lives of these men who have assisted in the reformation of this land will stand higher than the heroes who framed our Constitution, and brought in the primitive days of liberty.

And let me say one word more: that when that reckoning shall be made, not far from the side of the Martyrs will stand the illustrious Warriors; and that the man* who brought peace, at last, by his sword, and who, for eight years has administered this government by singular silence and singular disinterestedness, will stand second only to Lincoln.

The question now arising on every side, especially among the timid, the fearful, and the unknowing,—that is, among almost all men,—is whether the conditions in which we find ourselves at this period of the reconstructive history of this country, whether the strain that is brought upon it by the peculiar exigencies of to-day, are not going to be a tension greater than it can bear?

If I read aright, we are contending with difficulties in South Carolina, in Florida and in Louisiana; and those difficulties, as I shall show in a moment, take hold high up; and the question is, Can this government endure a pressure like that which is brought to bear upon it? The

* General U. S. Grant, who was now nearing the end of his second presidential term.

safety of law, of government, and of public weal, under free institutions is every day made more apparent by the parallel drawn between the strong governments in Europe, with a minimum of liberty in them, and the republican government on this side of the water, with a maximum of liberty in it.

Nothing is more justly dreaded in Europe than a disputed succession to the throne; and it is justly dreaded, as you know from what has taken place there. What wars have deluged France; what convulsions have shaken Italy; what turmoils there have been in the German Empire and in Russia; what storms have burst forth in Great Britain, filling the land with confusion, on account of royal succession! But there have been fifteen Presidents within a hundred years in these United States; there have been twenty-two elections here during the same period; the question of succession has been debated with fiery zeal before this great people, and settled without sword or bayonet, twenty-two times, and I am not afraid to put alongside of the experience of Europe this record of a free people under free institutions.

But the strain which this nation bears every four years is not its only strain, though that is a great one. This is a thorough-bred nation; and the place where other horses break down is the place where the thorough-bred horse comes out victorious—the point where the strain comes.

If it comes to that, it is better for us to sit patiently under a wrong, rather than invoke tumult. In 1844, when Henry Clay was defeated in his race for the Presidency and Louisiana cast her electoral vote for Polk, it was not a question of doubt that the Plaquemine frauds robbed Clay of the vote of Louisiana. It is not certain that he would have been elected if he had received the vote of that State; that is fairly open to doubt; but that the whole Whig party honestly and firmly believed that Clay had been fairly elected, and that the Presidential office was withheld from him by gross fraud, there can be no doubt. What happened? What did the great Whig party do under the sting and outrage of losing by fraud what they had gained

by votes? They made no riots, no revolution, and no civil war. They yielded to necessity, and saved law, even when it was corrupted, and appealed to the future for redress.

The same strain was brought on our State of New York. John Jay was fairly elected governor, and George Clinton was counted in by indisputable fraud. What did the citizens do? They submitted to the form of law out of which it was designed that equity should spring, and then, at the next election, triumphantly overthew their adversary, and elected Jay.

Consider the struggle between the North and the South that grew out of slavery; consider the usurpation of office by Southern men; consider how courts were in the hands of biased judges; consider the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; consider the needless and useless insult to the North by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law; consider the gross outrages that were perpetrated in Kansas; consider the refusal of the South to accept the arbitrament of the vote when Lincoln was elected. And what did the North do? It bore every strain, and sought relief by legal and moral, and not by physical force.

The violence which brought forth the war was Southern, and not Northern. It was South Carolina that assailed the flag of this nation, and the hand that smote the flag was itself smitten with paralysis.

Whatever may be the formal decision respecting the Presidency in this great exigency, whatever the justice of the case may be, the North, by both of its great parties, will accept that decision. They will abide by the declaration of the legal judges of election, whatever suspicion or conviction there may be of fraud, and they will look to the future for redress. The South certainly will not offer violence to the final decision. She has no blood left. She is pale yet from the wounds of war.

Besides,—Buchanan is not President to-day!

Lastly, can we, at this point of our history, afford to have the whole machinery by which the will of the people is made manifest to the Government vitiated by fraud? We cannot—*we cannot!* Let me say to you that though

the danger of this people springing from riches is great, it is not the greatest. Though the danger springing from a corrupt luxury is great, it is not the greatest. Though the danger springing from the vast and complicated apparatus of this Government that rules a continent, and that is the most complicated government in the world—though this is great, it is not the greatest of our dangers. *The danger that hangs over the vote* is the most imminent peril that threatens our liberty; for while there is around about almost every act of men a sense of right, a conscience, there has come to be, to a large extent, no conscience, no sense of right, among American citizens as to their duty in regard to the vote. It is bought and sold shamelessly in the market. Capitalists and corporations find it more economical to trade by wholesale than by retail. They find that it is cheaper to buy the representative who is sent to the legislature, than to buy all of those who send him there; and our courts are presided over and our public economy is determined, largely, by men who are under the influence of those who buy and sell votes; and if this fraud which corrupts and destroys the integrity of the vote in small spheres, advances from neighborhoods to States, and from States to larger sections, rising till it touches the sacred height of the chief Executive of this nation, from that moment we shall be no better than Mexico, and our greatness will be the measure of the pangs that we shall suffer in coming disorganizations and revolutions. No, we cannot afford to have a President who sits in Washington placed there upon a fraudulent counting of votes.

I know, and you do know, that if there had been a fair election permitted in South Carolina, in Florida, in Louisiana, and in Mississippi, there would have been an overwhelming majority given for the Republican candidate; I know, and you do know that, not by fraud in counting, but by physical force and intimidation, men were denied their rights at the ballot-box, and that majorities were rolled up which in this respect were fraudulent, that they did not represent the will of the whole people freely ex-

pressed, but represented the will of those who seized the power, and by threat or actual bloodshed wrought a change in the result of the political campaign.

What then? Wholesale fraud on one side does not justify fraud on the other side; and if there is to be a President sitting in Washington by fraud, in the name of heaven, let not the emancipating party, that has conducted this nation through war to settled peace, be tainted with the irredeemable corruption of that fraud! Better a thousand times that your antagonist should be in the Presidential chair than that your chosen friend should be there, if you put him there by one single tainted vote; for we cannot afford to set a bad precedent. When good men set bad precedents bad men use them; and rather than that the Republican party should hold the reins of power by putting a President in the chair at Washington who goes there by one vote that prudent and honest men have reason to believe is tainted, better, far better would it be that that party should retire, and give place to the other side. Therefore it is my hope and wish that if Governor Hayes should have reason to believe that there has been unfairness in the *count* in Louisiana, or Florida, or South Carolina, and that the reported electoral vote does not represent the actual vote, though the fraud in the *vote itself* is on the other side—it is my hope and wish that under such circumstances he should say, and make himself forever illustrious by saying, "I will not sit in Washington's seat unless I can sit there with Washington's purity."

Meanwhile, dismiss from your minds all thought of lurid war and social disorganization and distress. These are but the fireballs with which political parties illumine their campaign. The country is safe. A part of the road from Egypt through the desert has been passed, and the rest of that road is to be gone over. Forty years in the wilderness is the inevitable necessity. If the Republican party have the administration of the government I hope they will abbreviate the period in which the remnant of conflict will be ended. If they are thrust out, and the other side come in, they, in the end, will bring about the same result;

by a longer road, by a more circuitous route, and with more vexation and suffering; but surely, in the end. Whether one side or the other go to Washington, the free citizens of this whole nation have in charge the liberty and prosperity of the nation, and these will be preserved. A glorious future is before us. The difference lies in this: Shall it be brought in easily, and speedily, and justly, or must it come by roundabout ways, with more pain and tears? That *it will come*, I have no doubt whatsoever.

Therefore, I call on all men, and on you especially, to join with me in thanksgiving and praise to God this day, that, while we have harvests and health and essential peace throughout the nation, and an abundant chance of prosperity in the future, a revolution has taken place by which five million slaves became five million freemen; by which men leagued for oppression were smitten and overthrown in thirteen States; by which the whole economy of those States was reorganized; by which all their social relationships and political policy were changed; and by which there have been laid again new foundations in righteousness, with the promise that when the tears are done, and the sighs and groans are past, they shall have a future that never could have dawned on them if they had remained intact in their old economies. And the day will speedily come when your children and mine, and the children of Southern men, shall sit down together in amity and speak of the deeds of their fathers, forgetting the furor, the irritation, the anger, and the bloodshed, when their interests shall be not merely identical, but reciprocal, and this whole land shall be Immanuel's land.

Never in my life have I stood to exhort you to thanksgiving with a more profound sense of our obligations to God, and of gratitude in especial for that guidance by which we have been brought through a peril that seldom comes to any nation, and that never before came to a nation so large and difficult of administration as this.

PAST PERILS AND THE PERIL OF TO-DAY.*

"Samuel said unto the people, It is the Lord that advanced Moses and Aaron, and that brought your fathers up out of the land of Egypt. Now therefore stand still, that I may reason with you before the Lord of all the righteous acts of the Lord, which he did to you and to your fathers."—1 Sam. xii. 6, 7.

THE Hebrew literature is colored with intense patriotism. The events of their history—their origin, their fathers, their bondage, their release, their wanderings, their final settlement in Palestine, their wars, their laws, their captivities, their restorations—are the staple of their sacred books, and became the types upon which their prophets and sweet singers fashioned an ideal future. This whole human life on earth was to them the symbol of the wanderings of "strangers and pilgrims;" and when, at length, a clear conception of another life dawned, they called Heaven *the New Jerusalem.* Thus the heaven and the earth, time and eternity, were dressed out in the robes of their national history.

It was a wholesome practice. It harvested every great deed and achievement of their race, and made it seed-corn for the future; it trained their children to heroism, to patriotism, and to a religion which enshrined them both.

I propose, this morning, a retrospect of American history, from a single point of view—namely, its eminent Periods of Peril. I do this within the hour—that is to say, I do it in outline.

The vital nerve which runs through and connects the whole history of these United States is the power of in-

*Sermon in Plymouth Church, Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29, 1877: preached when it was proposed to pay the United States Bonds in silver.

telligence, of rectitude, of patience, and of liberty to achieve every great end needed for national prosperity. Physical force has had less part in the vast results achieved in national life in this country than in the results achieved in any other national life of such magnitude and duration.

I. The first Period is the Colonial; the settlement, the intermediate, and the revolutionary, are its three divisions.

The fermentations of Europe had so far perfected the wine of principle that our fathers brought hither no doubtful mixture. There were certain definite faiths, in part derived from old English liberty and in part from the new Reformation,—they were principles, and not theories, that they brought. They had no Utopian schemes, no Platonic Republics, no phalansteries or communistic dreams. They believed in the sacredness of manhood by reason of its alliance with Christ and immortality. They believed in that liberty which consists in taking on law. Men are free in proportion to the number of spheres of obedience that they can fill. Laws are not shackles to impede, but tools and harnesses to assist human force. The peculiarity of our early ancestry was not that they loved liberty—everything in heaven, on earth, and in the sea does that; but they discerned the royal fact, which others had missed who threw off law to find liberty, that *by taking on law men are made free.* Obedience to God's law is the highest liberty to which humanity may ever reach.

With these rational principles not yet quite ripe in their hands, to be somewhat more developed through mistakes and suffering, the special peril of the colonial period was in its gestation and birth of the institutions of liberty.

Liberty is but a vapor without its appropriate engines. As a disembodied principle, it wanders up and down the earth, seeking rest and finding none. It needs a body. In other days that body has been sometimes a shapeless giant, or a dwarf, or some monster form. In our colonies it pleased God to give to it such a shapely body as suited its merit. The church, the state, the legislatures, the courts, the executive, the body of wise laws all revolving within well defined spheres—these were the prod-

ucts of that long colonial history, which, because it threw up no auroral glow upon the heavens, seems to many of little importance.

In the New Testament, the life of Mary after the annunciation retires from sight; but in that obscurity was silently forming the Saviour of the world. The whole history of America lay in silent shadow in the early and middle colonial periods. Our fathers were incarnating principles in institutions. For the purposes of romance, their straitness, their rigorous life, their seclusion upon the hard soil in a hard climate, were not full of interest; but for great practical uses these were elements of good fortune. When the army of fowls prepare for their young, they do not sit down upon the fat marshes of the south, or on the sedgy edges of southern rivers. They lift themselves into the heavens and sail to the Arctic circle, and there, upon rocks, under the edge of ice, find security for their young.

New England was the breeding-ground of America. Her seclusion and her hard ways were mercies. It was not in soft places and amidst Egyptian leeks and onions and melons and cucumbers that Israel planned the Hebrew commonwealth, but under the crags of Sinai, and along the sands of the wilderness. The pitiable part of colonial history is the best part of it, and its glory.

II. The second Period of Peril was that of transition from dependence to a free and independent national life. All republics have been short lived, perishing from the weakness of their political system, or, more often, the want of morality in their citizens. At the bottom of every enduring system must lie a principle of universal rectitude. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." That is the ledge out of which every nation must quarry foundation stones. This was the cry of Israel through ages; but Israel did not know how to build upon this sure foundation.

Now New England was the point in time where in mental development Palestine and Greece met. In New England were Socrates and Moses, Isaiah and Plato. There was for New England no art. Phidias and his

brethren had perished in the Red Sea of time. But the profound moral sentiment, the passionate yearning for righteousness, the feeling after God, which centered in the old Hebrew, came down into New England. The Greeks could bring no conscience. There was never enough moral sense in Greece long to hold a government together. Iron was wanting in their blood. But the Greek brought to New England the keen intellect, the speculative genius, the hunger for ideas; and the typical New Englander may say, "Greece was my father, and Palestine was my mother." Jonathan Edwards stands forth as the best type of this extraordinary union.

When the war burned the cords that held the colonies to the throne there was an hour of perplexity. "I have taken off my coat, and how shall I put it on again?" was the sentiment of the time. Then it was that Virginia kindled her light at the altars of New England; in whose public assemblies, called in times of peril to consider the general welfare, in whose bills of rights, in whose townships, and in whose minor colonial unions for temporary purposes, were found the motives and sketch-forms of that great Constitution which stands without a parallel among institutions of human formation. If you say that Virginia led our republic in the revolutionary period, and in the primitive period of our Constitution, I answer, Yes; hers was the root and stock, but New England gave the scions that were grafted in, and that formed the top and fruit.

But that after times had something to add and something to change does not take away from the grandeur of that great instrument which has for nearly one hundred years proved itself adequate to the conservation of liberty and of power. The perils through which it came to strength are largely hidden by the glow of its abundant prosperity.

The foundation of those great piers* that stand over against each other, on our river, are forever hidden. Men see, and will see, only the majesty of the accomplished

* Of the East River suspension bridge, between New York and Brooklyn.

work; but few remember the darkness, the perils, the unmatched difficulties of the caisson in the beginning.

New applications and larger developments have been given to the elements of the Constitution, and some imposthumes have been cleansed from it, and some weak spots have been removed by the strong hand of war; yet the hundred years have but rounded out and finished the great work exactly planned and framed by the fathers. Forty free States are held together in one sovereignty, and fifty millions of people move in a safe liberty under a system that touches the nation as summer touches the Continent; with a pressure that enforces growth and develops strength, but oppresses nothing.

III. Now comes the third Period of Peril, from fungoid growth. It befalls men, sometimes, to carry about a fungoid growth, which, feeding on juices elaborated in the body, is steadily sucking out that very life upon which it is feeding. Such was Slavery. Its cancerous roots had spread to every department of life and government. It had suborned the legislation and politics of the country. It had thrown its filmy net of "construction" around the courts. It had full possession of the executive government. It had filled the channels of commerce with its ill-gotten wealth. It had fascinated the free laborer, who, like a bird charmed by a serpent, fluttered and chirped before the very mouth that was opening to swallow him. It had benumbed the conscience of the church, and priests and preachers were chanting lullaby to this Devil's brood. The voice of liberty was heard as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Even brave men had some revelations of despair. They knew not the riches of God's resources. Like the traitor of old, who hanged himself and all his bowels gushed out, so this traitor to liberty destroyed itself by its own audacity and judicial blindness. A little policy, a show of courtesy, and the golden yoke of prosperity would yet have been easily borne upon the servile merchant's and manufacturer's neck. It might have won with smiles that which it could not gain with frowns. It might by courtesy and kindness and some appearance of

compliance have ruled half a hundred years longer; but it had grown impudent, arrogant, domineering, and supremely foolish.

And yet, as one recalls the condition of parties when the fuse was kindled at Sumter, there were fearful chances against liberty. No man by the mere force of ideas would have dared to take the chances. They were in favor of continued Southern supremacy. A united South and a divided North, with all the accustomed political enginery in secret agreement to paralyze the Northern conscience and the Northern hand, gave promise of a short outbreak and a quick peace of despotism. When I look back upon that period I feel as he felt who had traveled in the darkness of the night across a bridge, when he learned what a risk he had run. When he reached the house of the gate-keeper he was saluted with exclamations of amazement, and asked how he came over. In the morning he was taken out to look at the bridge. Every plank had been stripped off from it, only the stringer in the middle remained, and below was a chasm a hundred feet deep with a roaring torrent rushing through it; and along that single beam his sagacious and sure-footed horse had walked, in the dead of night, and borne him safely across.

So came we over the great abyss and peril of that early period of the war.

No man could have anticipated that heaven-sent freshet, that flood of popular patriotism, that came from no man knows where, rolling in upon the Pharaohs of the day. It was this, of which there were no prognostications, no calculations, and no expectations, that saved us. The arrangements of that perilous opening of the war were such as to give every promise of success to the conspirators of slavery.

There were, even down to within a year of the close of the struggle, such despondencies, at times, that, had the South been wise, she could have asked a truce, and laid down her arms upon conditions that would have renewed her power substantially, and for a long period held liberty paralyzed in the arms of compromise. That the South

believed in its cause was our safety. Had Southern men had less faith that they were right they would have given up earlier, and given up before their property was wasted, voluntarily, on conditions such that this nation would have been stranded on sand-bars at the mouth of the river, instead of sailing as now full and free on the fathomless ocean. From this peril we were delivered by the tenacity of Southern leaders for the cause which did not seem to us right; and they were made tenacious by a love of their own liberty and independence, although it seemed to us that they were standing for the slavery of others. This was one of those instances of the concentric working of Providence in which the exterior sphere seems to be human and the interior divine.

IV. The Fourth Period was that of the close of the war, which brought three pre-eminent perils—that of the army, first; that of reconstruction, second; and that of taxation, third. The experience of the world would have led men to prophesy, as they did prophesy, a series of disasters of the most dangerous kind upon the dispersion of a million and a half of men who had learned their lessons of morals and politics in the camp. It was supposed that there would be great violence breaking out on every side from men who lacked occupation, who had been broken off from honorable industries, who had been supplanted by others that had taken their places, and who should come home in great multitudes to suffer want. Insubordination under civic rule, on the part of those who had been accustomed to look with indifference upon magistrates and with respect only upon military officers—who despised men without swords and worshiped warriors—this might have been expected. Dissoluteness and vagabondage we had a right to fear. But, so far from the realization of such fears, I aver that there never was an instance of the subsidence with so little disorder of an army that had possessed such great power, and had dominated a continent, headed by innumerable leaders not lacking in ambition. As the rains which fall upon the mountains melt the snow, dissolving the avalanche, and each drop, confluent, finds its own

channel down the mountain-side to water the meadows below and bring summer harvests; so this great army found its way back again without one riot, without a single uproar, without a solitary recorded trouble. It gave us exceeding trouble to gather this million and a half of men; but to disband them and send them home, many of them maimed, many of them poor, and many of them workless, cost not a proclamation nor an edict!

Military officers, in whom it is supposed resides a perpetual ambition for power, have been our very exemplars of peace. Our first President and our last were elected from the fields of war. Washington, though a man of war, is less thought of to-day in this nation as the commander of our armies than as the man who taught us peace. And Grant, who by his skill and indomitable courage wrought for us final deliverance, sat in the Presidential chair, not without some mistakes—for he was human—but without one single tendency to military rule, and with as absolute respect for civil law as has been manifested by any President from the time of Washington down to this day.

As I recede, along the adjoining fields of Jersey, from the great city, I speedily lose sight of the masts, of the warehouses, and of the spires themselves; and yet when I have gone so far that the last glimmer of these things is lost, the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge stand full and high in the air, conspicuous. As time goes on we shall forget that which called down such a storm of fury upon the name of Grant; and when all incidental and collateral things have gone below the horizon, his name and just fame will stand towering high in the air, unobscured and imperishable!

There was not a single military riot. There was scarcely a suspicion of military ambition. There was not a suspicion of the purport of meetings multitudinous. The Army of the Tennessee, the Army of the Potomac, and Divisions of every name, meet from year to year, and neither the papers of the one side nor those of the other have ever charged them with coming together for purposes of ambition. The Grand Army of the Republic,

without a banner, a rifle, or a sword, camping down in the field of peace, has not brought upon itself any suspicion of military aspirations; and yet, what people ever acquitted themselves more bravely in war? What people, on both sides, ever hung up more trophies in the halls of memory? What deeds of heroism have been recorded to be remembered as long as history shall last! And there is no suspicion that those on the side either of the North or the South have learned the nefarious arts of Catiline, or plotted any conspiracy against liberty. Nay, the reaction has been so extreme that I fear gratitude to the soldier is in danger of being left out, forgotten. The man without an arm, standing before the government, has less chance than he who has two arms. The man who has lost a foot cannot travel so fast after place and support as the man who has two feet. The thunder of battle is dead, and the sense of safety is swallowing up our gratitude to the soldier-boy that comes crippled home, and is obliged to ask his fellow citizens for opportunity to earn a livelihood, having given to his country the substance and marrow of his life.

Next to the military period of danger, on the subsidence of the war, came the danger of reconstruction—a danger so great that persons not accustomed to the usages and the temper of a free and intelligent people prophesied unmitigated mischief. Their prophecies happily have all perished on their utterance. The first great peril arising from this source was the condition of the blacks throughout the South. Four millions of men had been suddenly uprooted from a state of slavery. The South had felt that its industry rested upon the shoulders of the blacks. The welfare of innumerable families in the South was made dependent upon ownership of these people. Therefore, to give them liberty was to plow and subsoil the whole South. It was to turn over its fences, bury its orchards, destroy its houses, so to speak, introduce a new political economy, and change the whole means of support of the Southern people. Was that a thing easy to do, trying the future by any lesson that has been taught us by the past?

It was a thing that could not be risked upon any vaticination. It found its own way out, however. A supreme act of justice set the slaves free; but no counsel or wisdom of man alone has made their freedom so harmless to themselves and so harmless to their late masters as it has been. That nature which hath God in it hath done this. Measuring by abstract rectitude and justice, you may blame this, that, and the other act on the part of the South; but on the whole, considering the difficulties which arose, the multitudes that were concerned, the state in which the war left citizenship, the revolutionized condition of things, in the light of ordinary human nature, or of the expectations which men found on human nature—considering these things, the conduct of the great mass of black people in the South has been without a parallel for industry and for general kindliness. Regard, too, the conduct of the whites who were recently their masters! When I put one over against the other I hardly know on which side my wonder preponderates. If there have been mischiefs, cruelties, and oppressions, look for the perpetrators of them not to the men that owned slaves and controlled public sentiment at the South; look, rather, to "the poor white trash" that never owned slaves, and that were but a little above the colored man, being degraded and brutalized by the necromancy of the accursed system of slavery itself!

Much work is yet to be done in the South. Much cruelty is yet to be looked for there. He who expects Israel to come out of the hands of Pharaoh and go into the promised land inside of forty years expects without knowledge and without good reason. I do not expect the blacks ever to come to their full possession of liberty and civility until they have had the equivalent of the Jews' forty years of pilgrimage. For saying so ten years ago I was held in derision and contempt by the Republican press at large; but we shall have, at our leisure, time to revise all such judgments as that. Whenever you can construct human nature by a vote, or change it by legislation; whenever you can handle men as the potter handles clay, then you may by an edict convert slaves into intelligent men

instantly, blowing them, as you would soap-bubbles, into objects of beauty! But human nature is the toughest thing that man ever works on. To take four million men of an inferior race, educated in the school of slavery, and, by a constitutional vote of the people, make them as if they had never been ignorant slaves, is impossible; and if men have expected it, it only shows to what overfed enthusiasm they were led.

Men *grow;* and of all growths there is nothing that grows so slowly as manhood. The reason why it grows so slowly is that there is so much of it, that it is so subtle, and that it is so precious in its results—for the best things are the scarcest, and are the longest in coming to perfection.

Then, next, was the peril arising from the anomalous position of the rebellious States themselves. After such rude embraces as they had experienced, after such ruinous conflicts as they had gone through, and after such intense bitterness as had been aroused, men said, "It contravenes every canon of experience to suppose that you can have more than provinces at the South to be governed by imperial rulers." Certainly it was necessary, in their anomalous condition, that they should be made to respect the government by the power of the military; but were there ever before so many high-spirited provinces held in quietness by so few men? Cæsar could send to Gaul an army of trained veterans, and slay an hundred thousand men, and have peace; but there were not enough soldiers in all the South to constitute the fraction of an army; and those that were there were there not for the sake of overawing the population, but simply to give that part of the population who earnestly meant peace and obedience to the national law advantage over the rude men at the bottom of society ready for any turbulence. I bear witness that the leading men of the South, as a general thing, were men who kept faith. When they made covenants they stood upon those covenants; and whatever have been their sufferings—and no people have gone through more—the Southern people themselves, being the victims of the system of slavery

which led them into a career of war and ruin, have carried themselves with a gallantry, with a courage, yes, and oftentimes with a chivalry, which has not been surpassed by any other people, and which might have given us patterns of self-devotion worthy of our following. Their prospects have been ruined; their homes and houses have been burned; their property and money were thrown into the throat of war; their slaves were not only liberated, but were in many cases placed over their heads with their votes by which they turned everything bottom side up; States were furrowed and subsoiled. Where have ever been found so many people, as high spirited as they, who have borne such things with a patience and self-government more creditable to human nature than they? Bear me witness, that so long as they tampered with the Constitution, so long as they were enemies of the working man, so long as they sought to undermine justice, so long as they undertook to poison the conscience of the North —so long, without fear or favor, I denounced their course; but now the great wheel of God's providence has turned around, and those evils are swept away never to appear again, in this generation at any rate, I look out upon the South, and my heart turns to them, not only with that love which I bear to every other heart in this land of mine, but with a zeal and admiration which I never felt before; and I say that the conduct of leading Southern men since the war has largely redeemed their misconduct before the war.

But that peril of reconstruction has passed. Some medication, some surgery, there has been, I admit; legislation and constitutional amendments have performed a needed task; but *the great forces of nature, I assert, have done far more for the reconstruction of the South than our legislation has.*

When, by some accident, a man's leg has been splintered, he calls surgeons to attend him, and they all agree that the parts shall be put together as speedily as possible; but whether the leg shall be afterwards treated by homœopathy or hydropathy or allopathy they are divided in opinion, and a dispute is waged over the man that lies suffering. Meanwhile, nature takes things into her own hand, and

knits the bones, and heals the limb; and by the time the doctors have come to an agreement the man is able to rise and kick them all out!

There was even a more perilous danger in connection with the period of reconstruction—the danger of infamous dishonesty. So sure was it thought to be that this great nation, which came out of the war bearing an absolute burden of more than four thousand million dollars, the interest on which was to be paid by a universal taxation, would flinch, and refuse to bend its shoulders to the work, that certain men rushed to the front with theories of what was substantially "greenback" repudiation; and rushed to find no following! In the earlier periods of reconstruction the question arose as to whether the bonds that had been given by this government for the maintenance of our armies should be paid, and paid in full. That was the question which came before this country in the Northwest, in the far West, clear to the Pacific Ocean, in the great intermediary valleys, and on these shores where people who pinched their money first pinched the rocks to get it; and in every quarter, North, South, East, and West, there was but one substantial result. The voices of the men who favored repudiation, like the sound of an evil bird retreating into the depths of the forest, piped softer and softer, and finally died away in the distance; while the voice that thundered forth from the nation was: "The promises of the Government by which it has maintained unity and liberty must be kept." And for that result we are as much indebted to our foreign population as to our native population. To their honor and credit I say that our foreign citizens, or those who have become citizens here, having been born in other lands, stood by the honor of the republic, and saved the nation from the disgrace of a shameless dishonesty!

Ten thousand mishaps may flow from their coming among us; but the benefits which arise from the presence here of those who have come from old countries and are settled among us are a hundred to one to the mishaps and inconveniences that result from their mingling with us.

And there should be a monument, if it would not be an imputation upon their honesty, to commemorate the fact that they stood up for the integrity of the nation when they knew that every dollar paid for taxes would be so wrung by the sweat of their brow out of the fields that they tilled.

So, then, when you take those three dangers, the danger of repudiation, the danger of reconstruction, and the danger arising from the anomalous condition of the people of the South,—were there ever three such great problems brought forward to be solved at such a time, involving so many appeals to the bad side of human nature, at a time of transition, always a time of disorder,—were there ever three such great problems so peacefully solved? It was not the zeal of senators, or of scholars, nor was it the voice of the pulpit, but it was the sound moral instincts in the great thinking mass of the common people, that developed those grand results which have followed the war!

I emphasize this because I wish to make the point of this discourse, that it is safe to give liberty to an intelligent common people. They form a parliament before which the weightiest and most transcendent questions of ethics may be safely brought for adjudication.

V. The Perils of the Hour are the last that I shall mention—and they are the least. Whatever may betide the questions that are now at issue, they will result in nothing worse than simple transient mischief, moral, political, and civil. The foundations are settled. The future policy of this nation, whichever hands undertake to hold the helm, is assured. I would rather that the nation, which has been rescued by the great Republican party, and borne through all the shoals and whirls and troubles of the reconstructive period, for which they are now receiving more curses than kindnesses, and whose mistakes are multiplied before the eyes of men, while their wisdom is little thought of—I would rather that this nation should remain in their hands, if they are worthy to hold the helm; but if not, give me a hand that can hold the helm, whosesoever it is.

If their light is extinguished along the coast, and they have no longer power to guide the ship of state to a safe harbor, let other lights be kindled. We cannot afford to wait for any party. The nation is more important than any party. It is not, then, any particular peril of a change of Administration that is to be feared. I look upon that with interest, but still with equanimity.

But there is a danger from suppressed repudiation. When children have the measles, and when after an appropriate time saffron and all the other drinks fail to bring them out, the doctors shake their heads and call them *suppressed* measles; and the measles suppressed are more dangerous than when brought out. And suppressed repudiation is all the more dangerous than any open and avowed repudiation. Whenever, in any nation, there is such an attempt to tamper with standards that the moral sense of men is bewildered, and liberty is given to unprincipled men at large to cheat, to be unfaithful to obligations, to refuse the payment of honest debts—wherever that takes place, it is all the worse if done with the permission of law! I hate the devil riding on a law worse than I do the devil riding without a law under him. Whoever tampers with established standards tampers with the very marrow and vitality of public faith.

Good

What would become of this land if all standards were tampered with? What if the legislature this year should ordain that a foot should consist of only ten inches, and next year, the power being taken out of their hands by the other party, it should be ordained that a foot should measure fourteen inches; and so every three or five years the standard should be changed on which immense and innumerable contracts were based, it being necessary for such contracts to follow the alteration, sometimes damaging and sometimes unjustly favoring the contractors, and enabling men, under the shield of party and of law, to commit fraud as if it were an equity? What if the pound weight should be tampered with, and it should be ordained now that a pound is ten ounces, now that it is twelve, and now that it is fifteen? What if the quart and

pint should be tampered with, and made to differ to-morrow from what they are to-day? What if the yard-measure should be tampered with? What if all the standards on which business is conducted should be subject to fluctuations and caprice, so that no man could tell what was right or just, and so that ethical questions, with all their casuistry, should swarm as mosquitoes in summer about a swamp, or insects in a country tavern? What chance would there be for honesty, for integrity, or for solid prosperity?

The danger into which we are running is hidden under the mystery of finance and the currency. All money is but a *representative* of property. As now, by facility of intercourse, all the world is one open market, the need of one and the same standard of money, uniform, universal, and unalterable, becomes imperious! Gold is the world's standard. Gold is the universal measure of value. Other kinds of money there are—silver, copper, paper—but they all must conform to gold and be measured by it, and be interchangeable with it, in fixed and definite proportions. Gold is king in commerce. All other money must represent gold. No vote of legislature can change the nature of commerce, the nature of property, the nature of its representative in money, or the relative superiority or inferiority of different currencies. Gold came to its supremacy as a representative of property by the long established consent of mankind. Congress cannot change it for the world, nor even for this nation except upon past transactions. It may give impunity to men to cheat confiding creditors, but it cannot rule the value of currency in all future transactions. The crime of paying a debt in a currency inferior in value to that in which it was contracted, base at all times and anywhere, has a deeper guilt and a baser infamy in our case. When in our mortal struggle capitalists were solicited to lend their money to us on the faith of the nation, we were too glad, most grateful for their aid. Then they were not grasping and swollen usurers. O, no; they were benefactors! We rejoiced in their bounty, and gave thanks for their confiding

faith in our national honesty. Now, our dangers past, we revile them, finding no epithets too violent, and strive to pay them, not gold for the gold they lent our misery, but in a dishonest measure of an inferior metal. In the court of the commercial world's conscience we shall be convicted of endeavoring to cheat the men who came to our rescue in the dark day. This Congress would not have existed, nor any government of the United States, but for the strength given to our armies by foreign capitalists; and now to return their aid by a base treachery is to deserve an infamy as deep as the lowest depths of hell.

But woe to those men, bull-headed, without eyes, who are attempting to undermine the integrity and simplicity of the nation by locating discussion in that most difficult point for ordinary men to understand—in finance; in the history and meanings of currency! I do not care what width and liberty you give to greenbacks or metallic currency; only, there is a congress of time, and a congress of the world; and at the present, and for the future, gold, in certain definite proportions, has been made the standard; and it is the standard in Asia, in Europe, in Africa, and in America, north, south, east, and west; and it is so, not because Congress voted it, and courts adjudicated it, but because the human race are united on this one point: that gold represents property, and that it is a universal, unchanging standard.

Now put whatever else you will as subsidiary, collateral, auxiliary, but do not change that standard, either by a suppressed assault upon the thing itself, or by attempting to equalize with it that which is not equal to it. No act of Congress can ever make one pound equal to two pounds. No act of Congress can ever make a thing inferior equal to a superior. Silver coin must be made proportionate to the value of gold, as determined in the open markets of the world! All paper currency must be convertible into gold. Any other course is to teach men to cheat by law; it is to teach honest men to cheat without knowing that they cheat; it is to teach fraud by legislation; it is a high crime and misdemeanor; and if men in Congress do not

know it, what are they there for? When the blind are leading the blind, and they all fall into the ditch together, it will not help them to find that the ditch is silver-lined.

The attempt to cheat capitalists by paying bonds in silver coin of less value than gold is hardly worse than the other attempt to derange and poison business by a renewal of the plague of greenbacks. No paper currency has any intrinsic value: no government can give it lawful power. Gold is its only basis. It is worth what it can command in gold—the royal metal!

How pitiable is the plea, that if greenbacks were good enough for war they are good enough for peace! That if they bought munitions, paid debts, purchased lands, cleared farms, built railroads, and carried the business of a continent through a continued and desperate peril, they are good enough now. Is it true, then, that the medicine that carries a man through his sickness is good enough for food after he gets well? Shall a man walk on crutches all his days because they helped him while lame? An inconvertible paper has its value in the promise of government to pay its face in gold as soon as it is able. It is the reasonableness of that hope that gives it value. As the hope of speedy payment in gold receded, the greenback depreciated. As soon as prosperity gave promise that the government would soon pay in gold, dollar for dollar, greenbacks appreciated, until now they are worth nearly their face in gold. A debased or enfeebled currency may be the desperate necessity of war, but it is the infatuation of ignorance, or an insanity of dishonesty, to pour out inconvertible paper in peace, or to attempt to make short-legged silver keep step with gold!

Every father who has a family to bring up, and who therefore has a greater interest in integrity than in everything else on earth; every mother that has a child to rear, who represents the stand-point of supremest wisdom, and who looks upon the universe as merely an instrument for rearing that child; every teacher that has under his care the young, whose minds are to be developed; every young man whose ambitions are honorable, every man who loves

his country more than his own estate; every editor whose heart throbs with patriotism,—every such person ought to stand up in open and unequivocal testimony against the infamy of this suppressed repudiation which is tending to destroy honesty in our land. Not because it will work a great while; not because it is going to make such a difference in the long run with silver and gold—that is not worthy of consideration: but because such a nation as this, with such an ancestry and such a history; that has been carried through such an illustrious career in the formation of institutions and in the maintenance of them; that is a beacon light to the world, and whose example is emancipating France and transforming England; that has gone through a war and come out of it with such clean, unambitious hands, and is seeking to cement its people more and more firmly together,—ought not to be thus betrayed by miscreant men to do an act which will make it a scoffing and a by-word all over the world to the end of time.

It is not a question, therefore, which belongs to ordinary politics: it belongs to the national conscience; it belongs to mankind. There ought to be a dividing line running between man and man; and from this time forth the cry should be, "Who is on the side of honesty and integrity?" This is a time for lauding with enthusiasm those who are in favor of truth and uprightness, and for thundering indignation against those who would overthrow national integrity. I do not care greatly for crops, for cattle, for merchandise, for houses, or for lands, but I do care for the reputation of my country; I care for my kind; I care for the memory of our fathers who have left us this fair heritage; I care for my God.

We shall go through this struggle. God who has delivered us in so many perils will also deliver us in this. Have faith in God.

Do not give way to the folly of despondency. The people are to be trusted; but in order to be trusted they must be instructed. A people of integrity and intelligence are competent to anything which is necessary in the life of

nations. A free, educated, and religious people are the surest in peace, the bravest in war, the most enterprising in business, and the strongest in morality, with more enthusiasm, more wisdom, more sovereignty—and that, too, for emergencies—than crowns or aristocracies have. The history of this nation is a voice that ought to carry cheer to all the struggling nations of the earth. You are not seeking for an illusory thing when you are seeking for a free republic—only remember that enduring republics must be based on rectitude, on intelligence, and on patience; and must be maintained not by the hand, except in the direct exigencies, but by the head and the heart.

In all these great opportunities our nation has gone right; and the nation will go right. Like a ship against which storms are leagued, it rolled heavily, it was dashed upon by overwhelming waves, only to rear up its unharmed hull, and, in darkness or in light, against the elements to hold on its way, taking no counsel of storm or of darkness, but of the compass that lay silent before it, an unerring guide. The Word of God and the righteousness thereof have been our compass, and have borne us through storms and troubles, and will still bear us safely; for a free people, standing on foundations of religious liberty, are strong enough to brave Time and the World!

Let us not, therefore, have any such war cries by the way as, "Liberty, equality, fraternity"; but let our war cry be, "INTEGRITY, INTELLIGENCE, LIBERTY." With that legend we will fight the World and Time, and win all right things.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,*

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JUNE 5, 1878.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Before I utter a word of that which I have prepared, allow me to respond in one single particular to the remarks that have just fallen from General Slocum [the President of the Society, who in introducing Mr. Beecher had spoken of his speeches in England]. He is right in saying that the weight of the English nation was against us in the war: but he inadvertently phrased it wrong when he said that the common people of England were opposed to us. It was just they that held the government of England in check. But for the great mass of the common people of England, we should have been involved in foreign difficulties which, added to our other difficulties, might have sunk us—though I do not believe that this Union would have gone down, even with the South and England on top of us. [*Great applause.*] Of the weavers, of the day-laborers, in all central England, I bear this witness: that while the cannon were shutting up their doors and bringing the unwelcome wolf in at the window, they stood in poverty and almost starvation, loyal to the North and faithful to the very end. [*Renewed applause.*] To the industrial classes of England we owe it that Great Britain's hand was not added to the treacherous hand of the South in destroying the great Union of this land.

I return my thanks to you, gentlemen, for the honor conferred in my appointment to address you upon this occasion. I do not belong to the number who have forgotten the weary days of war. There was an early day when

* At the Ninth Annual Reunion of the Society.

our countrymen in the North looked upon military parades as so many masquerades, and upon officers walking the streets in uniforms as gay butterflies. There came another day and another feeling. We saw our streets filled with swift-moving regiments, and cheered their departure to the field with profound gratitude and boundless enthusiasm. Year by year an officer returned from the field was honored, and privates were lauded as brave defenders of their country. The wounded and maimed were objects of active sympathy.

Who will forget the eagerness of each day in the long peril, the sickening suspense, the almost heart-breaking, the shame and sorrow, the joy and glorious tumult of gratulation which accompanied the long history of the Army of the Potomac, its disasters, its bloody drawn-battles, its delays, its slowly-earned honors, its final victories? The names of Scott, McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Grant [*prolonged and enthusiastic applause*] are more than names of men—they are the symbols of periods in our war history.

When the war was over, and its heroic men came back to civil life, there were no places too good for them, no honors too bright. But new growths are pushing up from the bottom of society, and the generation that knew you is fast passing away. The scenes are growing dim in the past and already men are courting popularity by doing despite to the army and to the men that saved this nation. I am not of their number. [*Applause.*] To-day I do homage to the heroic men who have saved the Constitution, the unity of the States, the honor and power of the nation; who have revolutionized the industry and political economy of the continent, saved the age from the corruptions of slavery, secured for labor a noble career, and given to the rights of men—of common men, of laboring men, the world over—an impulse and guaranty unknown before.

It is said that the pen is mightier than the sword. That depends on circumstances, gentlemen. [*Laughter.*] Sometimes the pen, sometimes the sword is mightier: but there come times when both together do the work which neither

of them can effect alone. If it was the pen that sharpened our swords before the war, it has been the sword that has sharpened the pen since. [*Applause.*]

It was yours, gentlemen, to belong to a period in which we were like to lose all the fruits of civilization. That which the school, the pulpit, the forum, had sown, the pen could not reap. Then was fulfilled gloriously the prophecy of old, and the sword became a sickle, and reaped the harvests that were ready to perish!

The desire to heal the wounds of war, the wish to conciliate and reunite those who have been at strife, is both humane and patriotic. But the spirit of reconciliation may not be wisely guided. It certainly will not be if it glozes over the criminality of those who led the country into this conflict; if it forgets, or calls by any soft name, the crime of disruption and disunion. [*Applause.*] The virtue and rectitude of the endeavor to maintain unity and law must never be forgotten. The value to America and to universal civilization of the results of the war must not be softened or hid away. [*Renewed applause.*] It began as a war for the union of the United States; it ended as a war for emancipation and liberty. It began on the Southern part as a war in defense of a civilization based upon slavery; it ended as a war for free labor and the laboring man. The internal policy of this country was undergoing a change fatal to humanity. You have restored it to health! The constitution was wasting away with consumption. Black blood was circulated through it. By your surgery the danger has passed. Our lungs breathe pure air. Our hearts send vitalized blood to every member. Health and vigor are restored. The recognition of these truths ought not to be, must not be, a cause of offense to anybody. [*Applause.*] Taunts, vainglorious comparisons, depreciation of the vigor and bravery of the enemy, and whatever springs from hatred, revenge, or selfishness, should be buried. But honest truth should be fearlessly spoken. The South, however, gentlemen, was wrong. [*Loud cheers, swinging of hats, and waving of handkerchiefs.*] The North was right. [*Renewed cheers, swinging of hats, and waving*

of handkerchiefs.] This must stand out as clear as the sun, henceforth and forevermore. [*Great applause.*] We admit the bravery of Southern men; the gallantry of their officers; the skill and genius of their great generals. But it was bravery, skill, and genius exerted in a bad cause.

We admit that, to the men of the South, their cause seemed to be that of liberty—that they were sincere and honest. But sincerity does not change facts. If their minds were darkened to the reality of underlying tendencies, it is all the more important that history should disclose them. We willingly accredit them with great military virtues. But we deny to their leaders, to their cause, all political wisdom. The South from 1840 sought wrong ends by wrong methods. The war was the result of Southern heresies. In the whole history of human procedure there were never more blunders committed than by Southern statesmen. The conduct of kings and nobles preceding the great French revolution was not more unwise, more fatal to their own interests, than the steps taken by the South for a quarter of a century before the war.

These things are of such importance to mankind that we cannot afford to let them lie unheeded. We shall not reap the fruits of victory if we suffer these things to be forgotten. We shall wrong the memory of the dead if we admit the equality of those who fell in a good cause and those who fell in a bad. [*Applause.*] Personally, one may have been as good as another. But, as representatives of a great principle, one fought for darkness, and the other for light: one strove for slavery, and the other for liberty. [*Renewed applause.*] Admit that they thought themselves soldiers of freedom, that does not change the nature of things. Men may believe that they are sailing for a safe harbor, while great undercurrents are driving them right upon the rocks. Whatever was the personal rectitude, sincerity, heroism, of the individuals of the Southern army, they were swept on by the great under influences of evil which overruled their will, and made them the unconscious soldiers of despotism.

We dishonor our dead when we make no distinction be-

tween those who died for liberty and those who died for slavery. [*Applause.*] Reconciliation purchased by rubbing out the whole meaning of the war, the moral significance of its results, the grandeur to mankind of its influences, is not a compromise, but surrender. If it brings peace, it is the ignominious peace of death. I am willing to strew flowers upon the graves of Southern soldiers as men, and at appropriate times, under the influence of that generous sympathy which we cherish for all mankind; but not as soldiers, not as the defenders of a lost cause that was rightly lost; not on the same day with the fallen champions for liberty! [*Loud and long continued applause.*] Not with my right hand chaplets for soldiers of freedom, and my left chaplets for soldiers of disruption, rebellion and slavery! [*Tremendous shouts and cheers.*] Is it becoming that we should by such actions testify to the world that the whole difference between slavery and liberty is only the difference of the left and right hands—a mere difference of degree and not of kind?

It is for you, gentlemen of the Army of the Potomac, to resist such criminal folly: to lift up the true meaning of the war so high that no cloud should obscure it; and, as by your heroic service you have become an example to our youth in courage and self-devotion, so you should be their instructors in the everlasting principles of truth, equity, and liberty which underlay the war, and without which it was not a grand sacrifice, but a gigantic butchery. It was gloriously right for you and for the great slumbering brotherhood of your fallen companions to proffer all for the constitution, for the unity of national life; sternly refusing to Europeanize this continent, and split it up into a swarm of stinging, quarreling States with boundary lines that never cooled, with strife forever inflammatory and incendiary! The North was bound by the highest rectitude, when the divine opportunity came, to wipe out slavery, and by emancipation here to lift the condition of labor over the whole world. This is not a matter to be muffled up and softened, by us at any rate. [*Applause.*] It would consign us justly to everlasting contempt to be

ashamed of or indifferent to the brightest page of modern history. No war of all time was so needless as that on the part of the South, and none so indispensable and honorable as that on the part of the North.

When Prussia shifted the center of the German Empire no great change was wrought in the condition of mankind. The imperial crown of Germany, before in Austria, went over to Prussia. That was all. Laws, policies, governments, remained the same. But our great war revolutionized the affairs of half a continent to the very foundations. The South was aristocratic. It must inevitably be democratic. It had a false system of servile labor. It has changed it to free labor. Its whole organization of society was affected by its heretical political economy. That is regenerated. The springs are changed. The fountains out of which its life was flowing were poisonous. The prophet has thrown salt therein, and they now flow with life and health. On these new foundations we greet the rising South, and with cordial confidence and fraternal sympathy rejoice to see her sons again in the halls of legislation, and to join with her in a generous emulation for the future glory and strength of our Union undivided and indivisible. [*Applause.*]

With these remarks I dismiss the past, and turn to the present and to the future. I have already spoken of the changed feeling of the public toward soldiers. It may be called the decay of the military spirit in the North. The fire which flamed forth for a few years has well-nigh burned out. We have returned to our looms, our plows, our ships. Our young men are becoming engrossed in the arts of peace; and since military life is not profitable in the market, nor popular just now in politics, it is dying out of our favor and out of public thought. This is greatly to be deplored. Some one should speak. Clergymen will not, because they are the messengers of peace. Politicians will not, because just now it will lose votes to either party that advocates the army; for the slight symptoms of socialistic fever which are creeping upon the labor party raise an apprehension that the chief functions of an

army hereafter will be to defend the order of society against the violence of riotous reformers, and against tumultuous strikes that interrupt internal commerce and carry confusion to every form of business. But these are the very reasons why some one should call public attention to the danger of suffering the military spirit of the North to decay.

The history of armies and wars in Europe inspired our fathers with a just fear of large standing armies. They are dangerous alike in monarchies and in democracies; but it is by an abuse of a good and necessary thing. Things are dangerous in the proportion in which they are good. Weakness never alarms men: it is power that makes them afraid; and in this world there is nothing good that has not power within it. Armies are good; but they are powers capable of the utmost evil.

So long as society is made up of large multitudes of ignorant men who dwell in the sphere of appetite and passion, and who are not sensitive to reason and moral influence, it must be prepared to deal with such men by the motive which they can feel—physical force. If men will keep the road by their eye, all the better. If they are blinded, or they will not see, then the thorn-hedge must be planted on each side of the road, that they may know when they are stepping off. [*Laughter and applause.*]

The world is not yet Christian enough to trust the Sermon on the Mount as our only policy. If men will not respect each other's property, liberty, and rights by moral suasion, they must be compelled to do so by physical suasion. The existence of a well-regulated army stands upon the same grounds as the existence of a municipal police, or a rural constabulary force.

[Mr. Beecher, in reading this sentence, substituted "moral" for "rural," but immediately discovered his mistake, and said, "*Moral* is not exactly the word to put before constabulary force;" and then repeated the sentence with the right word in the right place, the audience being greatly amused by the coolness and readiness with which he extricated himself from what to some persons would have been an embarrassing predicament.]

To withdraw all physical force from society would leave it a prey to lawless and violent men and would bring on a carnival of crime. But to secure the best effects of a military organization it should be surrounded with a military public spirit. Every soldier should be a citizen, every citizen should be a soldier. An army ought not to be a body foreign to the community in which it exists, but sprung from it, belonging to it, and continually returning to it, and penetrating it with its own spirit. The citizen ought not to go far to become a soldier. If it could be done, it would be a wholesome education to require every young man to spend two years of his early life in the camp under rigorous military education. [*Applause.*] Health, regularity, subordination, prompt obedience, a facile carriage of the body, beside the knowledge of military affairs, would, in the long run, repay for the abstraction of so much time from business. If that may not be thought of in our land, then military drill should constitute a part of our whole academic system. Every college and every large academy should give to its students the knowledge and discipline which military life requires. It ought not to be optional. It should be a part of duty enforced. There was hope at the close of the civil war that this was to be secured. Officers of experience were assigned to many of our colleges, and arms provided. But it is to be feared that the zeal has cooled, and military drill languishes.

There is to be no more war. This is the thought of men; and I believe there will be no more war between the North and the South, in this generation. [*Applause.*] If there is, you may be sure that it will not be brought on by Southern men. [*Laughter and applause.*] You may be sure that it will not be brought on by Northern soldiers. [*Renewed applause.*] You may be sure that it will not be brought on by any man who ever did go into the field or who ever wants to. [*Loud cheers.*] And the feeling of men is that there will be no more war. The Indians are far away. Not even the biennial armies of the Fenians hovering along our Northern boundary arouse our fears. Our security is assured, and military drill is burdensome.

The State military system deserves to be more thoroughly developed. For, though it will never secure a professional education of officers and men, it will secure the materials out of which, should war come, might be built up an efficient army.

The rise and spread of tastes for manly and vigorous exercise of every kind is a matter for gratulation. Whatever shall bring men out of dissolving ease, out of routine industry, fire their ambition, tighten their muscle, and cleanse their brain, should be encouraged. A robust and vigorous generation of men will furnish the proper material for armies should the times require them; and though aptness in the use of weapons, facility in riding, and skill in all athletic exercises are not of themselves a sufficient training, they yield a preparation by means of which military organization can quickly produce good soldiers.

In the important respect of military training we may draw lessons of wisdom from the Southern States. They are doing their duty. In almost every Southern State, if not in every one, excellent military academies are established, and are flourishing. In many the system of education will compare favorably with our government academy, or with any foreign school for military training. For this they are to be commended, and for neglecting it we of the North are to be blamed.

If these views shall seem to any to be an inculcation of a warlike spirit, inconsistent with modern civilization and at discord with the whole genius of Christianity, I reply that in America military education is more likely to prevent fighting than to produce it. To prepare for war is often the way to prevent war. Those who most ardently long for peace—and we count ourselves foremost amongst them—will best secure it by cultivating the military spirit. With bad and ignorant men impunity is opportunity.

Wars are among the most grievous burdens which mankind bear. By every just means their frequency should be diminished and their scope limited. But wars are inevitable until justice prevails, until ignorance is enlightened,

until the brutal forces of society are purged out, until industry is freed from unjust restraints; and to decry war without raising human nature above the animal line is to oust the surgeon and leave the cancer.

We are to bear in mind that as this nation increases in population, in resources, and in political power, the sources of danger multiply and demand of our people a corresponding energy in government, within constitutional bounds.

We are approaching a period in which men must consider the duties and limits, as well as the rights, of property. The wealth of the future is to be without parallel. The skies, the sea, the soil, under the discoveries of science, are, as it were, recreated. The development of machinery has, in effect, multiplied the population ten thousand fold. Fortunes are to be amassed, by multitudes of men, of fabulous magnitude. The combinations of capital are to go on beyond the power which we have to foresee and predict. Insensibly we are rearing up, under names of commerce, vast forces which must become political forces. The railway system of the United States is one of the grandest developments of modern civilization in its relation to convenience and wealth. In its reflex influence it has augmented, enlarged, the scale of human life. Our feet have become wings. We each have the hundred hands of Briareus. Time has been augmented. If a penny saved is a penny earned, how much more hours, days, and months! The final results, however, are not doubtful.

But mediately society is developing new problems; it is moving through untried ways. Many evils will arise. Mistake is the mother of wisdom. We are jealous of political power. We will not suffer any man, nor any combination of men, to gain and wield all the political power of which they are capable. We stop men short of their capacity. We compel them to walk between walls, and limit their liberty for the sake of greater average liberty. But, shall we permit the development of wealth, in few hands, especially in the hands of artificial individuals, in corporations, or in allied families, without jealousy and

without limit? Minor corporations are held in check by salutary laws. But, are continental corporations, the vast railways, with enormous capital, liable to exert no dangerous influence? At present the rival interests and conflict of these roads are a sufficient check. But will it always be so? The combined capital of four roads running westward from the Atlantic must be a thousand million dollars. The relation of this gigantic sum to the States through which the roads run, to their army of employés, to the Legislatures, and even, indirectly, to the constitution of courts and appointment of judges, is but a small part of their possible power. The possession of the federal government becomes every year more and more an object not alone of ambition but of commercial importance.

The days are near at hand when money is to bear a relation to politics scarcely yet suspected, notwithstanding our recent experiences of corruption. If it were in the interest of these four vast corporations that a certain policy should be pursued, and that certain men should be put in power to execute them, their concentrated councils and their enormous wealth and influence would go far to counterbalance all resistance. I do not assail the system of the general management of railroads. They are young, they are lion cubs; and it is wise to consider, while we play with them as kittens, what they will do when their nails and teeth are grown and their haunches are strong! [*Applause and laughter.*]

While the developments of enterprise and wealth are giving extraordinary force to the top of society, there has already set in a movement below, of the great mass of workingmen, which cannot at present be calculated. We may be sure of two general results: (1) That these socialistic movements will not, in the end, secure those radical changes in society which they are now avowedly seeking; and (2) that they will become a disturbing force, both in the realm of industry and of politics, in the vain endeavor which they will make to secure those ends.

The movement, which is variously denominated commun-

ism, socialism, or the labor party, or workingmen's party, is not of American origin. It was born in European countries, and there it is wide-spread. At present in America it is in the hands largely of our immigrant population. But it has behind it, in Europe, a vast sympathetic force. It has the vigor of youth and the intensity of fanaticism on its side. It has more. It seeks some ends that ought to be gained. It aims at some wrongs that ought to be redressed. There are changes in society which selfishness will resist, but which must inevitably take place. In these respects it has strength. Its social philosophy, if the crude theories may be dignified with the name, is its weakest point.

The attempt to reorganize industry, commerce and government, not by gradual unfolding, but upon a general theory, involving a radical reconstruction, is an absurdity only this side of insanity. There is no danger in the final results; but intermediately there is great danger. The movement is likely to draw to itself the indolent, the corrupt, the industrious poor, not enlightened, the laboring men by whom the great manufacturing interests of the world are conducted, and who are without real estate or capital. It will tend to organize labor as distinguished from capital in an antagonistic spirit. It will seek to resist the established methods of industry and commerce, by strikes, by unions, whose interior will embody the most absolute despotism known to mankind—for labor-unions are the worst forms of despotism that ever were bred by the human mind. [*Applause.*] It will bring to bear upon parties an influence which will corrupt political doctrines, breed demagogues like the frogs of Egypt, enfeeble the laws and emasculate the administration of government. Should times grow prosperous, it seems likely that these tendencies will for a while subside. But with every period of general distress these tendencies will break out.

In much that is involved in this great movement I have profound sympathy. Society is far from perfect. The old leaven is to be purged out, and the new leaven put in. I recognize the right of the champions of industry, even

the extremists, to discuss their philosophy, and to empty all the instruments of persuasion and conviction which we employ in resisting them.

But, gentlemen, it is easy to foresee, in the light of what has already happened, that the nation for the next score of years, at least, is liable to pass through stormy times, and that the law will need not only a wise head, but a strong hand, that disorder may not run to riot, and that the passions of men may not destroy the peace and welfare of society.

In the first instance, each State will employ its police and constabulary force; then it will fall back upon its volunteer soldiery. But there may again come times in which an enraged mob will submit to the regular army of the United States when the militia would only enrage it the more. Indeed, if soldiers are to be employed at all in aid of civil administration, the trained soldiers of the federal army, under regular officers, are in every way better than militia, be they ever so good. [*Applause.*] They are likely to be more skillful, more self-possessed, more humane, more efficient than the extemporized soldiers of the State.

Those who quake with dread at the mention of a standing army are under the influence of old prejudices, based upon European experience. Standing armies in the hands of ambitious monarchs, in the midst of a multitude of contiguous and jealous nations, are not to be the types of American armies. In the whole history of our government there has never been a disturbance or even a threat or suspicion of danger from the profession of arms in the regular army. Our most eminent officers have been profound lovers of peace. There has never been an accusation of plot or plan to augment their power or to usurp any function of government. We have had a boiling and bubbling caldron often, and our private citizens have brought fuel to it; our demagogues have roared, our politicians have plotted, our statesmen have plunged the country into blunders and whelmed it in war; but the army and the great generals whose names are our glory have never brought on a disturbance; have always counseled

for peace; have extricated the country from its embarrassments and dangers; and have, by their uniform and universal prudence, respect for law, and good fellowship, proved themselves to be safer guides than have been our civil leaders. [*Great applause.*] Since the founding of this government, I challenge the production of a single mischief-making military man. If any names are recalled of generals who have been rash and dangerous, in every instance they will be found to be extemporized generals, made out of professional politicians. [*Laughter and applause.*] Officers and soldiers are the very men who are above all others friends of peace. Caucus and Congress are bellicose; the army it is that is a national peace society.

And yet no class of men of equal attainments and character and general ability are as severely criticised, as intentionally underrated, as unceremoniously crippled and abused, as our soldiers.

This nation is indebted to the West Point Military Academy for as noble a band of graduates as the world can produce. [*Applause.*] The standard of honor is nowhere higher. Respect and reverence for law and liberty are nowhere more profound. Scrupulous fidelity to duty is nowhere more nearly a religion, and the honor of honesty, the *honor of honesty*, the *Honor of Honesty*, is nowhere so signally illustrated as in the graduates of the West Point Military Academy. What university, what college, what theological seminary, can point to its two thousand graduates and say, "There has never been an instance of dishonesty in the administration of public moneys"? The only institution in this country that can say this is that academy. And yet this noble cradle of noble men has never been pampered and dandled. Funds have been grudgingly voted for its bare subsistence; improvements have been resisted; it has been treated with suspicion and prejudice; and it has wrought out its unexampled results, not by abundance of means, but by the devotion of its corps of professors and teachers under the rigor of a financial system which has carried economy to stinginess.

What, then, is the attitude of the United States army to-day? The smallest in proportion to the population and the territory which it guards of any army on the globe! It has been in the field almost without rest for twenty years. It is scattered along a vast frontier, in small companies, watching night and day Mexican thieves, or fighting savages; marching through trackless wastes, in severest winter storms, or scorched by summer on arid plains; yielding up its Canbys and its Custers. [*Prolonged applause.*] It has been made the scapegoat of bad men. And all this while it is assailed in the rear by hounding politicians, who care nothing for its honor, who would retrench its numbers, diminish its revenues, and make hard and bitter the lives of men who have served their country at pains and perils which would have appalled the stoutest heart of the self-denying heroes of caucus and Congress.

Gentlemen of the Army of the Potomac: You represent but one army of that great host that delivered this land from slavery and disorder and restored peace to all our borders. You have earned your honors by the highest services which a citizen can render to his country.

This is the one illustrious day of the year that is wholly yours. Again you are soldiers of the Republic. The past revisits you. It reveals its hidden meaning. You stand enshrined in memories that are sacred. You recall the multitudes that were, but are not, for God hath taken them. If life has dealt hardly with you, to-day you will forget it. If sometimes, in pain and poverty, you are tempted to think yours a hard lot and men ungrateful, you will to-day rise above these weaknesses, and with cleansed eye will see the heritage of honor and glory laid up for you. But you are not forgotten by thousands of sincere souls over all the land, that mention your names in the most sacred place on earth—the place of household prayer. Maimed, impoverished, neglected, you are not lame, nor poor, nor lost to memory.

In the light of this day I behold the genius of our country, casting upon you the calm light of the future, and

pointing you to clouds of witnesses, heroes who have dared to offer their lives for their country and their kind, and who feel for you the eternal sympathy of heroes for heroes. The long campaign is almost closed. The march draws near to its end. When from afar your ear shall catch, what no other in your darkened tent may hear, the last long roll, then advance. Overthrow the last enemy, which is Death. Then hear from the lips of the eternal God the words that crown you with glory and immortality—"Hail, and welcome!"

At the close of Mr. Beecher's oration there were loud calls for General Hooker, who said:—

"Mr. President, Comrades, Audience: I am sorry to disappoint you; but if you expect that I will say one syllable after the address you have just listened to, you are very much mistaken. That address was good enough to last a long time. Study its lessons, and digest them. I doubt if more home truths can be found in any discourse of the same length since the records of this country began."

General Henry A. Barnum here rose, and said:—

"I propose that the wise and timely address of Henry Ward Beecher shall be recognized in some special manner beyond our glad applause: and I move, Mr. President, that every member of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, and every loyal person present, rise to his feet and, upon a signal from you, in a unanimous and quiet voice say, 'I thank you.'" [*Applause.*]

In accordance with this motion the whole audience rose, and in an impressive manner said, "I thank you;" after which Mr. Beecher came forward and said:

"I have the advantage of you all; I have three thousand thanks, and there is on my part but one 'I thank you' to divide among so many. But may it be like the Scripture loaf; that started five, but it held out for five thousand."

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.*

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us."—Acts xvii. 26, 27.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."—Gal. iii. 28.

THE unity of the human race is one of the themes of transcendent importance, not neglected yet never emphasized according to its merit. We are one, absolutely one, with whatever varieties and differences there may be in structure and mentality. By physical likeness man appears to be one; for every variation in feature, in complexion, is superficial, none is characteristic, while in fundamental structure, attitude, organ, and function, men are one—one in brain, in nerve, in lung, in liver, in heart, in stomach, so that a physician in New York would be a physician the world over. The works, as in a clock or watch, might change cases, yet keep time. It is hardly conceivable that there should have sprung up in the infinite chances of evolution even two, still less many, creatures so alike in qualities and functions of reason, affection, moral

*Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 27, 1884. Lesson: Habakkuk iii. 2–19. Hymn: "America."

Preached at the close of the Congressional and Presidential political campaign, in which, from considerations of the relative attitudes of the two parties towards the South and the civil service, and reasons connected with what he believed to be the relative fitness of the two presidential candidates for the duties of the position to be occupied, Mr. Beecher had heartily advocated the election of the Democratic candidate (Grover Cleveland, then Governor of the State of New York). And for the first time since the election of 1856, the Democratic party was placed in essential control of the Government.

sense, imagination, and will, that they could perfectly harmonize, mutually understand, act together, mingle in marriage, comprehend in each other likenesses and differences, read the same drama, gloat over the same poetry, reason by like syllogisms, use the same arithmetic and geometry. African, Asiatic, European, American, at the seat of intelligence they are the same; with different expansions, with more or less variation of appetite, by the development of one or the other part; yet it is impossible to conceive of so vast a multitude as lie within the circuit of the races, as having come from different origins, when they are thus held together by a common relation of all social functions, all the sciences, all the literature and thought of the globe. Antiquity is modern when we read it.

Finally, the test is that mankind are capable, by reason of their common origin and substantial likeness, of inter-affiliating and dwelling together—and in unity. That is the consummation of Christianity. Its aim, its business, is to teach men the sublime art of living together harmoniously. To do this in a schooling which will enable men to dwell together in this life is the mode of preparing them to dwell together in another life; for this world is practice-ground.

Harmony, then, is the end of the gospel. Through discords, through wide-gaping intervals, at last the symphony of human life is to rise up into a grand choral unity. Of one blood, of one destiny, the human family lives in a sublime disseverance, nation after nation seeking themselves in order that they may seek their fellows.

The progress toward a real union and harmony ought to be the highest, as it really is, of all our aspirations. The most transcendent interest is that which marks the progress of mankind from conflicting, fighting beasts to loving and harmoniously uniting men.

Material prosperity is not without its interest in looking at this question. I am, to-day, to look at the whole question as it relates to America; excluding the other lands, not as worthless, but because there must be some metes and bounds. I do not disdain the moral and social relations

of material prosperity; and yet we are perpetually warned and advertised by philosophic friends from abroad, by pulpit preachers at home, that we are in danger of going toward animal conditions, and that the might of our soil, the might of our heavens, and the skill and industry of our people, are yielding such an abundance of bodily blessings as no nation ever knew in any age, and that we are in danger of being corrupted by it. All blessings carry danger, just as all substances carry shadows. True, we are in danger every day; but there is nothing that should especially awaken our fears at this period; and one of the themes of thanksgiving to-day is this, that in the providence of God there have been raised up great counterpoising influences, which hold in check, and rather sanctify, the abundant physical blessings of our time.

The family is not disintegrated; for, although here and there, as there always were, there are tendencies of evil and of mischief, yet, taking our land comprehensively, the sanctity of the family, the moral foundations on which it must needs stand, its luminous happiness, were never more eminent, never so eminent, as to-day.

Never was there a time when men brought into the household so much of art, of beauty, of rational enjoyment, of virtue, for the sake of happiness, as to-day. Once the most rigorous economy shut out art. To-day, almost without economy, so multitudinous are the resources of art for the great popular refinement of this land that the poor man's house shines, and articles of beauty are a part of his daily fare. He feeds his eyes, as well as his mouth.

That there may be universal intelligence, the common-school system of America has spread, not alone shining in the midst of the older States. It is doubtful, in my judgment, whether in Connecticut, in Massachusetts, and in the whole New England tribe, there is as much (certainly there is not any more) enthusiasm for common-schools and popular education as there is in the Western States—in Indiana, in Illinois, in Missouri, yea, in Wyoming itself, and the provinces beyond, clear to the Pacific Ocean. The pride of the common people is in our common-schools.

And this whole land is being provided with the light of that knowledge which belongs primarily to the common people.

More than this. Academies were never so many nor so well endowed. Colleges and universities spring up in every direction. Some are yet in youth; some are ragged and in desolate regions; and some are in great strength and abounding prosperity, or thitherward tending; nevertheless, the academy, the college, and the university are almost universally diffused throughout this land. The theological seminaries are multitudinous. Law schools are everywhere. Medical schools are abundant. All the institutions which first develop the mind itself, and then lead it along the lines of separate occupations, flourish without sign of decadence, with every sign of yet being in their youth, and reaching up to their maturity.

Churches and missions have neither diminished in number, nor grown lukewarm, nor in anywise lost their grasp, but in many ways are manifesting a vigorous manhood. The many methods of churches, these summer associations, these universities of the forest and of the field, these Chautauquas, are on every side enlarging the range of social Christian life, of common kindness, of growing unity among denominations, and of larger wealth in Christian literature and learning.

In connection with all these fundamental facts, I call you to take notice, with gratitude, of the fact that the wealth, the fullness, of the sea, of the forest, and of the field, is being, to a very large extent, moralized and Christianized. There are many properties that are yet to be managed, discussed, and controlled; there are many ways in which wealth may threaten peace and liberty; but these are, comparatively speaking, few; whereas the general aspect of wealth, in our day, is that it is working towards refinement, virtue, and public service.

Look how it is rearing, in every direction, more beautiful structures for home life. The hut for the savage; the hovel for the lowest forms of civilization; the home, as you go on upward; the mansion at last. On every line of travel,

in every State, and in every direction, you shall find that instead of the miserly hoarding of money, it is reappearing in structures of rare beauty, to enshrine within them the family.

Not only are we spending largely in architecture, domestic; but we are planting our houses in gardens of Eden,—and mostly without any serpents in them. Landscape gardening has become a living profession, and it is a glorious thing for a man to know how to frame a picture out of living trees and streams; how, with no colors, no palette, no small brush of the ever-stippling artist, to take God's great elements of beauty, and bring them together in such landscape-pictures, and plant down a house within so that one shall think, indeed, that he is living in the Garden of Eden.

Galleries of pictures, museums, public and private collections, everywhere, are indicating the directions which wealth is taking. Parks are springing up in every direction. Men are learning how to live better. Better food, better clothing, more enjoyments, and more wholesome ones—these are part and parcel of the growing public sentiment; and it is to the hand of wealth that we are indebted for these things. Wealth is not yet corrupted nor corrupting.

When the New York and Brooklyn parks shall be joined together by a bridge over Blackwell's Island, not in the whole world shall there be such a driveway as there will then be in these two substantially connected cities, that lie like one vast metropolis with a stream passing in the midst.

The noble sums given by men of great riches are not unworthy of our thought. The donations to Harvard, to Amherst, to Dartmouth, and to Yale; the princely gifts that are crowning Princeton; the million that Vanderbilt gave to Nashville University; the half million, given recently by his son to royally endow the medical schools of New York; the large gifts of our own townsman, Mr. Seney, whose name I speak with reverence and affection,—these, and such as these, are our reply to those ravens who croak over the danger of luxury and riches.

All these are a set-off and answer to those who fear that America will be ruined by mere material riches. In all these things our land is doing not occasional good deeds; it is in the atmosphere. It runs with the public sentiment. It tends to increase. It portends a future vastly greater and more glorious than the present—a future such as never was developed in any other age or nation.

Alas, that there should be a single seeming exception! When the generous and sentimental gift of the French people to America, the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, shall arrive, it is likely to find no place to stand on. If it cannot stand upon a noble pedestal, casting its light afar off, the last light to the tearful eyes of those leaving home, the home flame to greet pilgrims returning, the morning star to immigrants, though shining in the West,—then this great gift of a generous people had better be turned end for end, so that it stand upon its head, that the torch may be quenched. Has the golden shower rained everywhere but upon this luminous gift of the great republic across the sea? What a monument for some man to associate his name with! As it is, it seems likely to be a monument of the stinginess of the common people.*

After these general views, let us specialize a little as to the condition of our people. Since it is included in our common-schools and in our family conditions, I will not ask your thought about the pains taken to rear children; but I would say, Look, for instance, at the efforts that are making already to gather together Nobody's children,—the waifs, the homeless, the beggars. Look at that church of the children, the Children's Aid Society, both of New York and Brooklyn, as well as of sister cities, that sweep the streets and gather up the waste, as in great manufacturing establishments the dust of the gold is caught upon floors, swept up, prepared, cleaned, and smelted again. Thus they are gathering up the very refuse of the streets in which is the unspeakably precious gold of human life, and are caring for it.

*The money for the pedestal was duly raised, the pedestal and statue reared, and the whole inaugurated in the autumn of 1886.

We are attempting to combat with some success, though slowly, the general repugnance to foreigners. I remember when the Irish were obnoxious to our prejudices, and subject to our contempt. I have lived to see the day when they are universally regarded as citizens most excellent and desirable, partly because they can vote, but more because great numbers of them have developed into moral and civic worth. To-day there are men who scorn the Chinese, some because they are competitors in the labor market, some because to do it will win them votes, and some because of the old bestiality of human nature that allies it to the animal kingdom, and causes the newcomer to feel the horns of the old residents of the barnyard. For all these reasons what a howl and an outcry there has been about the immigration of Chinamen! Stop your noise, or stop your missions. If, when Chinamen are brought into America, amid her churches, her schools, and all her religious establishments, they are not tolerated, but are followed down the streets with violence, and mobbed, do not send such Christianity to the Chinese empire. I do not wonder that Chinamen refuse the Christian religion. They have got a better; that is to say, a better than that part of the Christian religion that enlightens them. I will not say these things, however, for in San Francisco, in Denver, and in every city between the Pacific and the Atlantic, faithful men and women have gathered up these poor creatures from our midst, and in schools by night and with churches and classes, are bringing them to a nobler reception and a better life. I mark this as one of the points of wholesomeness and growth towards a true idea of liberty in the minds of the people. If these foreigners would but leave their own garments at home and put on our sort, they would find their way a great deal easier. The Japanese do this, and they are welcome everywhere, in all society for which they are fitted. They wear our clothes, they accept our civilization and manners, and we accept them, as well for these as for higher reasons of their intrinsic worth; for no better population could be brought into these United States than the educated Japanese. Indeed, they are prac-

tically brought in now. They are teachers in our schools; for, as Oriental art has almost wholly changed our Occidental art, adding, at any rate, large elements of beauty to it, so Oriental artists are becoming teachers in our schools to show us how to design, to draw, and to color as they do.

The Indians, also, upon this continent, have not been neglected. We have been a long time in learning what to do with them. We have never tried letting them alone, much. We have tried shooting them, imprisoning them, hanging them, cheating them, and all such ways. The gospel method of civilization we have never made much of. But now, at last, we are indebted to the Army of the United States, and the generals of it. The educated officers of our armies have been our peace-messengers for a hundred years. Never have they incited one intrigue, never one political organization, never one single element that tended toward war or the supremacy of the armed hand everywhere. Always, the educated officers of the American Army have been humane men; men of peace, studying civilization. And since they have had so largely to do with the Indians, and since the polity of educating them was adopted—not alone of educating their children in Eastern schools, but of bringing them together and teaching them the civilized arts—there has been an amelioration steadily going on; and when once we shall take a single step in advance, and give to the Indians, in severalty, farms that they may own just as white men own theirs, and are thus put into the school of agriculture, we shall have touched at last that foundation on which civilization must always be built. You cannot civilize a hunting and fishing population; you cannot civilize a pastoral people, wandering about hither and thither. The rolling stone gathers no moss. You cannot treat with a barbaric people in any way until you first bring them on to the basis of agriculture. From that will spring up manufactures, and from them commercial interests; and then you will have full-fledged civilization. Upon that basis you may build institutions of learning, refinement, and religion. This is the tendency to-day. I hail it as one of the auspicious signs of that growing wis-

dom which God is sending to us in the treatment of human nature.

Even the outcast Mormons are not neglected. Heroic women there are who have dedicated themselves to the cause of Mormon education and made themselves knights errant, nobler, purer, and sublimer than any that figure in mediæval history; and in their faith that intelligence and religion are adequate to every need of the human race, they have gone down into Mormon territories and are kindling love for common-schools, and are preaching the pure gospel—and that not without effect.

It is with all such efforts as it is with the grain. The seed cannot live until it has died. It hides itself until it sprouts, and then it runs through its several stages to maturity. The efforts that are being made in that direction may not yet be producing fruit as we expected, but they are germinating, they are growing. Something may be done by Government, but this is the fundamental cure for all such errors and evils as Mormonism. If this subject can once be kept aloof from politics, it may be, as it were, helped by the auxiliary influence of legislation, by the power of knowledge and of religion, and the evil will be abated and stayed; but if it be made a foot-ball between two great parties, it will be like a very sick man with a room full of quarreling doctors. The man will die, and the quarrelers will divide all that is left. That was the power of Slavery—a political power. That gave it vitality. When its political power was destroyed, it went soon after. It will be a crowning reputation to any administration to abate this nuisance; and it will be another testimony to the self-redeeming power of a free people from dangerous internal maladies. Under absolute monarchies remedies spring from without, and are enfixed and enforced upon the people. In an enlightened republican democracy, the cure begins within and works outward.

Finally, the cycle of history in the great modern drama of American life has well-nigh completed itself. First we had slavery, then disruption, then wars; and now we have peace. That has taken place without which perfect recon-

ciliation could not have been produced, and without which it could never have existed between the North and the South. The statesmen of sixteen former slave States are to be admitted to a participation in the administration of the national government; and I thank God.* It is the last step. We have need of them. It is for our good as much as for their own that they have come. The temper of the South befits this final reconciliation. It was the glory of our nation that there was a conscience against the dynasty of slavery. We should have been worthy thrice over of stripes and chains had we not resented and resisted it. Yet the whole North, as I am witness, was opposed to any interference with slavery. It must not be spoken of in the prayer-meeting, it must not be touched on in the pulpit. It would disturb trade, it would destroy industry, peace, and quiet. We heard that on every side; but there was a swelling up underneath, and God's spirit was the reason why conscience would not abide in peace while so mighty a system of injustice existed, and was striking its bad influences through all the members of this great commonwealth. When courage was given to men to speak and make themselves heard, God sent great delusions upon the minions of slavery. Terrific was the blunder that they made; and then God gave courage to men to confront the dragon, fiery-mouthed and threatening. When the price of patriotism was war, from every hill, and from every vale, and throughout the whole North, the cry was: "Let it be war; but it shall be Justice and Union!"

I thank God that he gave wisdom and courage to men to meet that greatest exigency of our times. It was well met, and successfully met. Then wisdom was given to

* At the November elections of 1884 the Democratic party carried a large number of the Congressional contests, and from the South chiefly Southern-born representatives were sent to Congress. At the same time Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, having been elected President, the South generally hailed that as an indication of a relaxing of the war-grudges at the North, and the reopening of broader possibilities for Southern men in the common commercial and political life of the nation.

us, too, when the war was past and on us was rolled the duty, most difficult, along the road of darkness, without experiment or any precedent, to reconstruct the shattered fragments of the sixteen disinherited States.

That mistakes were made, cannot be doubted; or that sometimes the pressure was too strong, sometimes too light, or that things which experience has rejected were at the time supposed to be vital. But the work was inherently difficult; and I think that though those to whose hands it was committed were not free from mistakes, yet they have builded well; and their names are part and parcel of American history. God gave us patience, not only to redeem the slave from bondage, but, after the shattering of all Southern influences and institutions, and the destruction of their wealth,—the actual subversion of society, so that the white masters were at the bottom, and the colored slaves were at the top,—to wait. There were great difficulties; human nature would not be what human nature is if there had not been. There were many imprudent things done, North and South. Nevertheless, we have waited patiently and courageously until time should help; for Time is God's minister of mercy.

Then we have had patience given us, too, to redeem, on our side, the swollen values of the distempering war. We have had grace and conscience given us to redeem our finances and to bring back honestly within their bounds the issues of currency, and have settled business on normal and solid foundations. We have had patient men who knew how to take the thread and draw it out of the snarl of our financial affairs, until now it is wound upon the spool, safe and usable.

But one thing more was needed, and that was to chase the scowl from the Southern brow; to revive the old friendship; to clasp hands again in a vow of loving and patriotic zeal. It was given to us last, because it is the greatest of God's gifts. There never has been such a scene since the earth was born; there never has been such a rupture, never such a conflict, never such a victory, never such a reconstruction, never such restoration of integrity

in business, never such a reconciliation and gladness between good men on both sides as come to us to-day. As yet the eyes of many are holden, and they cannot see how great a blessing God has brought to our unbelieving eyes and timid hands. From the bottom of my soul, I believe in the honor and integrity of thoughtful Southern men; and when I get from them such letters as I do, and hear from their lips such declarations as I hear, that they feel at last that they are in and of the Union, as much as we, and point to the flag, declaring, with tears, "That is now my flag," I believe it; I should be faithless to God and to providence if I did not. I believe it with an enthusiasm of faith, and with a longing heart of love; for I think they are above hypocrisy or insincerity; and that if we choose, the last cloud will rise from between us and then pass away forever.

Moses, after forty years of toil, was allowed to see the promised land from afar off only. Less worthy, yet more blessed, I am spared to go over with the rejoicing tribes into the land flowing with milk and honey. What am I, or my father's house, that to me should be given the privilege of laboring in all this drama, and seeing it end nobly thus! The discipline is complete, and to the end of time this great epic of liberty, our struggle with slavery, will shine like the sun.

Not the least joyful element in this reconciliation is the assured safety and benefit which will accrue to the colored race. That has come to pass which was their only safety. Just as soon as the Southern statesmen accept the perfect restoration of themselves to the great body politic, and find that there is no division as between Northern men and Southern men in any of the honors of government; just as soon as they are in, and a part of every administration, as, thank God, they will be; just so soon of necessity that will take place which has taken place everywhere, in every community; there will be the party of administration, the "ins," and the party opposed to them, the opposition, the "outs." The moment you have these two parties, each party has a sentinel watching it. In the

South that will take place which is the salvation of the colored race. As long as they were a fringe upon a Northern party, the South was condensed and solidified against it. As soon as they are divided at home between the administrational party and the opposition party, they will be guarded and taken care of. The administration party will not allow its voters to be injured; the opposition party will not allow its voters to be injured. They will be distributed as they should be, and the strength of each party in the South will be the safeguard of the intermediate voters. I regard this now, with schools and academies and various seminaries spread among them, as the final step of emancipation.

It is in these views, which have not been accepted with sympathy by some of the dearest friends I have, that I have acted;* and in the calmest retrospect I now rejoice that I was able to act so.

The greatest mistake of my life has happened twice, as I have been informed. I propose this morning now to read a portion of the letters that were the first "greatest mistake of my life." That was immediately after the war, in the autumn of 1866, while the question of reconciliation was still pending, and is in the now somewhat famous "Cleveland letter"—not Governor Cleveland, but the city of Cleveland. Twice I have stumbled on Cleveland!

I was in 1866 invited to act as Chaplain to the Convention of the Soldiers and Sailors of our Army and Navy, called at the city of Cleveland, Ohio. The object of that convention was to so shape our Northern politics as to bring the Southern States back immediately, or as soon as possible; and in that general tendency I sympathized: and this is the letter, or part of it only, which I shall read, and which expressed my ideas at that time.

I read it now that you may see how straight a line has run, from the very days of the war down to this hour, in my thought, philosophy, and action.

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* Referring to the part he had taken in the political campaign of 1884, just closed.

[Mr. Beecher here read the passages from the "Letter to the Convention," which are enclosed in brackets, to be found on pages 739-741.]

My own friends were very hot. Some dove into newspapers; some into letters, which flew thick and fast all around about me. Neighboring ministers thought that I was unseated and disrupted forever. In the midst of it all I knew I was right, and that if I had patience others would find that I was right. And they did; though they still talk about that greatest blunder of my life, "the Cleveland Letter." I am going to send down that document to my children as one of the most glorious things that I ever did in my life. But such was the excitement and clamor that I thought it wise to alleviate the fear and trouble of my people; and so I wrote to a private friend, then, a letter to be read to the church, giving a fuller view of the ground of my first letter; maintaining the same position, but with explanatory reasoning. I will extract a few words from that.

[Mr. Beecher here read from the "Letter to a Parishioner" the bracketed portion on pages 742-743. "Then," he said, "I had in the letter a long discourse about President Johnson, whom I tried, very hard, to hold in the harness, but who kicked out. This portion of it is not relevant to the present issue, and I will not read it. The letter then proceeds:" and he read the final bracketed portions, on pages 748-749.]

My dear friends, if I had written that for to-day I could not have written it better, and I do not think it needs to be written any better. I stand on that, and I have read it this morning not only because inspired by the parallelism, but because it has been represented that my Cleveland letter was the greatest blunder of the day; and then, worse than that, that I backed down from it and retracted it. And I have read both letters, in parts, so far as bears more immediately on questions of to-day, that you may know that God gave me the light to do one of the best things I ever did when I wrote that letter; and that he gave me the grace to stand on it without turning back for one single moment; and that he has given me grace to lay my path, by sight,

along those two letters—hindsight and foresight—from that day down to this; and that he has given me grace to withstand the impleadings of those that I love dearly, not only of my immediate household, but of my blood and kindred; of those that are in the church, that are to me as my own life, and those that are of the political party with which I have labored thus far.

Still seeing that luminous light, as God reveals it to me, I have walked in it and toward it; and abide in that same direction to-day; and, God helping me, so will I live to the end.

EULOGY ON GENERAL GRANT.*

ANOTHER name is added to the roll of those whom the world will not willingly let die. A few years since storm-clouds filled his heaven, and obloquy, slander, and bitter lies rained down upon him.

The clouds are all blown away; under a serene sky he laid down his life; and the Nation wept. The path to his tomb is worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims. The mildewed lips of Slander are silent, and even Criticism hesitates lest some incautious word should mar the history of the modest, gentle, magnanimous Warrior.

The whole Nation watched his passage through humiliating misfortunes with unfeigned sympathy; the whole world sighed when his life ended. At his burial the unsworded hands of those whom he had fought lifted his bier and bore him to his tomb with love and reverence.

Grant made no claim to saintship. He was a man of like passions, and with as marked limitations as other men. Nothing could be more distasteful to his honest, modest soul while living, and nothing more unbecoming to his memory, than lying exaggerations and fulsome flatteries.

Men without faults are apt to be men without force. A round diamond has no brilliancy. Lights and shadows, hills and valleys, give beauty to the landscape. The faults of great and generous natures are often overripe goodness, or the shadows which their virtues cast.

Three elements enter into the career of a great citizen:

That which his ancestry gives;

That which opportunity gives;

That which his will develops.

Grant came from a sturdy New England stock; New

*Delivered at Tremont Temple, Boston, Oct. 22, 1885.

England derived it from Scotland; Scotland bred it, at a time when Covenanters and Puritans were made—men of iron consciences hammered out upon the anvil of adversity. From New England the stream flowed to the Ohio, where it enriched the soil till it brought forth abundant harvests of great men. When it was Grant's time to be born, he came forth without celestial portents, and his youth had in it no prophecy of his manhood. His boyhood was wholesome, robust, with a vigorous frame. With a heart susceptible of tender love, he yet was not social. He was patient and persistent. He loved horses, and could master them; that is a good sign.

Grant had no art of creating circumstances; opportunity must seek him, or else he would plod through life without disclosing the gifts which God hid in him. The gold in the hills cannot disclose itself. It must be sought and dug.

A sharp and wiry politician, for some reason of Providence, performed a generous deed in sending young Grant to West Point. He finished his course there, distinguished as a skillful and bold rider, with an inclination to mathematics, with but little taste for the theory and literature of war, but with sympathy for its external and material developments. In boyhood and youth he was marked by simplicity, candor, veracity, and silence.

After leaving the academy he saw military service in Mexico, and afterward in California, but without conspicuous results.

Then came a clouded period, a sad life of irresolute vibration between self-indulgence and aspiration, through intemperance. He resigned from the army, and at that time one would have feared that his life would end in eclipse. Hercules crushed two serpents sent to destroy him in his cradle. It was later in his life that Grant destroyed the enemy that "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

At length he struck at the root of the matter. Others agree not to drink, which is good; Grant overcame the *wish* to drink—which is better. But the cloud hung over his reputation for many years, and threatened his ascend-

ency when better days came. Of all his victories, many and great, this was the greatest, that he conquered himself. His will was stronger than his passions.

Poor, much shattered, he essayed farming. Carrying wood for sale to St. Louis did not seem to be that for which he was created; neither did planting crops, or raising cattle.

Tanning is an honorable calling, and to many, a road to wealth. Grant tried that, but found no gold in the tan vat.

Then he became a listless merchant—a silent, unsocial, and rather moody waiter upon petty traffic.

He was a good subaltern, a poor farmer, a worse tanner, a worthless trafficker. Without civil experience, without literary gifts, too diffident to be ambitious, too modest to put himself forward, too honest to be a politician, he was of all men the least likely to attain eminence, and absolutely unfitted, apparently, for pre-eminence; yet God's providence selected him.

When the prophet Samuel went forth to anoint a successor to the impetuous and imperious King Saul, he caused all the children of Jesse to pass before him. He rejected one by one the whole band. At length the youngest, called from among the flock, came in, and the Lord said to Samuel, "Arise, this is *he*," and Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed him in the midst of his brethren, and the spirit of the Lord came upon him from that day forward. (1 Sam. xvi.)

Ordained was Grant with the ointment of war—black and sulphurous.

Had Grant died at the tan-yard, or from behind the counter, the world would never have suspected that it had lost a hero. He would have fallen as an undistinguishable leaf among the millions cast down every year. His time had not come. It was plain that he had no capacity to create his opportunity. *It* must find him out, or he would die ignoble and unknown!

It was coming! Already the clouds afar off were gathering. He saw them not. No figures were seen upon the dim horizon of the already near future.

The insulted flag; the garments rolled in blood; a million men in arms; the sulphurous smoke of battle; gory heaps upon desperate battle-fields; an army of slowly moving crippled heroes; grave-yards populous as cities; they were all in the clouded horizon, though he saw them not!

Let us look upon the scene on which he was soon to exert a mighty energy.

This continent lay waiting for ages for the seed of civilization. At length a sower came forth to sow. While he sowed the good seed of liberty and Christian civilization, an enemy, darkling, sowed tares. They sprang up and grew together. The Constitution cradled both Slavery and Liberty. While yet ungrown they dwelt together in peace. They snarled in youth, quarreled when half grown, and fought when of full age. The final catastrophe was inevitable. No finesse, no device or compromise could withstand the inevitable. The conflict began in Congress; it drifted into commerce; it rose into the very air, and public sentiment grew hot, and raged in the pulpit, the forum, and in politics.

The South, like a queenly beauty, grew imperious and exacting; the North, like an obsequious suitor, knelt at her feet only to receive contempt and mockery.

Both parties, Whig and Democrat, drank of the cup of her sorcery. It killed the Whig party. The Democrat was tougher, and was only besotted. A few, like John the Baptist, were preaching repentance, but, like him, they were in the wilderness, and seemed rude and shaggy fanatics.

If a wise moderation had possessed the South, if they had conciliated the North, if they had met the just scruples of honest men, who, hating slavery, dreaded the dishonor of breaking the compacts of the Constitution, the South might have held control for another hundred years. It was not to be. God sent a strong delusion upon them.

Nothing can be plainer than that all parties in the State were drifting in the dark, without any comprehension of the elemental causes at work. Without prescience or sagacity, like ignorant physicians, they prescribed at random; they sewed on patches, new compromise upon old garments;

sought to conceal the real depth and danger of the gathering torrent by crying, Peace, Peace, to each other. In short, they were seeking to medicate volcanoes and stop earthquakes by administering political quinine. The wise statesmen were bewildered and politicians were juggling fools.

The South had laid the foundation of her industry, her commerce, and her commonwealth upon slavery. It was slavery that inspired her councils, that engorged her philanthropy, that corrupted her political economy and theology, that disturbed all the ways of active politics; broke up sympathy between North and South. As Ahab met Elijah with, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" so slavery charged the sentiments of freedom with vexatious meddling and unwarrantable interference.

The South had builded herself upon the rock of Slavery. It lay in the very channels of civilization, like some flood rock lying sullen off Hell Gate. The tides of controversy rushed upon it and split into eddies and swirling pools, bringing incessant disaster. The rock would not move. It must be removed. It was the South itself that furnished the engineers. Arrogance in council sunk the shaft, violence chambered the subterranean passages, and infatuation loaded them with infernal dynamite. All was secure. Their rock was their fortress. The hand that fired upon Sumter exploded the mine, and tore the fortress to atoms. For one moment it rose into the air like spectral hills—for one moment the waters rocked with wild confusion, then settled back to quiet, and the way of civilization was opened!

The spark that was kindled at Fort Sumter fell upon the North like fire upon autumnal prairies. Men came together in the presence of this universal calamity with sudden fusion. They forgot all separations of politics, parties, or even of religion itself. It was a conflagration of patriotism. The bugle and the drum rang out in every neighborhood, the plow stood still in the furrow, the hammer dropped from the anvil, book and pen were forgotten, pulpit and forum, court and shop, felt the electric shock. Parties dissolved and reformed. The

Democratic party sent forth a host of noble men, and swelled the Republican ranks, and gave many noble leaders and irresistible energy to the hosts of war. The whole land became a military school, and officers and men began to learn the art and practice of war.

When once the North had organized its armies, there was soon disclosed an amiable folly of conciliation. It hoped for some peaceable way out of the war; generals seemed to fight so that no one should be hurt; they saw the mirage of future parties above the battle-field, and anxiously considered the political effect of their military conduct. They were fighting not to break down rebellion, but to secure a future presidency—or governorship. The South had smelted into a glowing mass. It believed in its course with an infatuation that would have been glorious if the cause had been better! It put its whole soul into the struggle, and struck hard!

The South fought for slavery and independence. The North fought for Union, but for political success after the war. Thus for two years, not unmarked by great deeds, the war lingered. Lincoln, sad and sorrowful, felt the moderation of his generals, and longed for a man of iron mould, who had but two words in his military vocabulary, VICTORY or ANNIHILATION.

He was coming! He was heard from at Henry and Donelson.

Three great names were rising to sight—Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan; and larger than either, Grant! With his advent the armies, with some repulses, went steadily forward, from conquering to conquer. Aside from all military qualities, he had one absorbing spirit—the Union must be saved, the rebellion must be beaten, the Confederate armies must be threshed to chaff as on a summer threshing floor. He had no political ambition, no imaginary reputation to preserve or gain. A great genius for grand strategy, a comprehension of complex and vast armies, caution, prudence and silence while preparing, an endless patience, an indomitable will, and a real, downright fighting quality.

Thus at length Grant was really born! He had lain in the nest for long as an infertile egg. The brooding of war hatched the egg, and an eagle came forth!

It is impossible to reach the full measure of Grant's military genius until we survey the greatness of this most extraordinary war of modern days, or it may be said of any age.

For more than four years there were more than a million men on each side, stretched out upon a line of between one and two thousand miles, and a blockade rigorously enforced along a coast of an equal extent. During that time, counting no battle in which there were not five hundred Union men engaged, there were fought more than two thousand engagements—two thousand two hundred and sixty-one of record.

Amid this sea of blood, there shot up great battles, that for numbers, fighting, and losses, will rank with the great battles of the world.

In 1862 the losses by death, wounds, and missing, on each side, as extracted from Government Records, were:—

	UNION.	CONFED.	TOTAL.
1. Shiloh,	13,500	10,699	24,199
2. Seven Pines and Fair Oaks,	5,739	7,997	13,736
3. 7 Day Retreat and Malvern Hill,	15,249	17,583	32,832
4. 2d Bull Run,	7,800	3,700	11,100
5. Antietam,	12,469	25,899	38,367
6. Fredericksburg,	12,353	4,576	16,929
7. Stone River,	11,578	25,560	37,138
1863.			
8. Chancellorsville,	16,030	12,281	28,311
9. Gettysburg,	23,186	31,621	54,807
10. Chickamauga,	15,851	17,804	33,655
11. Chattanooga,	5,616	8,684	
1864.			
12. Wilderness,	37,737	11,400	49,137
13. Spottsylvania,	26,421	9,000	35,421
14. Cold Harbor,	14,931	1,700	16,700
15. Petersburg,	10,586	28,000	38,586
16. Chattanooga to Atlanta,	37,199		

Over 26,000 Northern soldiers died in prison, in captivity. If we reckon all who perished by violence and by sickness on both sides, nearly a million died in the War of Emancipation.

The number must be largely swelled if we add all who died at home, of sickness and wounds received in the campaign.

The Secretary of War, in his report, dated November 22, 1865, makes the following remarks, which show more than anything else the spirit animating the people of the loyal States: "On several occasions, when troops were promptly needed to avert impending disaster, vigorous exertion brought them into the field from remote States with incredible speed. Official reports show that after the disasters on the Peninsula, in 1862, over eighty thousand troops were enlisted, organized, armed, equipped, and sent into the field in less than a month. Sixty thousand troops have repeatedly gone to the field within four weeks. Ninety thousand infantry were sent to the armies from the five States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, within twenty days. When Lee's army surrendered, thousand of recruits were pouring in, and men were discharged from recruiting stations and rendezvous in every State."

Into this sulphurous storm of war Grant entered almost unknown. It was with difficulty that he could obtain a command. Once set forward, *Donelson*, *Shiloh*, *Vicksburg*, *Chickamauga*, *The Wilderness*, *Spottsylvania*, *Petersburg*, *Appomattox*, these were his footsteps. In four years he had risen, without political favor, from the bottom to the very highest command—not second to any living commander in all the world!

His plans were large, his undiscouraged will was patient to obduracy. He was not fighting for reputation, nor for the display of generalship, nor for a future Presidency. He had but one motive, and that as intense as life itself—the subjugation of the rebellion and the restoration of the broken Union. He embodied the feelings of the common people. He was their perfect representative. The

war was waged for the maintenance of the Union, the suppression of armed resistance, and, at length, for the eradication of slavery. Every step, from Donelson to Appomattox, evinced with increasing intensity this his one terrible purpose. He never wavered, turned aside, or dallied. He waded through blood to the horses' bridles.

In all this career he never lost courage or equanimity. With a million men, for whose movements he was responsible, he yet carried a tranquil mind, neither depressed by disasters, nor elated by success. Gentle of heart, familiar with all, never boasting, always modest—Grant came of the old self-contained stock, men of a simple force of being, which allied his genius to the great elemental forces of Nature, silent, invisible, irresistible. When his work was done, and the defeat of the Confederate armies was final, this dreadful man of blood was as tender toward his late adversaries as a woman toward her son. He imposed no humiliating conditions, spared the feelings of his antagonists, sent home the disbanded Southern men with food and with horses for working their crops, and when a revengeful spirit in the Executive Chair showed itself, and threatened the chief Southern generals, Grant, with a holy indignation, interposed himself, and compelled his superior to relinquish his rash purpose.

There have been men—there are yet—for stupidity is long-lived—who regard Grant as only a man of luck. Surely he was! Is it not luck through such an ancestry to have had conferred upon him such a body, such a disposition, such greatness of soul, such patriotism unalloyed by ambition, such military genius, such an indomitable will, and such a capacity for handling the largest armies of any age?

For four years and more this man of continuous luck, across a rugged continent, in the face of armies of men as brave as his own, commanded by generals of extraordinary ability, performed every function of strategy in grand war, which Jomini attributes to Napoleon and his greatest marshals, and Napier to Wellington. Whether Grant could have conducted a successful retreat will never be known. He was never defeated.

Grant has been severely criticised for the waste of life. War is not created for the purpose of saving life, but by a noble spending of blood to save the Commonwealth. The great end which he achieved would have been cheaply gained, at double the expense.

After the Battle of the Wilderness he was styled the *Butcher.*

But we are not to forget the circumstances under which the conduct of the last great campaign was committed to him. For four years the heroic and patient Army of the Potomac had squandered blood and treasure without measure, and had gained not a step. With generals many, excellently skilled in logistics, skillful in everything but success, they fought—and retreated; they dug, they waded, they advanced—and retreated. They went down to Richmond and looked upon it—and came back to defend Washington.

Their victories were fruitless. Antietam was ably fought, but weakly followed up. Gettysburg, with hideous slaughter, sent Lee back unpursued, undestroyed, though he waited three or four days, helpless, cooped-up, and surely doomed had Sheridan or Grant been in Meade's place.

The Army of the Potomac needed a general who knew how to employ their splendid bravery, their all-enduring pluck. They had danced long enough; they had led off —changed partners—chasséd—they had gone into campaigns with slow and solemn music, but returned with quicksteps. They seemed desirous of making war so as not to exasperate the South.

Do not men know that nothing spends life faster than unfighting war? Disease is more deadly than the bullet. In all the war, but ~~one~~ 10 out of every forty-two that died was slain by the bullet, and ~~one~~ 10 out of every thirteen by disease. Six million men passed through the hospitals during the war; over three million with malarial diseases.

It seemed doubtful whether the Government was putting down rebellion, or whether Lee was putting down the Government. An eminent critic says: "The fire and

passion, downright earnestness and self-abandon that the South threw into the struggle at the outset and maintained for two full years, had, it must be admitted, so far impaired the morale of the Union forces, that while courage was nowhere wanting, self-confidence had been seriously diminished. This was especially true of the devoted and decimated Army of the Potomac, whose commanders, after the first battle of Bull Run, always appeared to be afraid of exasperating the enemy. Driving Lee to extremities was the one thing that they were all loath to do. They would fight to the last drop of blood to defend Washington, to hold their own, to preserve the Union, but to corner the enemy, to drive him to desperation, to make him shed the last drop of his own blood, was the one thing they would not do, and no amount of urging could make them do it. It was this *arrière pensée* that held the hand of McClellan and of Meade after Antietam and Gettysburg. Both of these engagements were victories for the Army of the Pòtomac, and both were robbed of their fruits by a lurking fear of the lion at bay. 'They are *shooing* the enemy out of Maryland,' said Lincoln, with his peculiar aptness and homeliness."

When Grant came to the Army of the Potomac, he reversed the methods of all who preceded him. Braver soldiers never were, and valiant commanders; but the generals had not learned the art of fighting with deadly intent. Peace is very good for peace, but war is organized rage. It means destruction or it means nothing.

At the Battle of the Wilderness, Grant stripped his commissary train of its guards to fill a gap in the line of battle. When expostulated with for exposing his army to the loss of all its provisions, his reply was:—

"*When this army is whipped, it will not want any provisions.*"

All summer, all the autumn, all the winter, all the spring, and early summer again, he hammered Lee, with blow on blow, until, at Appomattox, the great, but not greatest, Southern general went to the ground.

Grant was a great fighter; but not a fighter only.

His mind took in the whole field of war—as wide and

complex as any that ever Napoleon knew. He combined in his plans the operations of three armies, and for the first time in the war, the whole of the Union forces were acting in concert.

He had the patience of Fate, and the force of Thor. If he neglected the rules of war, as at Vicksburg, it was to make better rules, to those who were strong enough to employ them.

Counselors gave him materials. He formed his own plans. Abhorring show, simple in manner, gentle in his intercourse, modest and even diffident in regard to his own personality, he seems to have been the only man in camp who was ignorant of his own greatness. Never was a commander better served, never were subordinates more magnanimously treated. The fame of his generals was as dear to him as his own. Those who might have been expected to be his rivals, were his bosom friends. While there were envies and jealousies among minor officers, the great names, Thomas, Sherman, Sheridan, give to history a new instance of a great friendship between great warriors.

Some future day a Napier will picture the final drama: the breaking up of Lee's right wing at Five Forks; Lee's retreat; Grant's grim, relentless pursuit; Sheridan, like a raging lion, heading off the fleeing armies, that were wearied, worn, decimated, conquered; and, at the end, the modesty of the victorious general; the delicacy with which he treated his beaten foe; the humanity of the terms given to the men: sent away with food, and horses for their farms:—all this will form a picture of *War* and of *Peace.*

He never forgot that the South was part of his country. The moment that the South lay panting and helpless upon the ground, Grant carried himself with magnanimous and sympathetic consideration. After the fall of Richmond he turned aside, and returned to Washington without entering the conquered capital.

When Johnston surrendered upon terms not agreeable to Lincoln, Stanton, like a roaring lion fearing to lose its

prey, sent Grant to overrule him. He loved Sherman, and was unwilling to enter his camp lest he should seem to snatch from him the glory of his illustrious campaign. From a near town he enabled Sherman to reconstruct his terms, and accept General Johnston's surrender.

When Lincoln was dead, Vice-President Johnson became President; a man well fitted for carrying on a fight, but not skilled in peace; with a morbid sense of justice, he determined that the leaders of rebellion should be made to suffer as examples; as if the death of all the first-born, the desolation of every Southern home, the impoverished condition and bankruptcy of every citizen, were not example enough! He ordered Lee to be arrested. Grant refused. When Johnson would have employed the army to effect his purposes, Grant, with quick but noble rebellion, refused obedience to his superior, and, arranging to take from his hands all military control, repressed the President's wild temper and savage purpose of a dishonoring justice.

Having brought the long and disastrous war to a close, in his own heart Grant would have chosen to have rested upon his laurels, and lived a retired military life. It was not to be permitted. He was called to the Presidency by universal acclaim, and it fell to him to conduct a campaign of Reconstruction even more burdensome than the war.

It would seem impossible to combine in one, eminent civil and military genius. To a certain extent they have elements in common. But the predominant element in war, is organized *Force;* of civil government, *Influence.* Statesmanship is less brilliant than generalship, but requires a different and a higher moral and intellectual genius. God is frugal in creating great men—men great enough to hold in eminence the elements of a great general and of a great ruler. Washington was eminent in statesmanship—but then he was not a great general. At any rate, he had no opportunity to develop the fact.

Alexander was a mere brutal fighter.

Cæsar as Emperor differed from Cæsar as General only as a sword sheathed differs from a sword unsheathed.

Frederick the Great was simply a military ruler.

Napoleon came near to combine the two elements in the earlier period of his career, but the genius of force gradually weakened that sense of right and justice on which statesmanship must rest.

Grant had in him the element of great statesmanship; but neither his education, nor his training, nor the desperate necessities of war, gave it a fair chance of development in a condition of things which bewildered the wisest statesmen.

The tangled skein of affairs would have tasked a Cavour or a Bismarck. The period of reconstruction is yet too near our war-inflamed eyes to be philosophically judged.

First came the disbanding of the army. That was so easily done that the world has never done justice to the marvel. The soldiers of three great armies dropped their arms at the word of command, dissolved their organizations, and disappeared. To-day the mightiest force on earth; to-morrow they were not! As a summer storm darkens the whole heavens, shakes the ground with its thunder, empties its quiver of lightning, and is gone in an hour, as if it had never been, so was it with both armies. Neither in the South nor in the North was there a cabal of officers, nor any affray of soldiers—for every soldier was yet more a citizen.

In this resumption of citizen life, Grant, accompanied by his most brilliant generals, led the way. He hated war, its very insignia, and in foreign lands refused to witness military pageants. He had had enough of war. He loved peace.

When advanced to the Presidency, three vital questions were to be solved.

1. The status of the four million emancipated slaves.

2. The adjustment of the political relations of the dislocated States.

3. The restraint and control of that gulf-stream of finance which threatened to wash out the foundations of honest industry, and which brought to the nation more moral mischief than had the whole war itself. We are in peril from golden quicksands yet.

Grant was eminently wise upon this question. His veto saved the country from a vitiated and corrupting circulation.

The exaltation of the domestic African to immediate citizenship was the most audacious act of faith and fidelity that ever was witnessed.

Their fidelity to the duties of bondage had been most Christian. In all the war, knowing that their emancipation was to be gained or lost, there never was an insurrection, nor a recorded instance of cruelty or insubordination. This came not from cowardice; for, when, in the later periods of the war, they were enlisted and drilled, they made soldiers so brave as to extort admiration and praise from prejudice itself. They deserved their liberty for their good conduct.

Yet, were they prepared for citizenship? The safety of our civil economy rests upon the intelligence of the citizen; but the slaves in mass were greatly ignorant.

It was a political necessity to arm them with the ballot as a means of self-defense.

In many of the Southern States a probationary state would have been wiser, but in others it would have remanded them to substantial bondage.

In this grand department of statesmanship General Grant accepted the views of the most eminent men of the Republican party,—Stanton, Chase, Sumner, Thad. Stevens, Fessenden, Sherman, Garfield, Conkling, Evarts, and all of the great leaders.

In the readjustment of the political relations of the South he was wise, generous, and magnanimous in his career. Not a line in letter, speech, or message can be found that would wound the self-respect of Southern citizens.

When the dangerous heresy of a greenback currency had gained political power, and Congress was disposed to open the flood-gates of a rotten currency, his veto, an act of courage, turned back the deluge and saved the land from a whole generation of mischief. Had he done but this one thing, he would have deserved well of history.

The respects in which he fell below the line of sound statesmanship—and these are not a few—are to be attributed to the influence of advisers whom he had taken into his confidence. Such was his loyalty to friendship that it must be set down as a fault—a fault rarely found among public men.

Many springs of mischief were opened which still flow. When it was proposed to nominate Grant for a third term, the real objections to the movement among wise and dispassionate men was not so much against Grant as against the staff which would come in with him.

On the whole, if one considers the intrinsic difficulty of the questions belonging to his administration, the stormy days of politics and parties during his eight years, it must be admitted that the country owes to his unselfish disposition, to his general wisdom, to his unsullied integrity, if not the meed of wisest yet the reputation of one who, preeminent in war, was eminent in administration, more perhaps by the wisdom of a noble nature than by that intelligence which is bred only by experience. Imperious counselors and corrupt parasites dimmed the light of his political administration.

We turn from Grant's public life to his unrestful private life. After a return from a tour of the world, during which he met on all hands a distinguished reception, he ventured upon the dangerous road of speculation. The desire of large wealth was deep-seated in Grant's soul. His early experience of poverty had probably taken away from it all romance. Had wealth been sought by a legitimate production of real property, he would have added one more laurel to his career. But, with childlike simplicity of ignorance, he committed all he had to the wild chances of legalized gambling. But a few days before the humiliating crash came, he believed himself to be worth three millions of dollars! What service had been rendered for it? What equivalent of industry, skill, productiveness, distribution or convenience? None. Did he never think that this golden robe, with which he designed to clothe his declining years, was woven of air, was in its

nature unsubstantial, and not reputable? His success was a gorgeous bubble, reflecting on its brilliant surface all the hues of heaven, but which grew thinner as it swelled larger. A touch dispelled the illusion, and left him poor.

It is a significant proof of the impression produced upon the public mind of the essential honesty of his mind, and of the simplicity of his ignorance of practical business, that the whole nation condoned his folly, and believed in his intentional honesty. But the iron had entered his soul. That which all the hardships of war, and the wearing anxieties of public administration could not do, the shame and bitterness of this great bankruptcy achieved.

The resisting forces of his body gave way. A disease in ambush sprang forth and carried him captive. Patiently he sat in the region and shadow of death. A mild heroism of gentleness and patience hovered about him. The iron will that had upheld him in all the vicissitudes of war, still in a gracious guise sustained his lingering hours.

His household love, never tarnished, never abated, now roused him to one last heroic achievement—to provide for the future of his family. No longer were there golden hopes for himself. The vision of wealth had vanished. But love took its place, and under weakness, pain, and anguish, he wrought out a history of his remarkable career. A kindly hand administered the trust. It has amply secured his loved household from want.

When the last lines were written, he lay back upon his couch and breathed back his great soul to God, whom he had worshiped unostentatiously after the manner of his fathers.

A man he was without vices, with an absolute hatred of lies and an ineradicable love of truth, of a perfect loyalty to friendship, neither envious of others nor selfish for himself. With a zeal for the public good, unfeigned, he has left to memory only such weaknesses as connect him with humanity, and such virtues as will rank him among heroes.

The tidings of his death, long expected, gave a shock to the whole world. Governments, rulers, eminent statesmen, and scholars from all civilized nations gave sincere tokens of sympathy. For the hour, sympathy rolled as a wave over all our own land. It closed the last furrow of war, it extinguished the last prejudice, it effaced the last vestige of hatred,—and cursed be the hand that shall bring them back!

Johnston and Buckner [of the Confederates] on one side of his bier, Sherman and Sheridan [of the Federals] upon the other, he has come to his tomb a silent symbol that liberty had conquered slavery, patriotism rebellion, and peace war.

He rests in peace. No drum or cannon shall disturb his slumber.

Sleep, hero, until another trumpet shall shake the heavens and the earth. Then come forth to glory in immortality!